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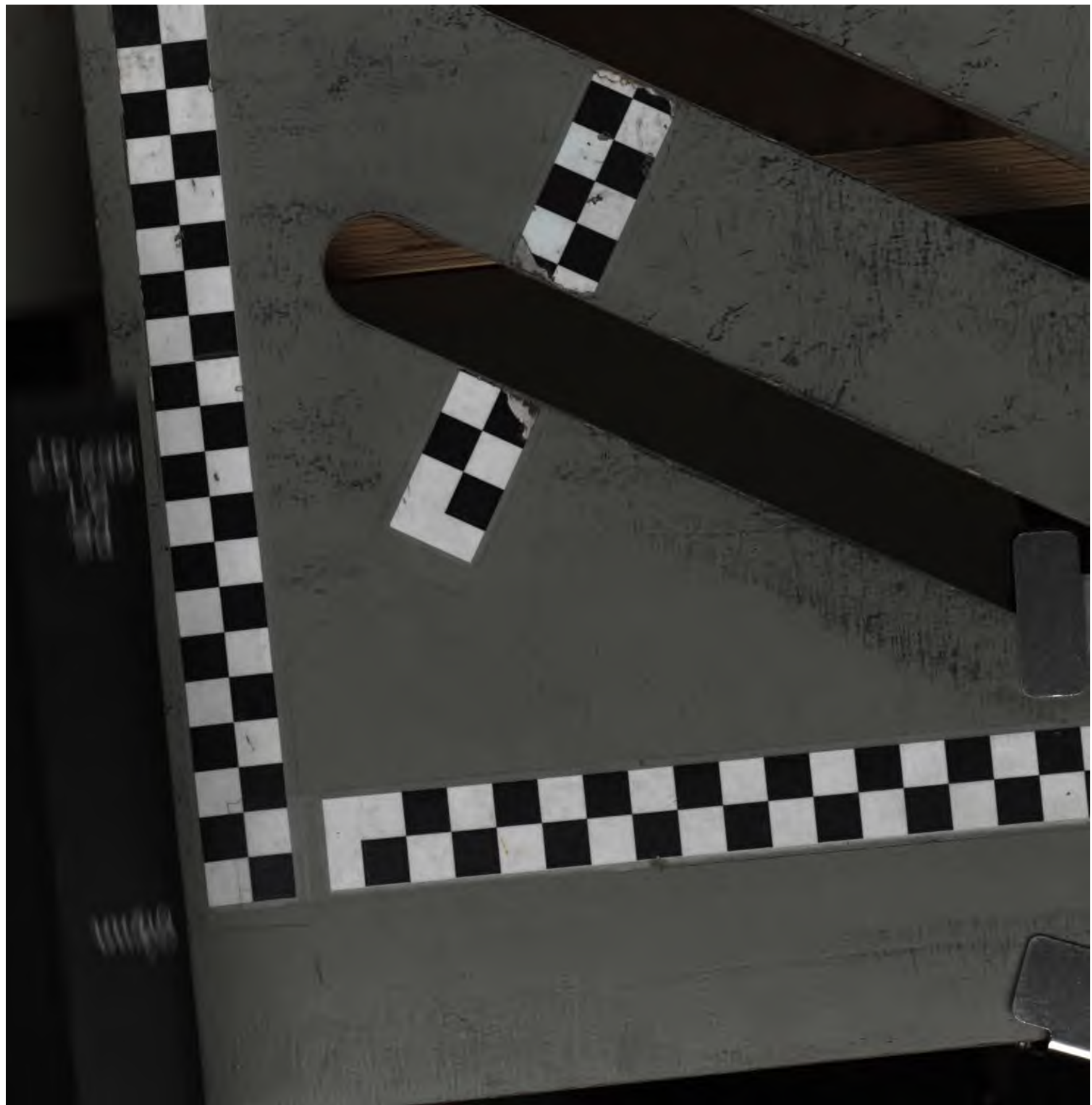
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STORIES TOLD IN THE WIGWAM



GOWER GLYNN

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Thom Williamson Wilson,

August 18th, 1915,

with love from
Sister.

STORIES TOLD IN THE WIGWAM

BY
GOWER GLYNN



ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK
MCLOUGHLIN BROTHERS

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DEAR CHILDREN:

The following stories are some which old squaws, in their wigwams, have told over and over again to the young Indians gathered around the camp fires, in the backwoods of America, while the wolves howled in the distance, and the air was filled with the strange night-sounds, which only the forest knows.

You will see running through them all a fanciful belief in Spirits, or Manitos, as the Indians call them; in magic; and in the ability of animals to talk, and take part in human affairs.

This makes these old legends very interesting, and enables us to understand, in some measure, the Indians' outlook upon life.

We see in these stories, how many good qualities, such as obedience to parents, kindness to animals, bravery, truthfulness, and gratitude were highly valued by these poor, ignorant people, as we are apt to regard them; and it would be well if we took these lessons to heart ourselves.

The story of Mondamin is a very beautiful one, and, when you are older, perhaps you will read Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." Then you will see that the poet has woven this legend into his song, making it appear, there, as one of the adventures of Hiawatha himself.

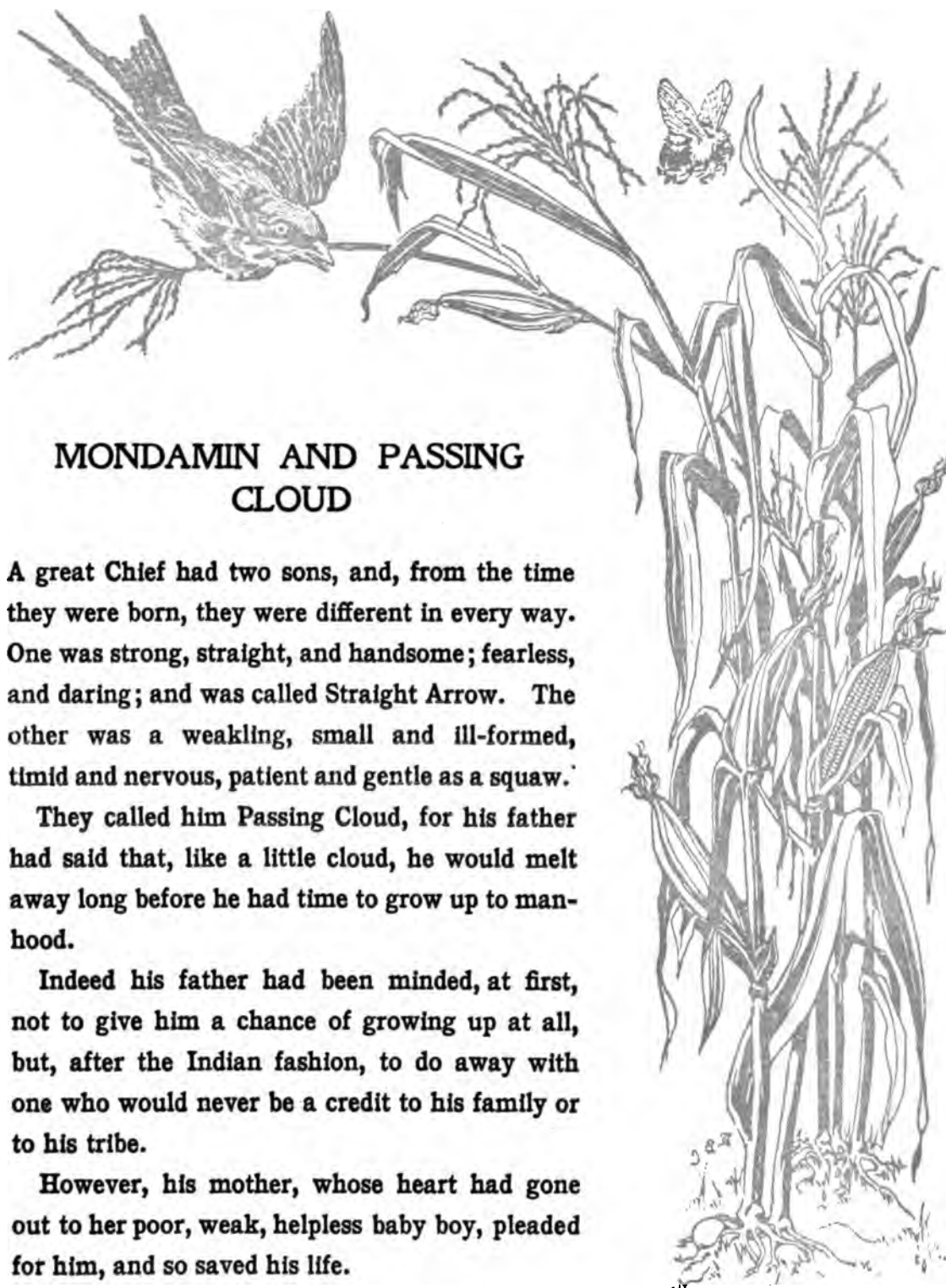
Hiawatha is only another title by which Manabozho, whose name you will find in one of these stories, appears.

I hope that you will enjoy reading this book, for if you do, perhaps I may have some more stories at another time.

I am,

Your sincere friend,

Gower Glynn.



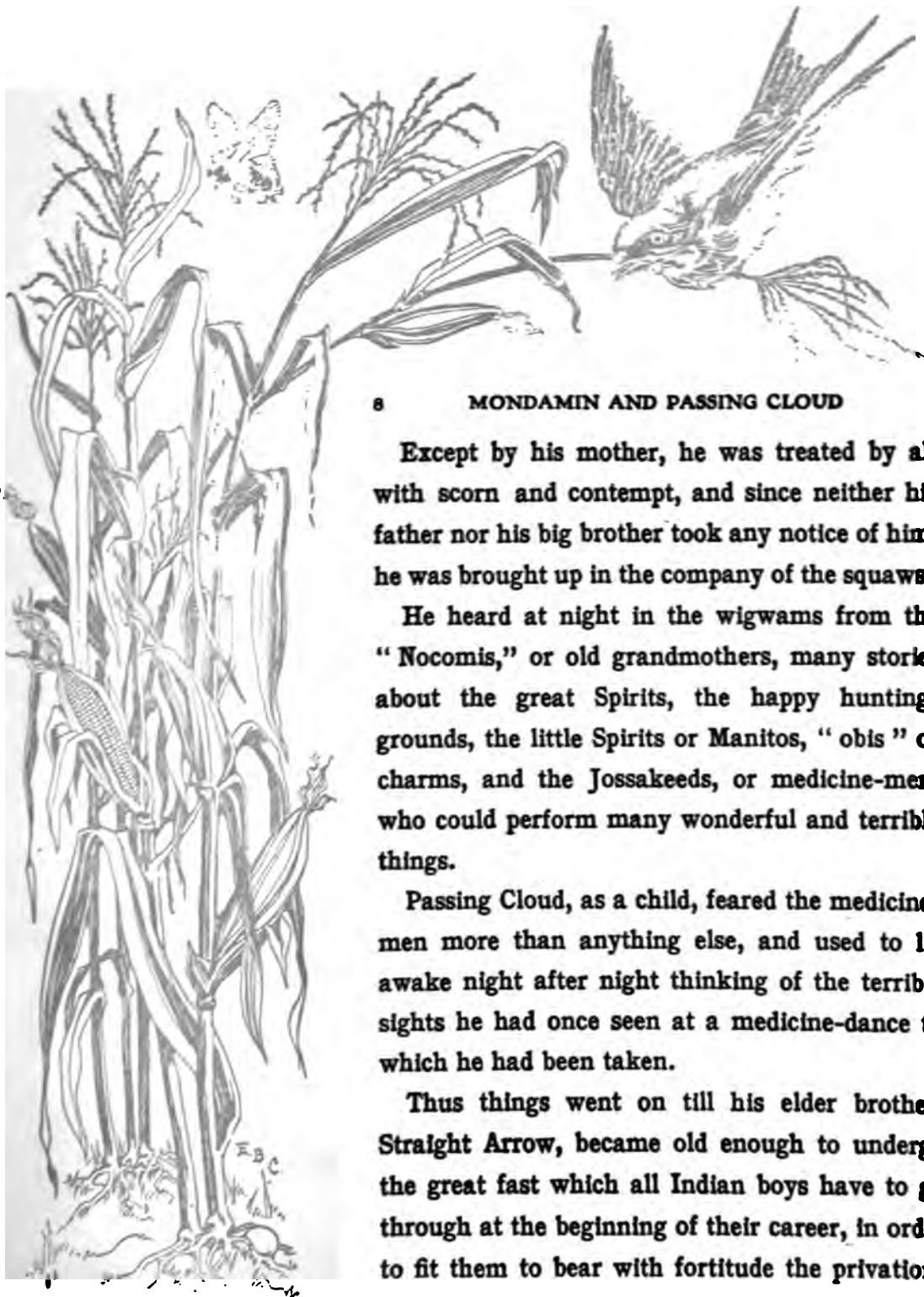
MONDAMIN AND PASSING CLOUD

A great Chief had two sons, and, from the time they were born, they were different in every way. One was strong, straight, and handsome; fearless, and daring; and was called Straight Arrow. The other was a weakling, small and ill-formed, timid and nervous, patient and gentle as a squaw.

They called him Passing Cloud, for his father had said that, like a little cloud, he would melt away long before he had time to grow up to manhood.

Indeed his father had been minded, at first, not to give him a chance of growing up at all, but, after the Indian fashion, to do away with one who would never be a credit to his family or to his tribe.

However, his mother, whose heart had gone out to her poor, weak, helpless baby boy, pleaded for him, and so saved his life.

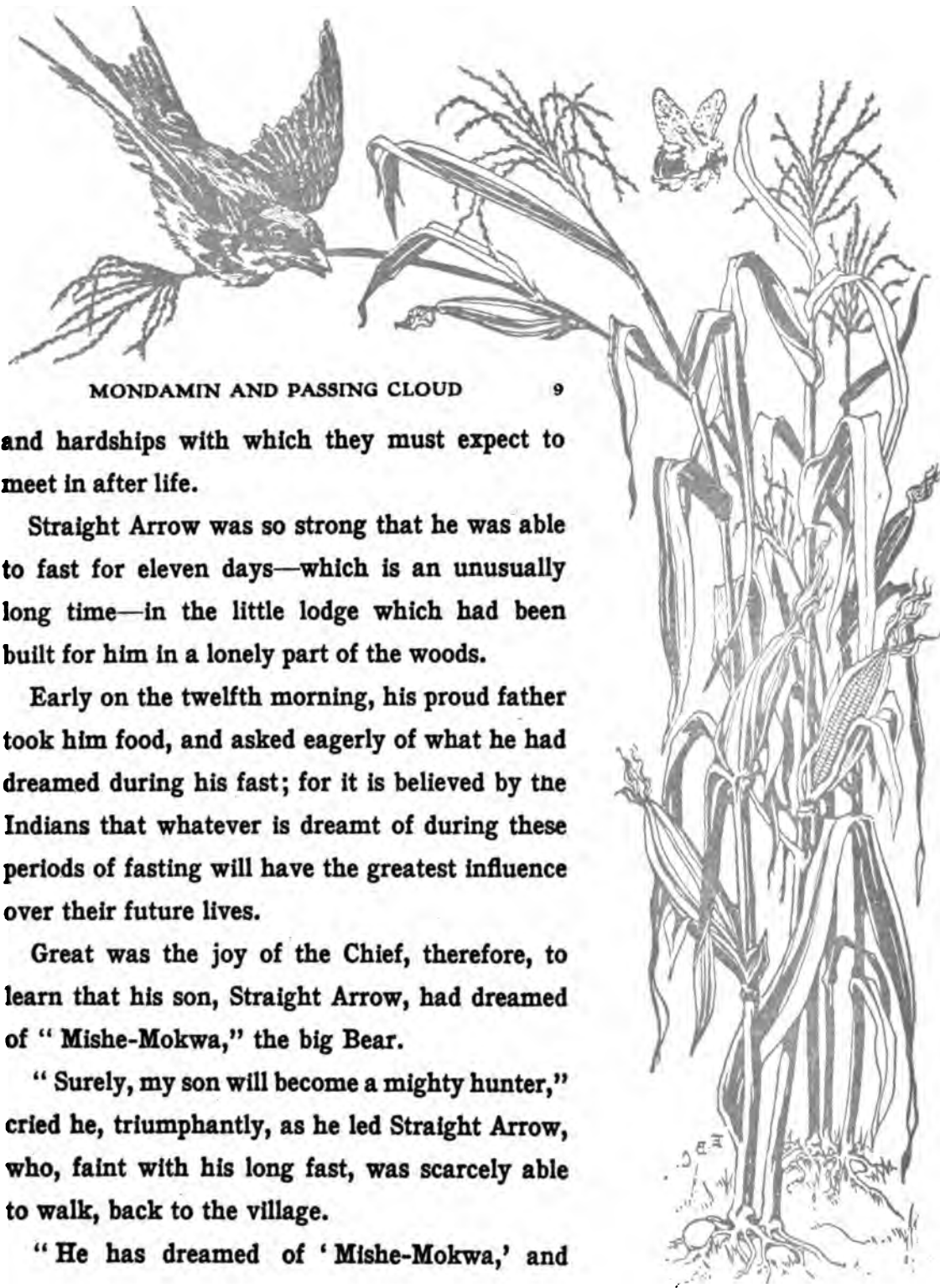


Except by his mother, he was treated by all with scorn and contempt, and since neither his father nor his big brother took any notice of him, he was brought up in the company of the squaws.

He heard at night in the wigwams from the "Nocomis," or old grandmothers, many stories about the great Spirits, the happy hunting-grounds, the little Spirits or Manitos, "obis" or charms, and the Jossakeeds, or medicine-men, who could perform many wonderful and terrible things.

Passing Cloud, as a child, feared the medicine-men more than anything else, and used to lie awake night after night thinking of the terrible sights he had once seen at a medicine-dance to which he had been taken.

Thus things went on till his elder brother, Straight Arrow, became old enough to undergo the great fast which all Indian boys have to go through at the beginning of their career, in order to fit them to bear with fortitude the privations



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and hardships with which they must expect to meet in after life.

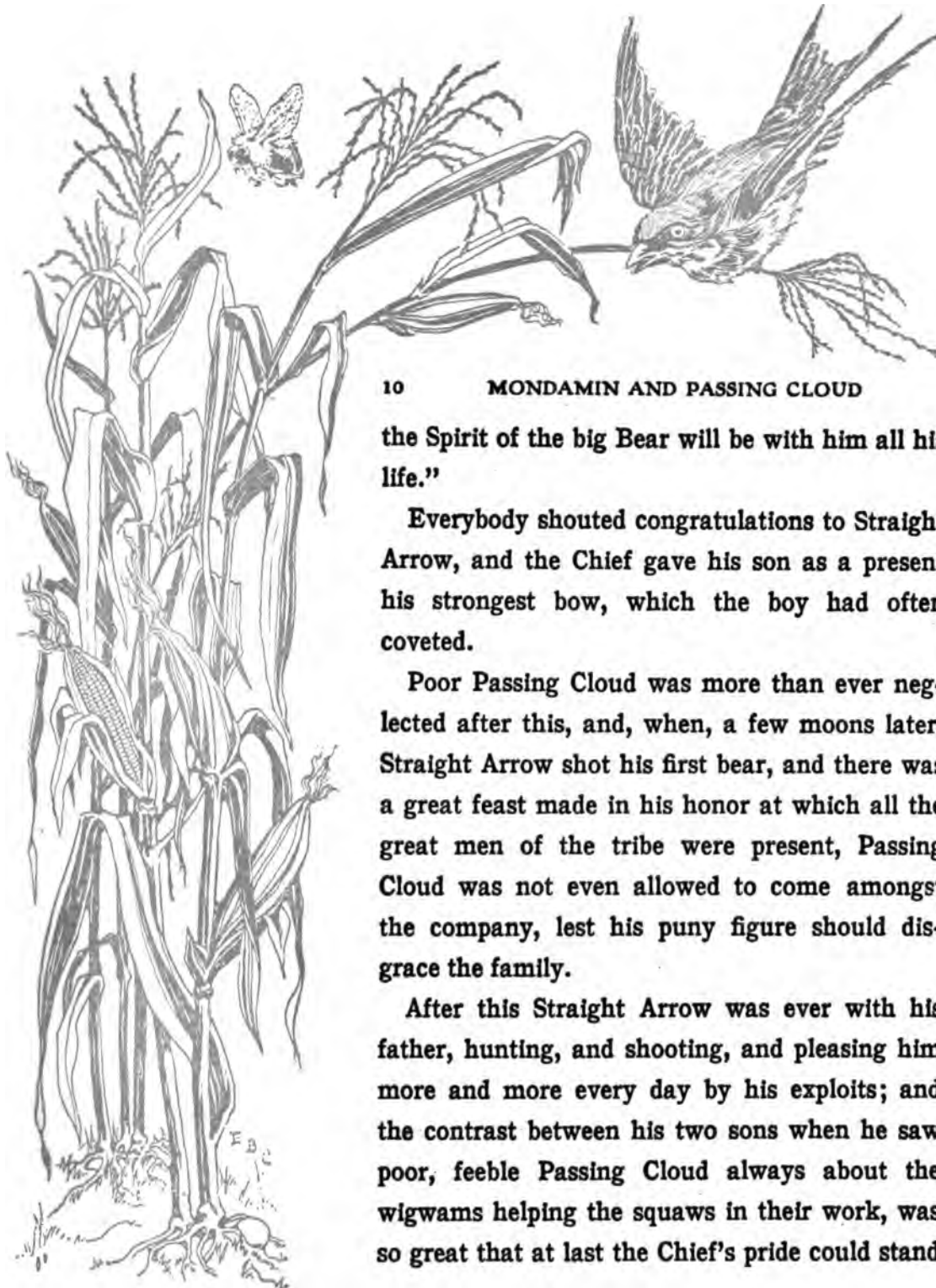
Straight Arrow was so strong that he was able to fast for eleven days—which is an unusually long time—in the little lodge which had been built for him in a lonely part of the woods.

Early on the twelfth morning, his proud father took him food, and asked eagerly of what he had dreamed during his fast; for it is believed by the Indians that whatever is dreamt of during these periods of fasting will have the greatest influence over their future lives.

Great was the joy of the Chief, therefore, to learn that his son, Straight Arrow, had dreamed of "Mishe-Mokwa," the big Bear.

"Surely, my son will become a mighty hunter," cried he, triumphantly, as he led Straight Arrow, who, faint with his long fast, was scarcely able to walk, back to the village.

"He has dreamed of 'Mishe-Mokwa,' and

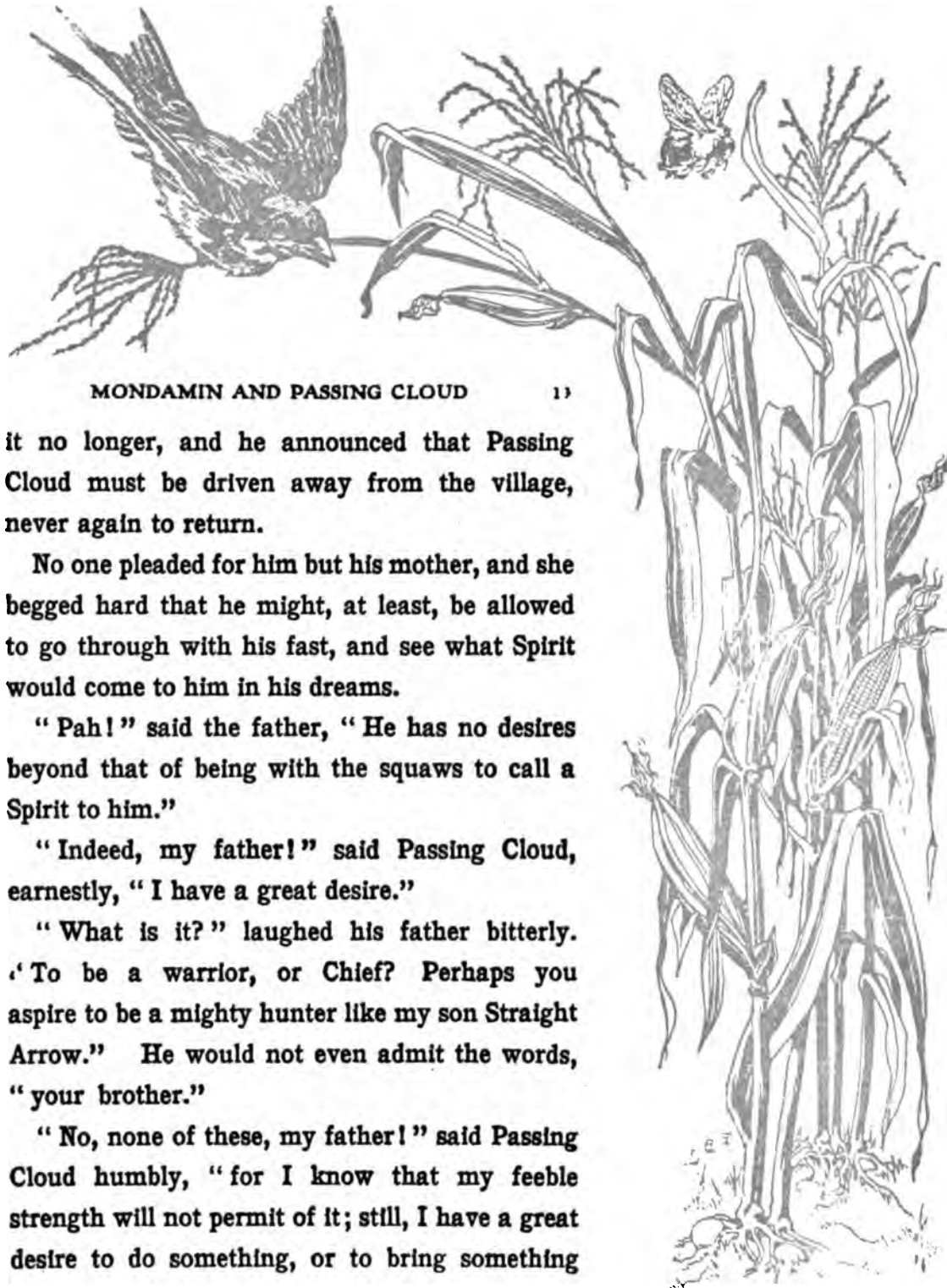


the Spirit of the big Bear will be with him all his life."

Everybody shouted congratulations to Straight Arrow, and the Chief gave his son as a present his strongest bow, which the boy had often coveted.

Poor Passing Cloud was more than ever neglected after this, and, when, a few moons later, Straight Arrow shot his first bear, and there was a great feast made in his honor at which all the great men of the tribe were present, Passing Cloud was not even allowed to come amongst the company, lest his puny figure should disgrace the family.

After this Straight Arrow was ever with his father, hunting, and shooting, and pleasing him more and more every day by his exploits; and the contrast between his two sons when he saw poor, feeble Passing Cloud always about the wigwams helping the squaws in their work, was so great that at last the Chief's pride could stand



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it no longer, and he announced that Passing Cloud must be driven away from the village, never again to return.

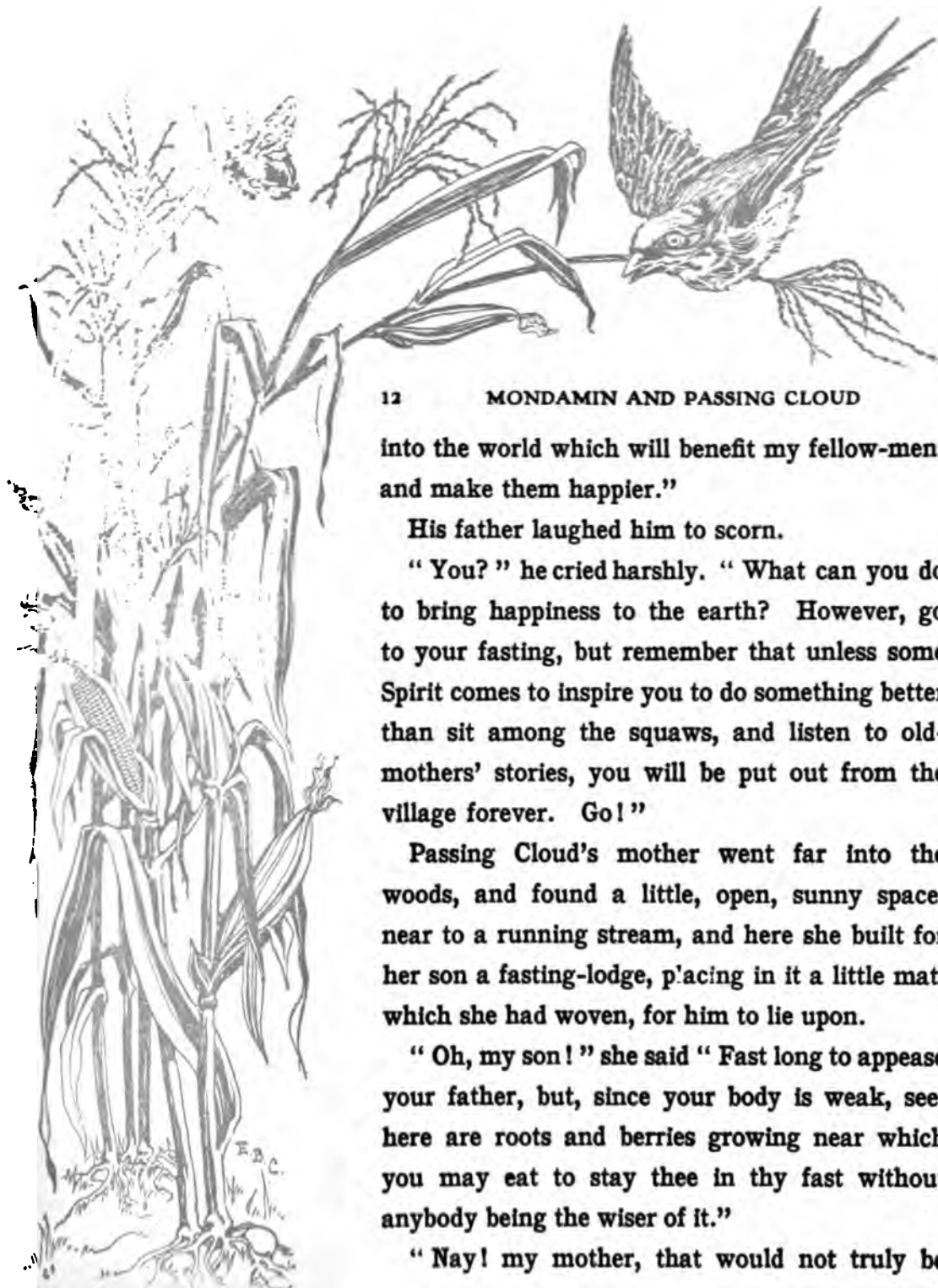
No one pleaded for him but his mother, and she begged hard that he might, at least, be allowed to go through with his fast, and see what Spirit would come to him in his dreams.

"Pah!" said the father, "He has no desires beyond that of being with the squaws to call a Spirit to him."

"Indeed, my father!" said Passing Cloud, earnestly, "I have a great desire."

"What is it?" laughed his father bitterly. "To be a warrior, or Chief? Perhaps you aspire to be a mighty hunter like my son Straight Arrow." He would not even admit the words, "your brother."

"No, none of these, my father!" said Passing Cloud humbly, "for I know that my feeble strength will not permit of it; still, I have a great desire to do something, or to bring something



into the world which will benefit my fellow-men, and make them happier."

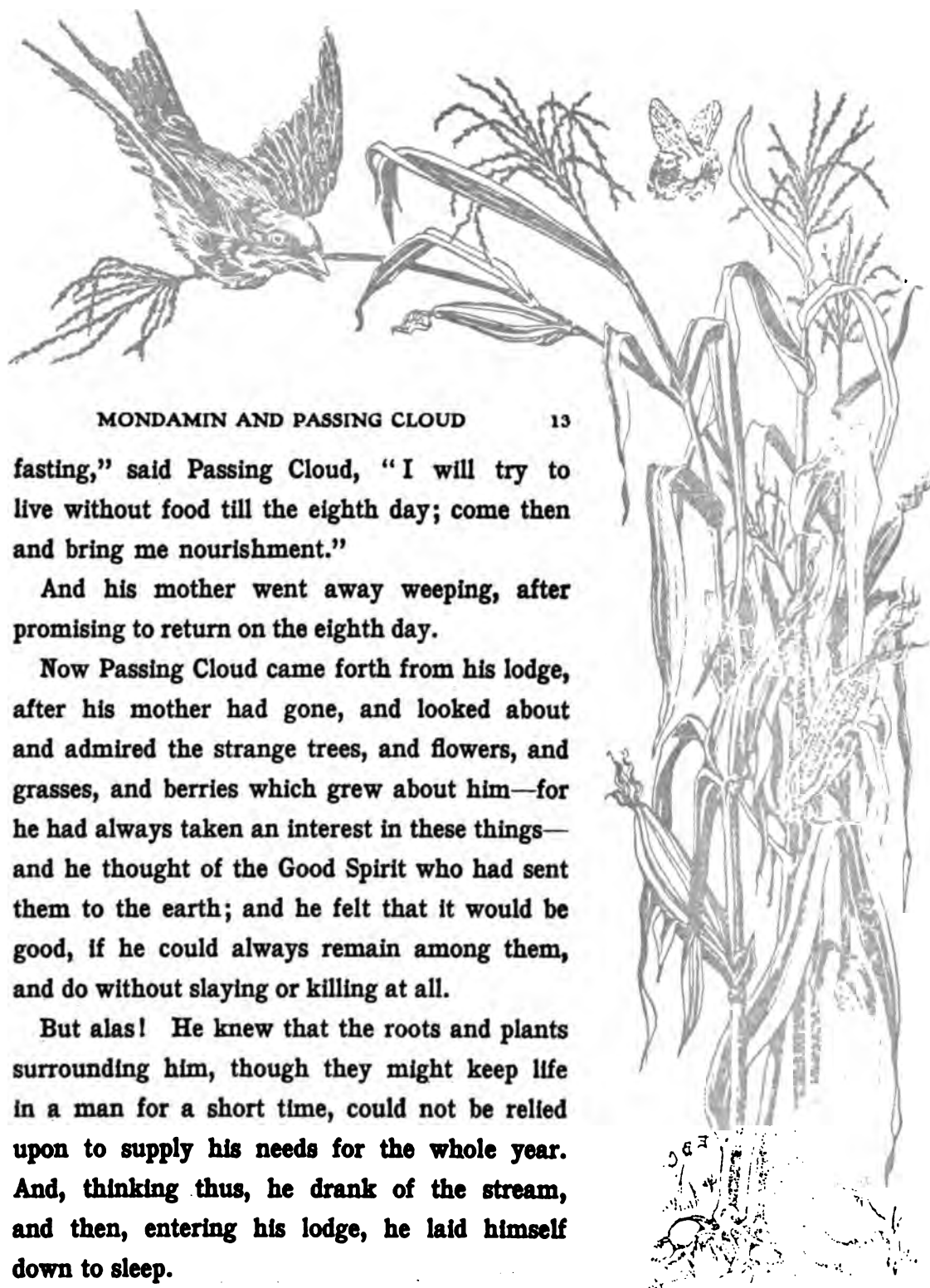
His father laughed him to scorn.

"You?" he cried harshly. "What can you do to bring happiness to the earth? However, go to your fasting, but remember that unless some Spirit comes to inspire you to do something better than sit among the squaws, and listen to old-mothers' stories, you will be put out from the village forever. Go!"

Passing Cloud's mother went far into the woods, and found a little, open, sunny space, near to a running stream, and here she built for her son a fasting-lodge, placing in it a little mat, which she had woven, for him to lie upon.

"Oh, my son!" she said "Fast long to appease your father, but, since your body is weak, see, here are roots and berries growing near which you may eat to stay thee in thy fast without anybody being the wiser of it."

"Nay! my mother, that would not truly be



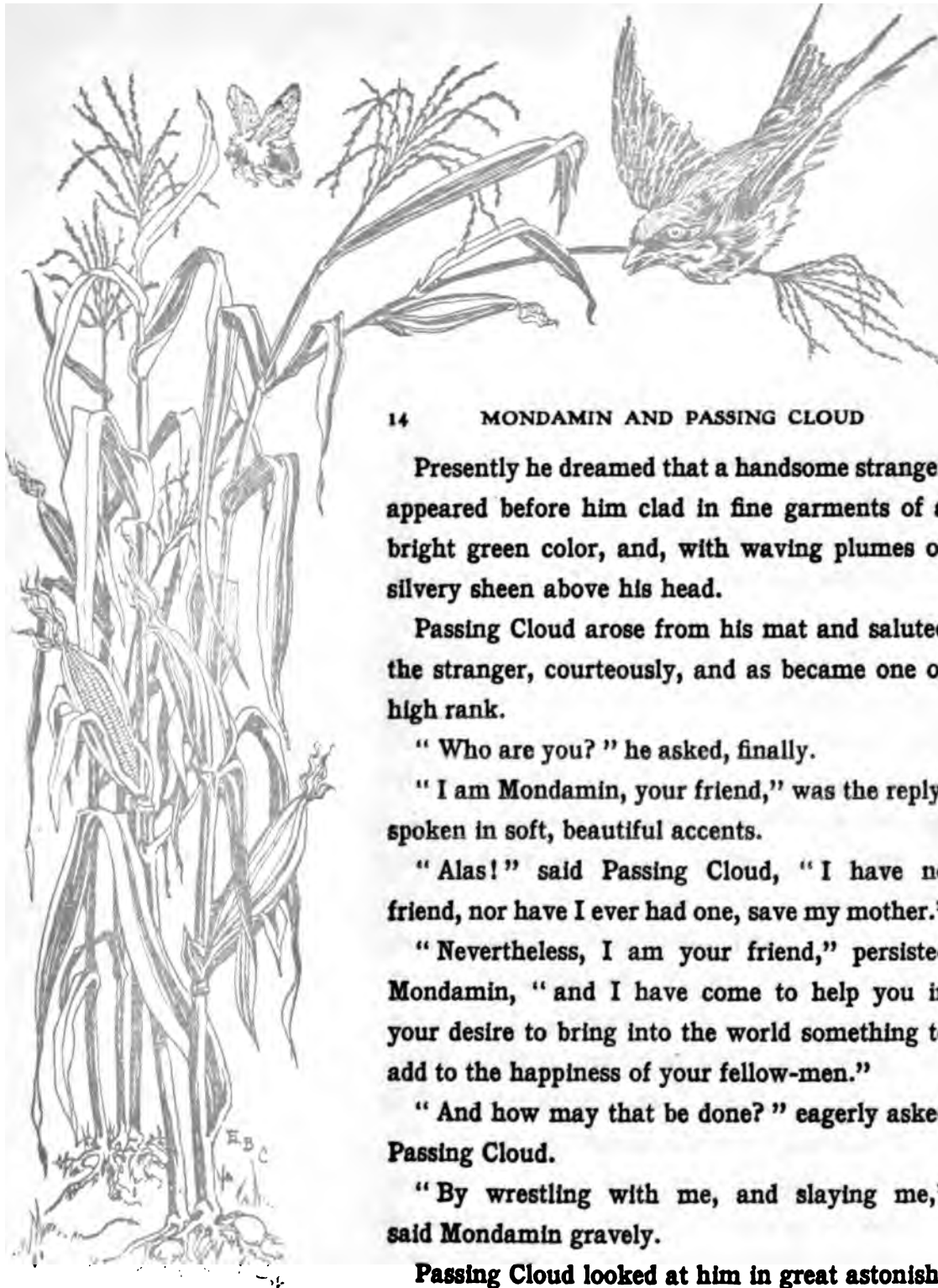
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fasting," said Passing Cloud, "I will try to live without food till the eighth day; come then and bring me nourishment."

And his mother went away weeping, after promising to return on the eighth day.

Now Passing Cloud came forth from his lodge, after his mother had gone, and looked about and admired the strange trees, and flowers, and grasses, and berries which grew about him—for he had always taken an interest in these things—and he thought of the Good Spirit who had sent them to the earth; and he felt that it would be good, if he could always remain among them, and do without slaying or killing at all.

But alas! He knew that the roots and plants surrounding him, though they might keep life in a man for a short time, could not be relied upon to supply his needs for the whole year. And, thinking thus, he drank of the stream, and then, entering his lodge, he laid himself down to sleep.



Presently he dreamed that a handsome stranger appeared before him clad in fine garments of a bright green color, and, with waving plumes of silvery sheen above his head.

Passing Cloud arose from his mat and saluted the stranger, courteously, and as became one of high rank.

"Who are you?" he asked, finally.

"I am Mondamin, your friend," was the reply, spoken in soft, beautiful accents.

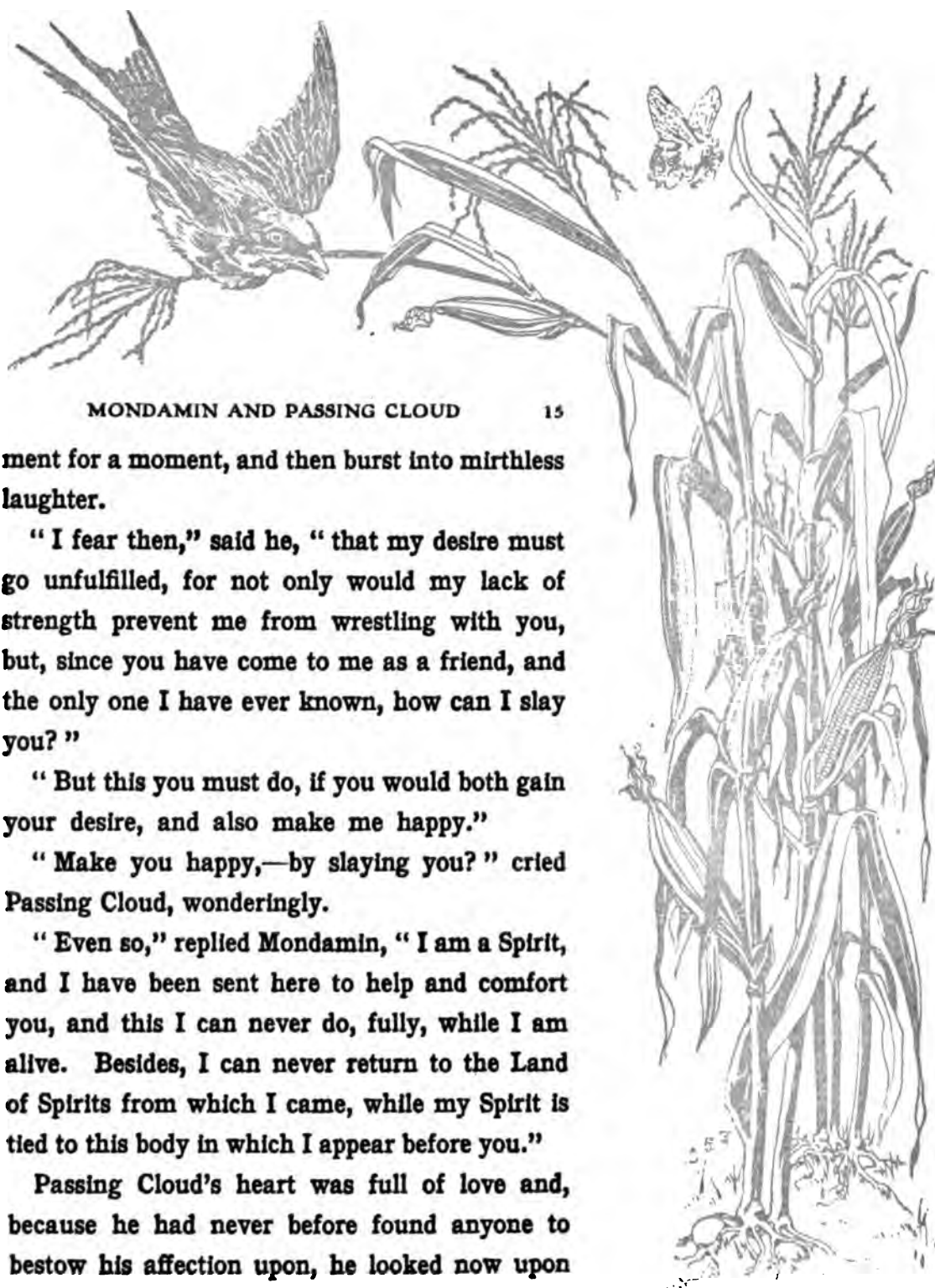
"Alas!" said Passing Cloud, "I have no friend, nor have I ever had one, save my mother."

"Nevertheless, I am your friend," persisted Mondamin, "and I have come to help you in your desire to bring into the world something to add to the happiness of your fellow-men."

"And how may that be done?" eagerly asked Passing Cloud.

"By wrestling with me, and slaying me," said Mondamin gravely.

Passing Cloud looked at him in great astonish-



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ment for a moment, and then burst into mirthless laughter.

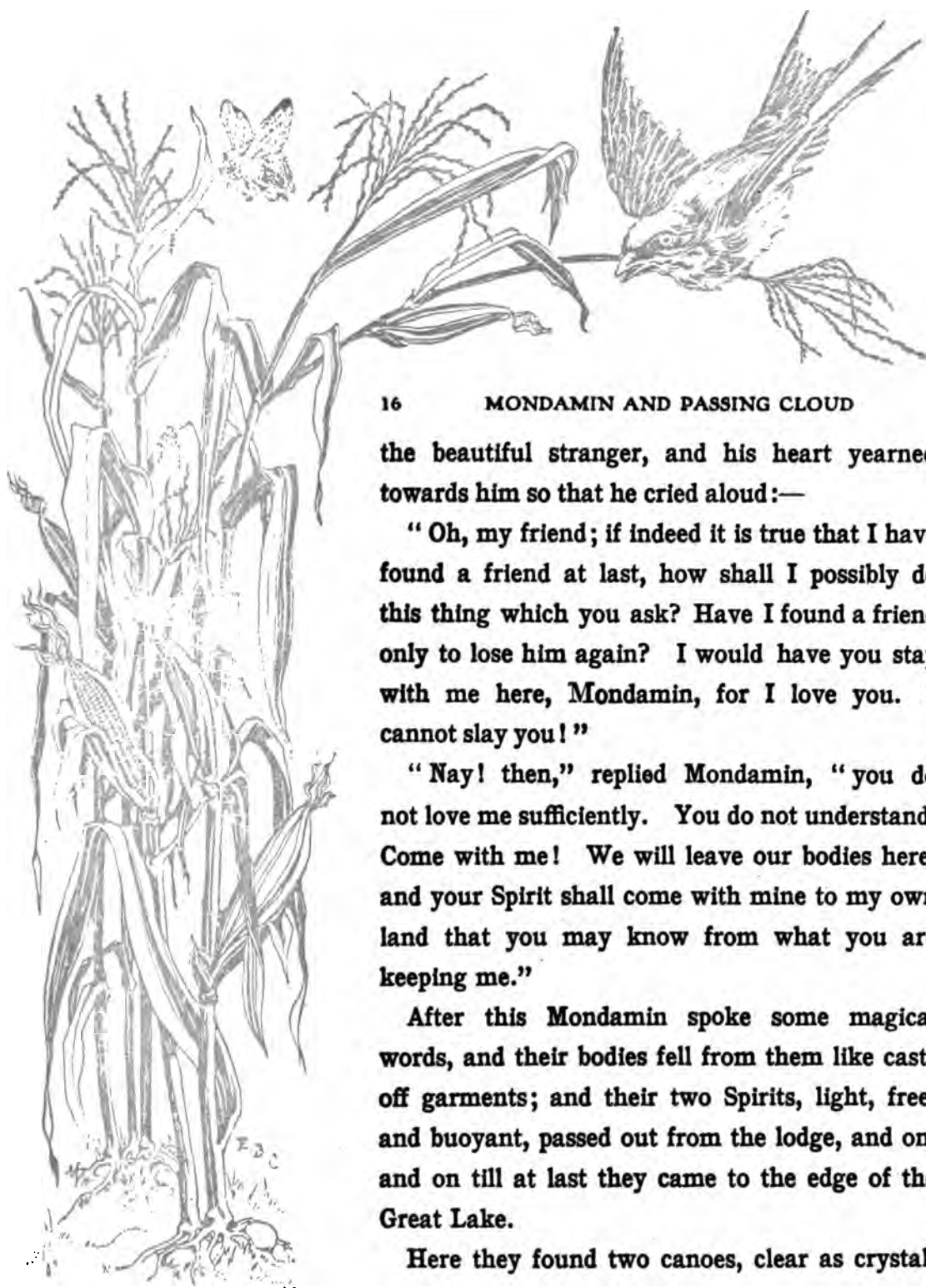
"I fear then," said he, "that my desire must go unfulfilled, for not only would my lack of strength prevent me from wrestling with you, but, since you have come to me as a friend, and the only one I have ever known, how can I slay you?"

"But this you must do, if you would both gain your desire, and also make me happy."

"Make you happy,—by slaying you?" cried Passing Cloud, wonderingly.

"Even so," replied Mondamin, "I am a Spirit, and I have been sent here to help and comfort you, and this I can never do, fully, while I am alive. Besides, I can never return to the Land of Spirits from which I came, while my Spirit is tied to this body in which I appear before you."

Passing Cloud's heart was full of love and, because he had never before found anyone to bestow his affection upon, he looked now upon



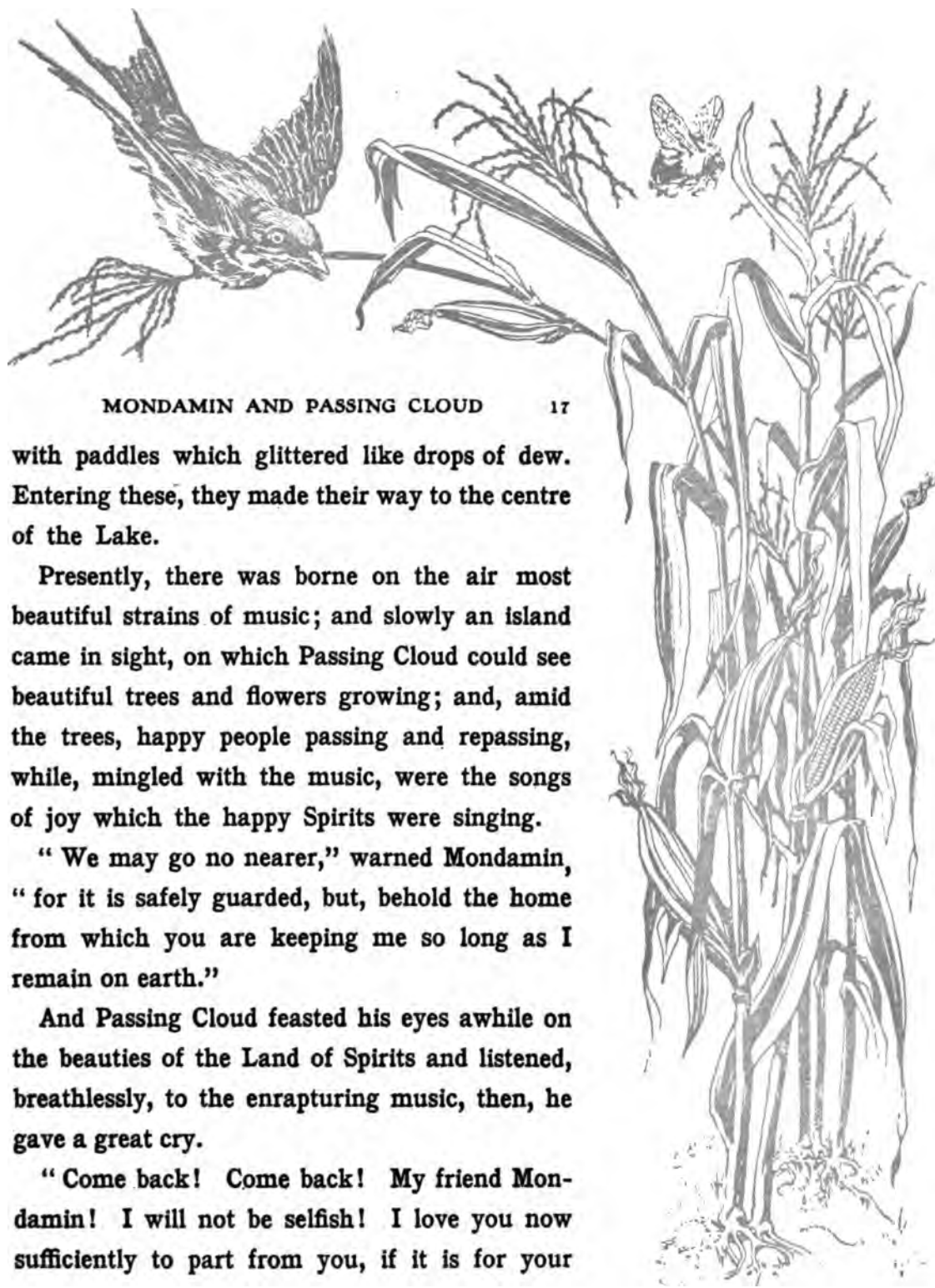
the beautiful stranger, and his heart yearned towards him so that he cried aloud:—

“Oh, my friend; if indeed it is true that I have found a friend at last, how shall I possibly do this thing which you ask? Have I found a friend only to lose him again? I would have you stay with me here, Mondamin, for I love you. I cannot slay you!”

“Nay! then,” replied Mondamin, “you do not love me sufficiently. You do not understand. Come with me! We will leave our bodies here, and your Spirit shall come with mine to my own land that you may know from what you are keeping me.”

After this Mondamin spoke some magical words, and their bodies fell from them like cast-off garments; and their two Spirits, light, free, and buoyant, passed out from the lodge, and on, and on till at last they came to the edge of the Great Lake.

Here they found two canoes, clear as crystal,



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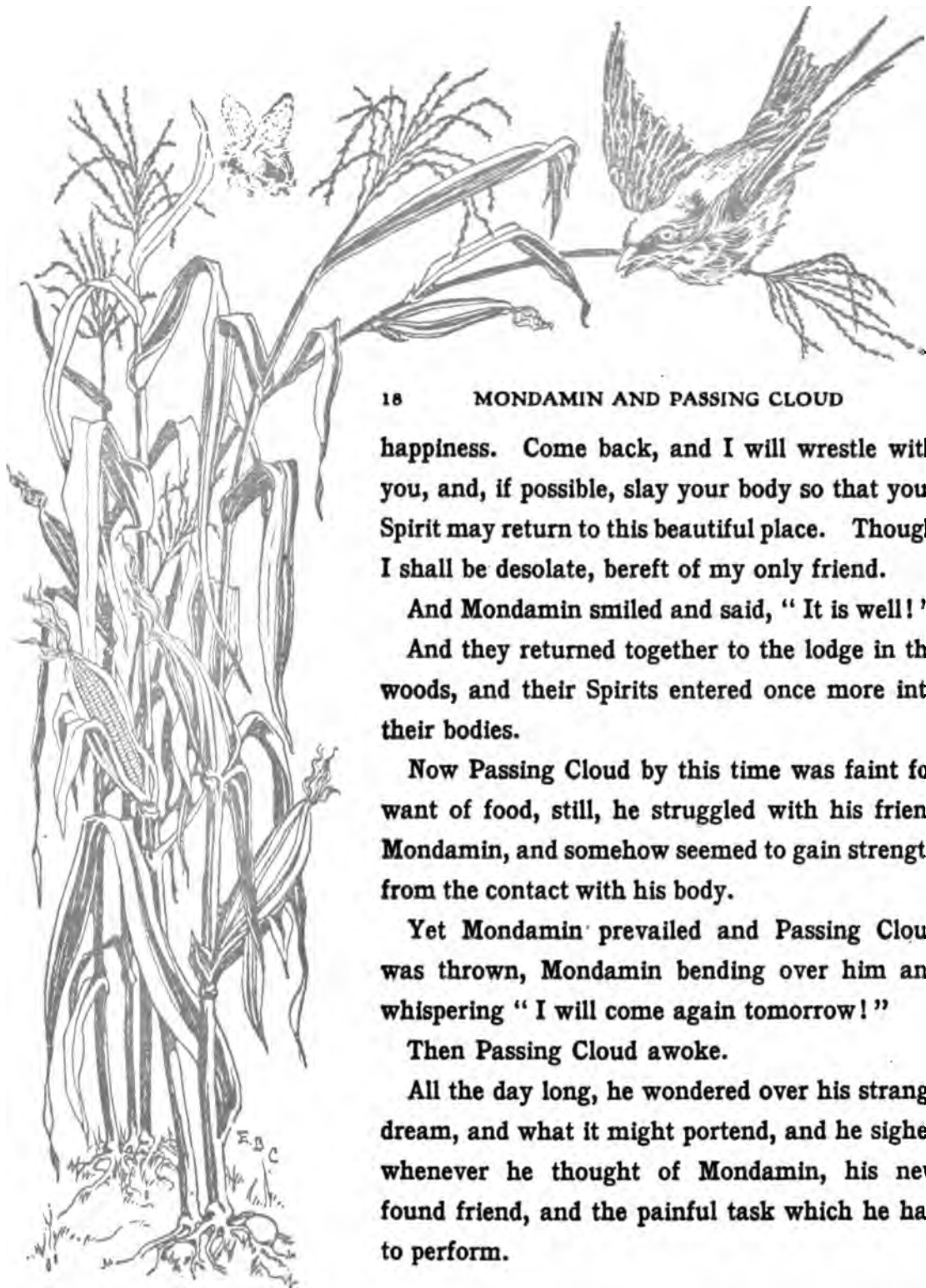
with paddles which glittered like drops of dew. Entering these, they made their way to the centre of the Lake.

Presently, there was borne on the air most beautiful strains of music; and slowly an island came in sight, on which Passing Cloud could see beautiful trees and flowers growing; and, amid the trees, happy people passing and repassing, while, mingled with the music, were the songs of joy which the happy Spirits were singing.

"We may go no nearer," warned Mondamin, "for it is safely guarded, but, behold the home from which you are keeping me so long as I remain on earth."

And Passing Cloud feasted his eyes awhile on the beauties of the Land of Spirits and listened, breathlessly, to the enrapturing music, then, he gave a great cry.

"Come back! Come back! My friend Mondamin! I will not be selfish! I love you now sufficiently to part from you, if it is for your



happiness. Come back, and I will wrestle with you, and, if possible, slay your body so that your Spirit may return to this beautiful place. Though I shall be desolate, bereft of my only friend.

And Mondamin smiled and said, "It is well!"

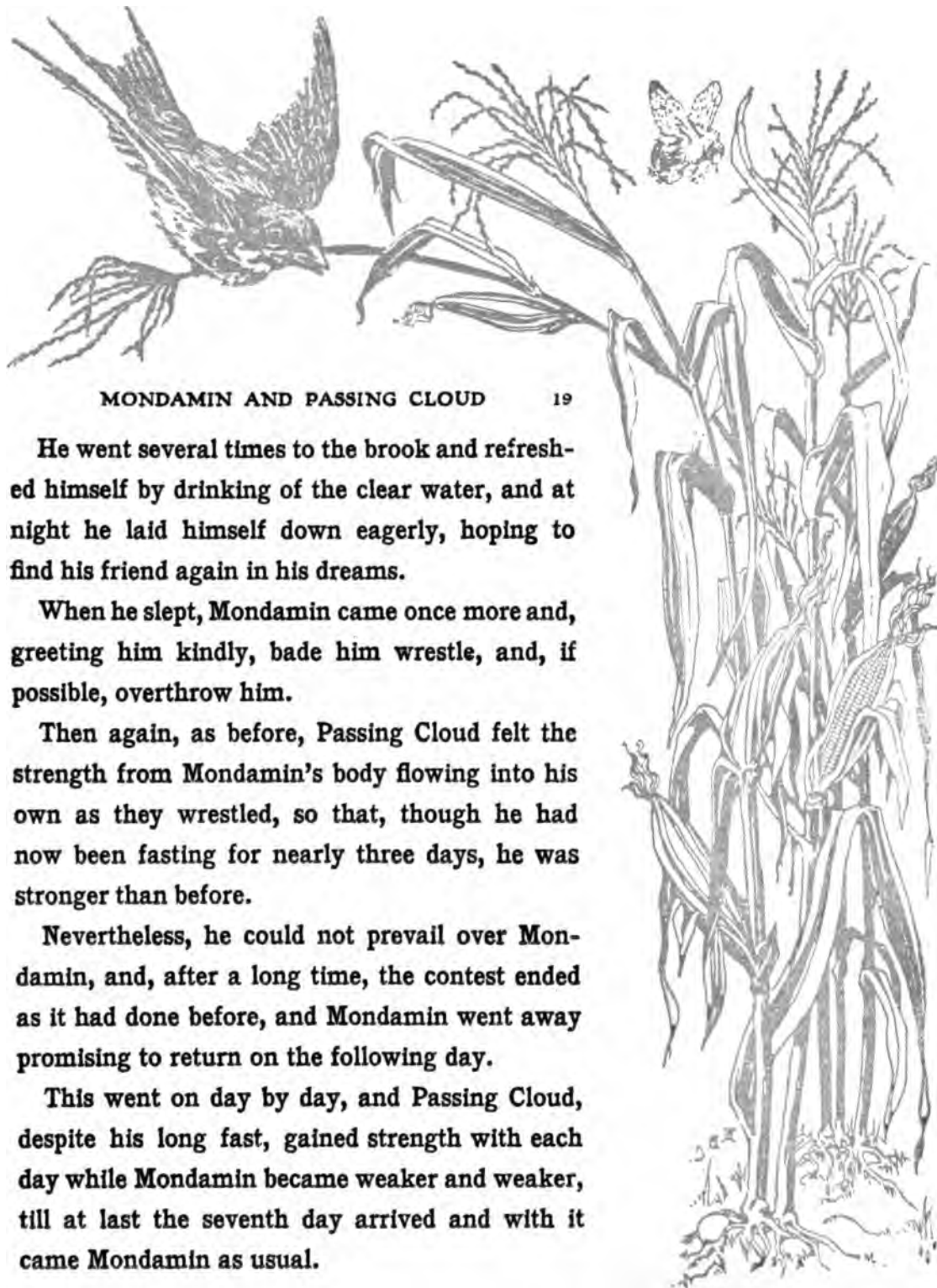
And they returned together to the lodge in the woods, and their Spirits entered once more into their bodies.

Now Passing Cloud by this time was faint for want of food, still, he struggled with his friend Mondamin, and somehow seemed to gain strength from the contact with his body.

Yet Mondamin prevailed and Passing Cloud was thrown, Mondamin bending over him and whispering "I will come again tomorrow!"

Then Passing Cloud awoke.

All the day long, he wondered over his strange dream, and what it might portend, and he sighed whenever he thought of Mondamin, his new found friend, and the painful task which he had to perform.



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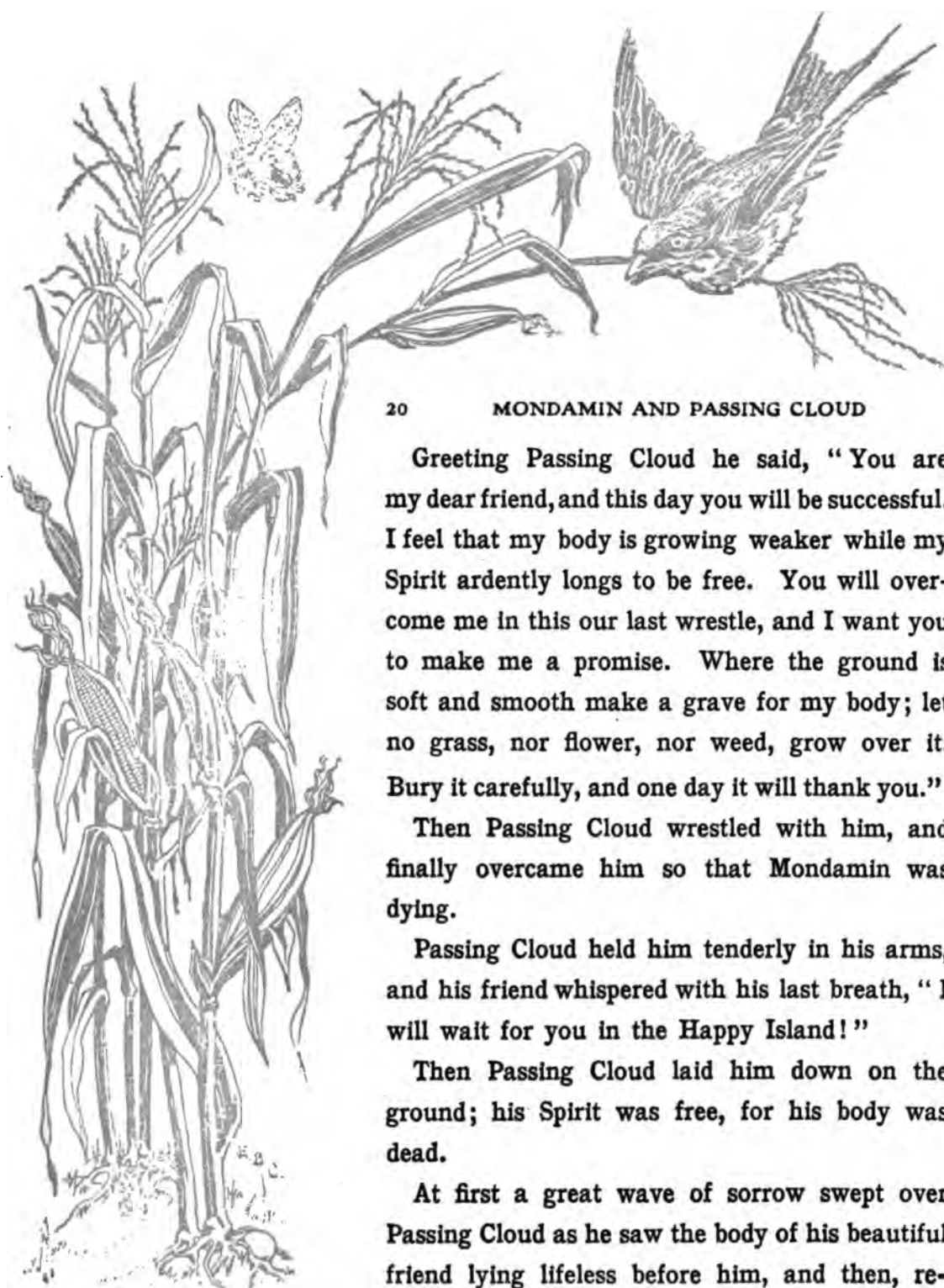
He went several times to the brook and refreshed himself by drinking of the clear water, and at night he laid himself down eagerly, hoping to find his friend again in his dreams.

When he slept, Mondamin came once more and, greeting him kindly, bade him wrestle, and, if possible, overthrow him.

Then again, as before, Passing Cloud felt the strength from Mondamin's body flowing into his own as they wrestled, so that, though he had now been fasting for nearly three days, he was stronger than before.

Nevertheless, he could not prevail over Mondamin, and, after a long time, the contest ended as it had done before, and Mondamin went away promising to return on the following day.

This went on day by day, and Passing Cloud, despite his long fast, gained strength with each day while Mondamin became weaker and weaker, till at last the seventh day arrived and with it came Mondamin as usual.



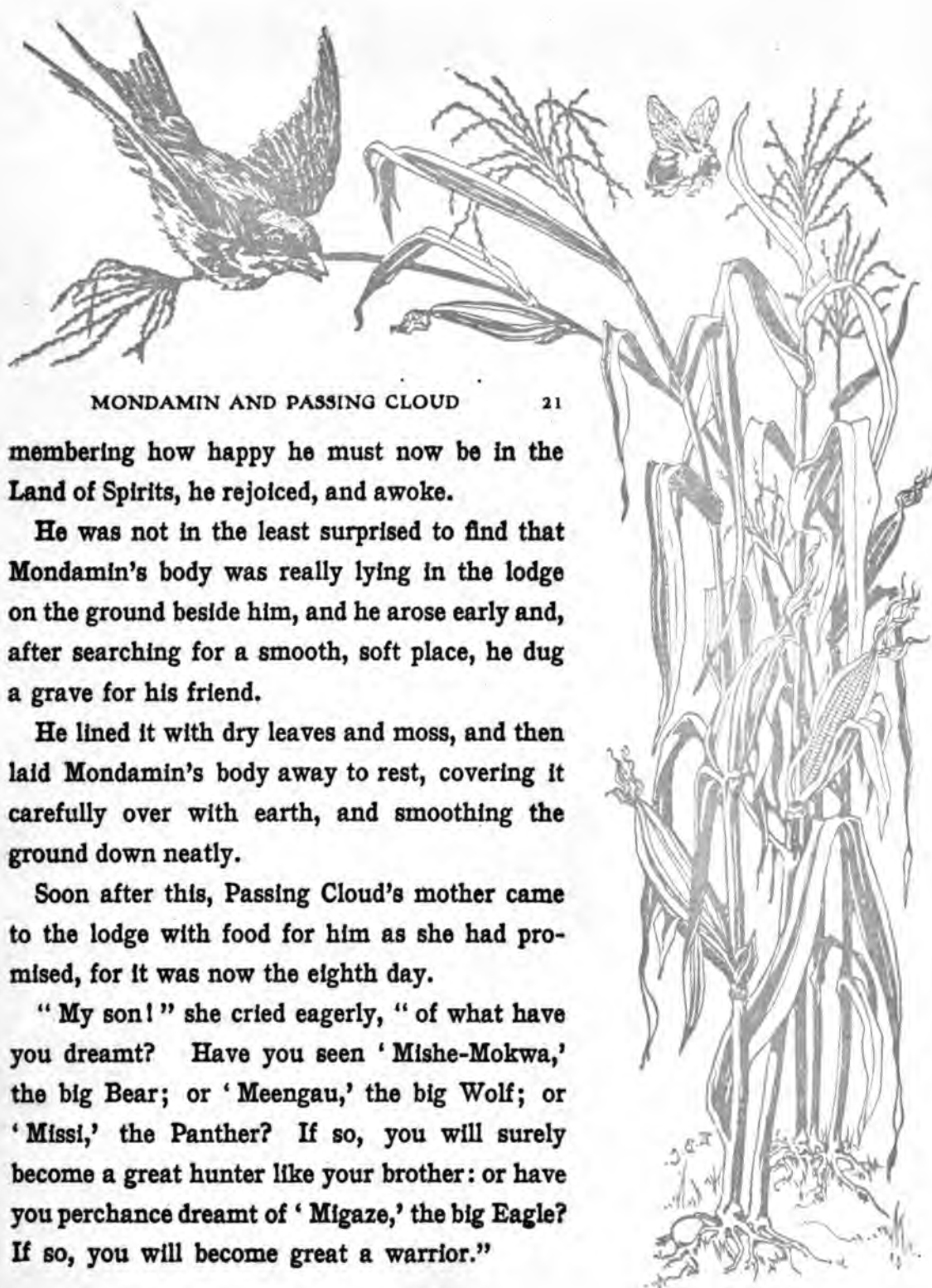
Greeting Passing Cloud he said, "You are my dear friend, and this day you will be successful. I feel that my body is growing weaker while my Spirit ardently longs to be free. You will overcome me in this our last wrestle, and I want you to make me a promise. Where the ground is soft and smooth make a grave for my body; let no grass, nor flower, nor weed, grow over it. Bury it carefully, and one day it will thank you."

Then Passing Cloud wrestled with him, and finally overcame him so that Mondamin was dying.

Passing Cloud held him tenderly in his arms, and his friend whispered with his last breath, "I will wait for you in the Happy Island!"

Then Passing Cloud laid him down on the ground; his Spirit was free, for his body was dead.

At first a great wave of sorrow swept over Passing Cloud as he saw the body of his beautiful friend lying lifeless before him, and then, re-



MONDAMIN AND PASSING CLOUD 21

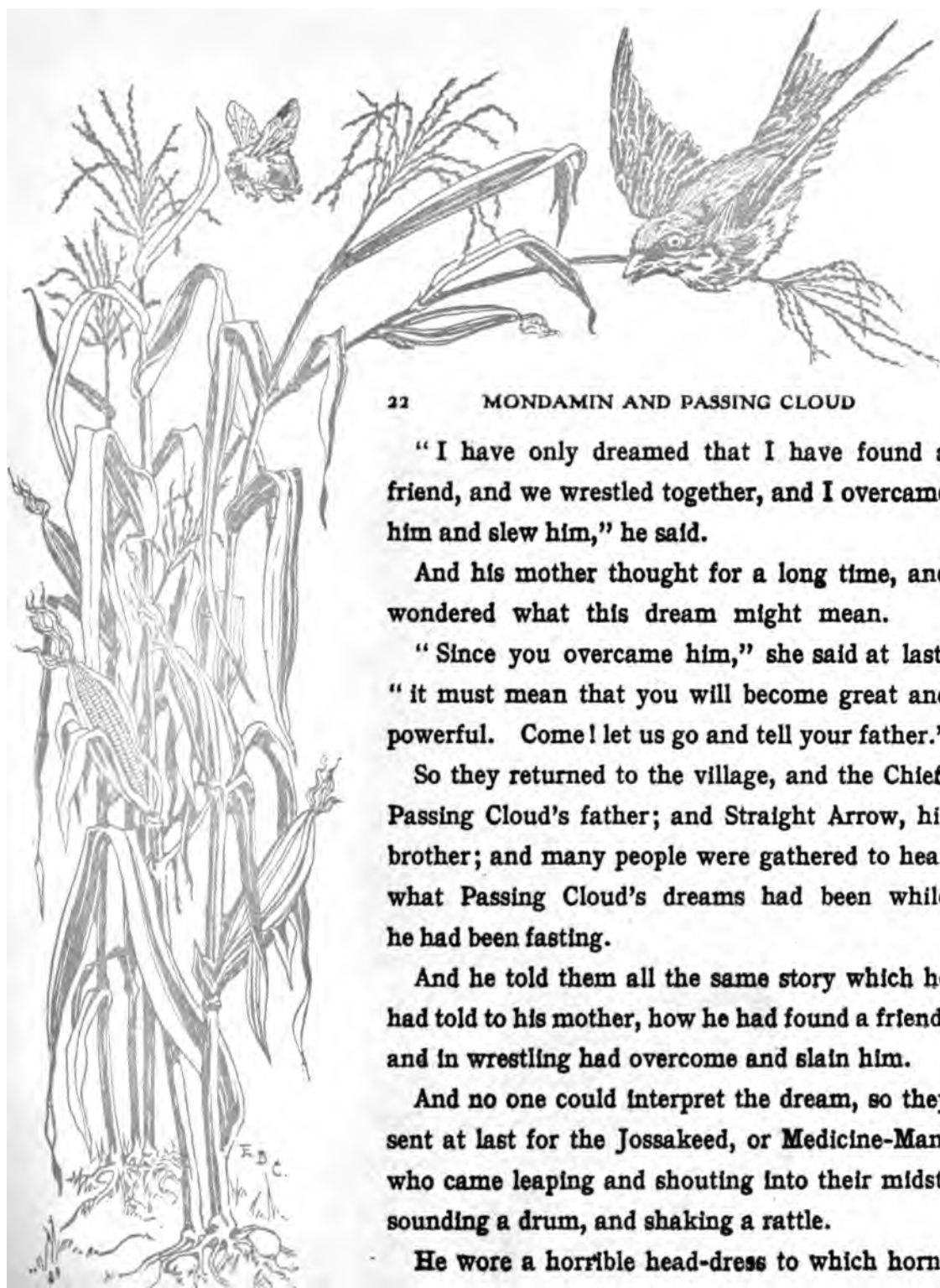
remembering how happy he must now be in the Land of Spirits, he rejoiced, and awoke.

He was not in the least surprised to find that Mondamin's body was really lying in the lodge on the ground beside him, and he arose early and, after searching for a smooth, soft place, he dug a grave for his friend.

He lined it with dry leaves and moss, and then laid Mondamin's body away to rest, covering it carefully over with earth, and smoothing the ground down neatly.

Soon after this, Passing Cloud's mother came to the lodge with food for him as she had promised, for it was now the eighth day.

"My son!" she cried eagerly, "of what have you dreamt? Have you seen 'Mishe-Mokwa,' the big Bear; or 'Meengau,' the big Wolf; or 'Missi,' the Panther? If so, you will surely become a great hunter like your brother: or have you perchance dreamt of 'Migaze,' the big Eagle? If so, you will become great a warrior."



"I have only dreamed that I have found a friend, and we wrestled together, and I overcame him and slew him," he said.

And his mother thought for a long time, and wondered what this dream might mean.

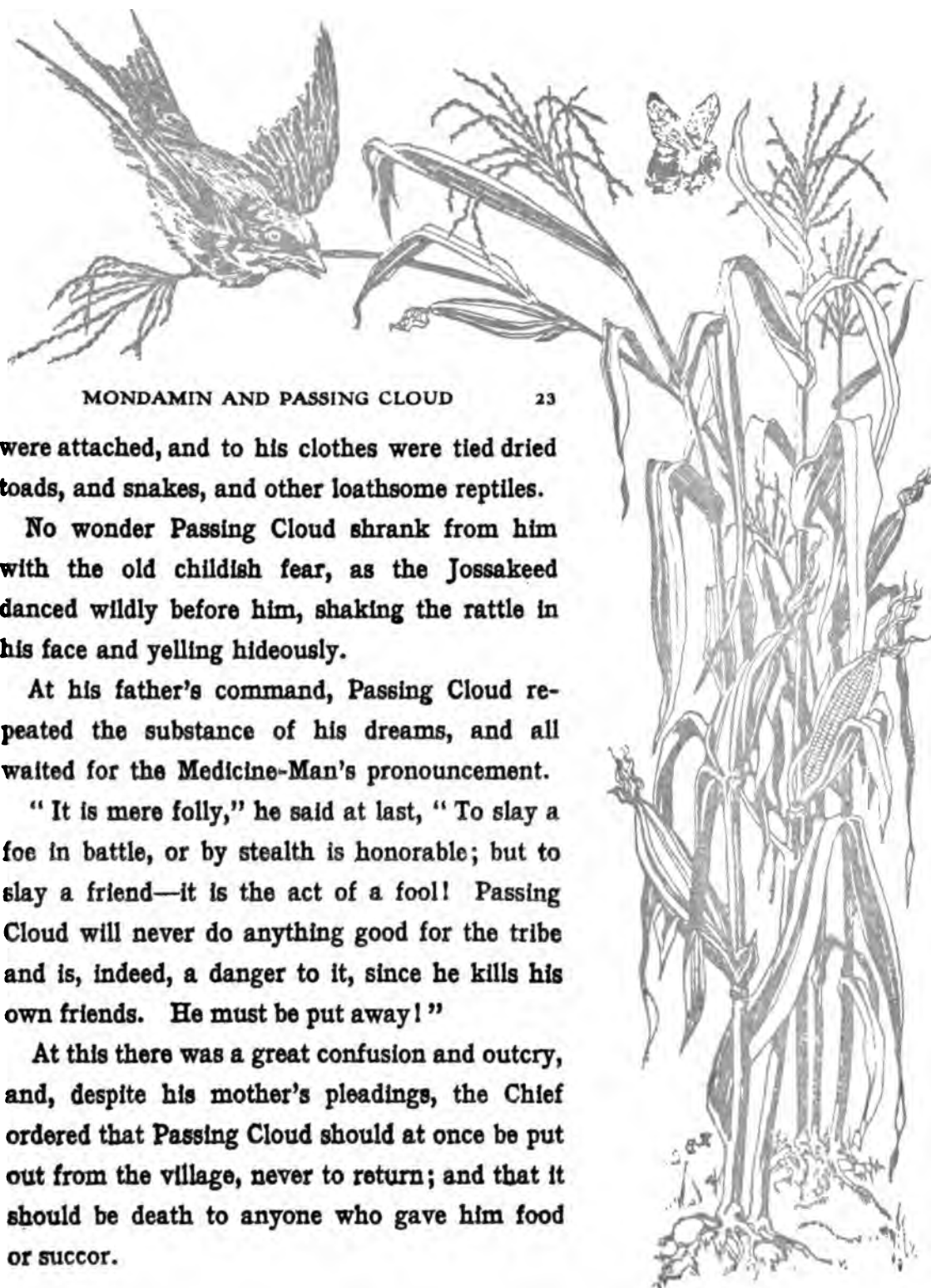
"Since you overcame him," she said at last, "it must mean that you will become great and powerful. Come! let us go and tell your father."

So they returned to the village, and the Chief, Passing Cloud's father; and Straight Arrow, his brother; and many people were gathered to hear what Passing Cloud's dreams had been while he had been fasting.

And he told them all the same story which he had told to his mother, how he had found a friend, and in wrestling had overcome and slain him.

And no one could interpret the dream, so they sent at last for the Jossakeed, or Medicine-Man, who came leaping and shouting into their midst, sounding a drum, and shaking a rattle.

He wore a horrible head-dress to which horns



MONDAMIN AND PASSING CLOUD 23

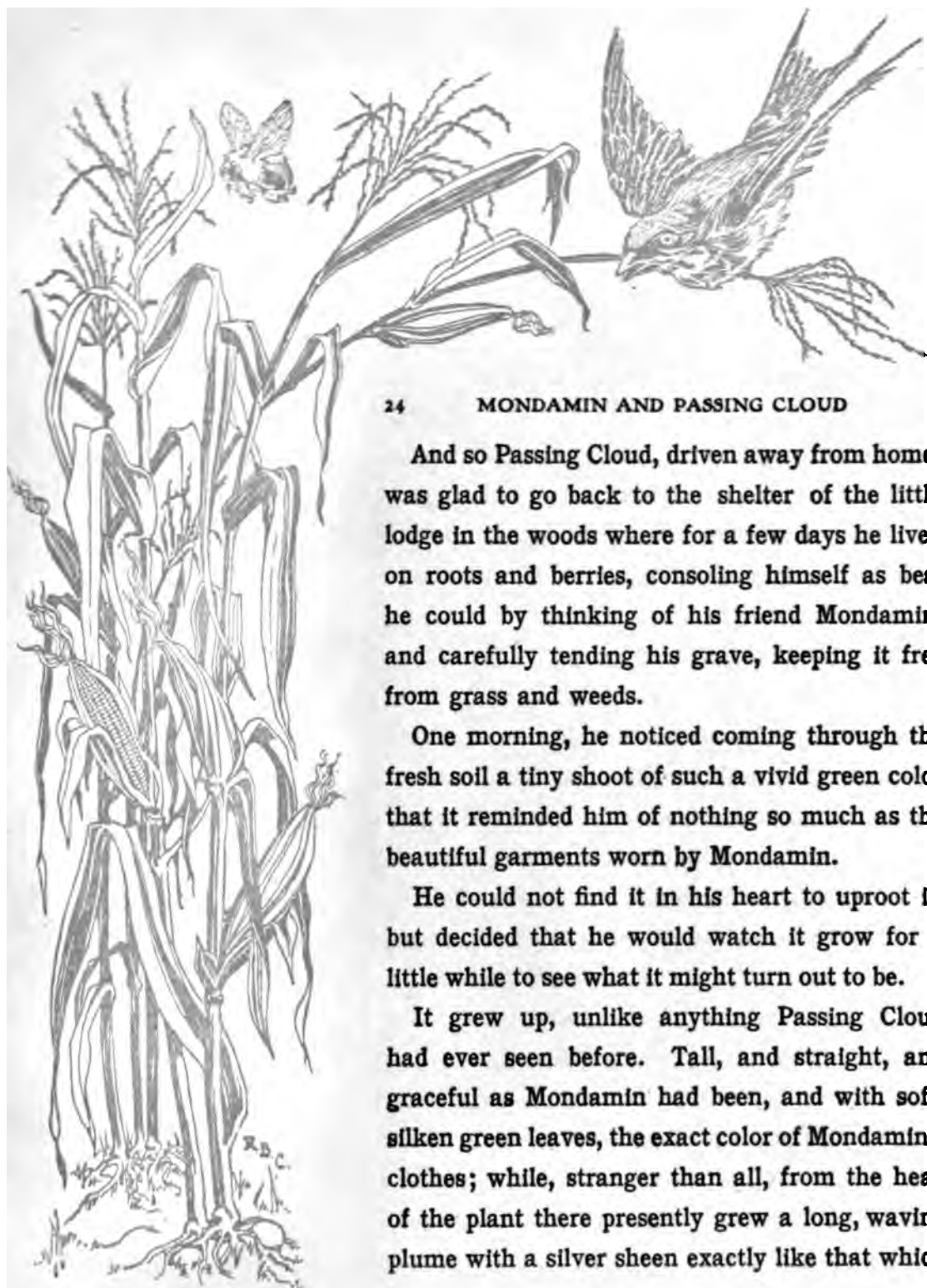
were attached, and to his clothes were tied dried toads, and snakes, and other loathsome reptiles.

No wonder Passing Cloud shrank from him with the old childish fear, as the Jossakeed danced wildly before him, shaking the rattle in his face and yelling hideously.

At his father's command, Passing Cloud repeated the substance of his dreams, and all waited for the Medicine-Man's pronouncement.

"It is mere folly," he said at last, "To slay a foe in battle, or by stealth is honorable; but to slay a friend—it is the act of a fool! Passing Cloud will never do anything good for the tribe and is, indeed, a danger to it, since he kills his own friends. He must be put away!"

At this there was a great confusion and outcry, and, despite his mother's pleadings, the Chief ordered that Passing Cloud should at once be put out from the village, never to return; and that it should be death to anyone who gave him food or succor.



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And so Passing Cloud, driven away from home, was glad to go back to the shelter of the little lodge in the woods where for a few days he lived on roots and berries, consoling himself as best he could by thinking of his friend Mondamin, and carefully tending his grave, keeping it free from grass and weeds.

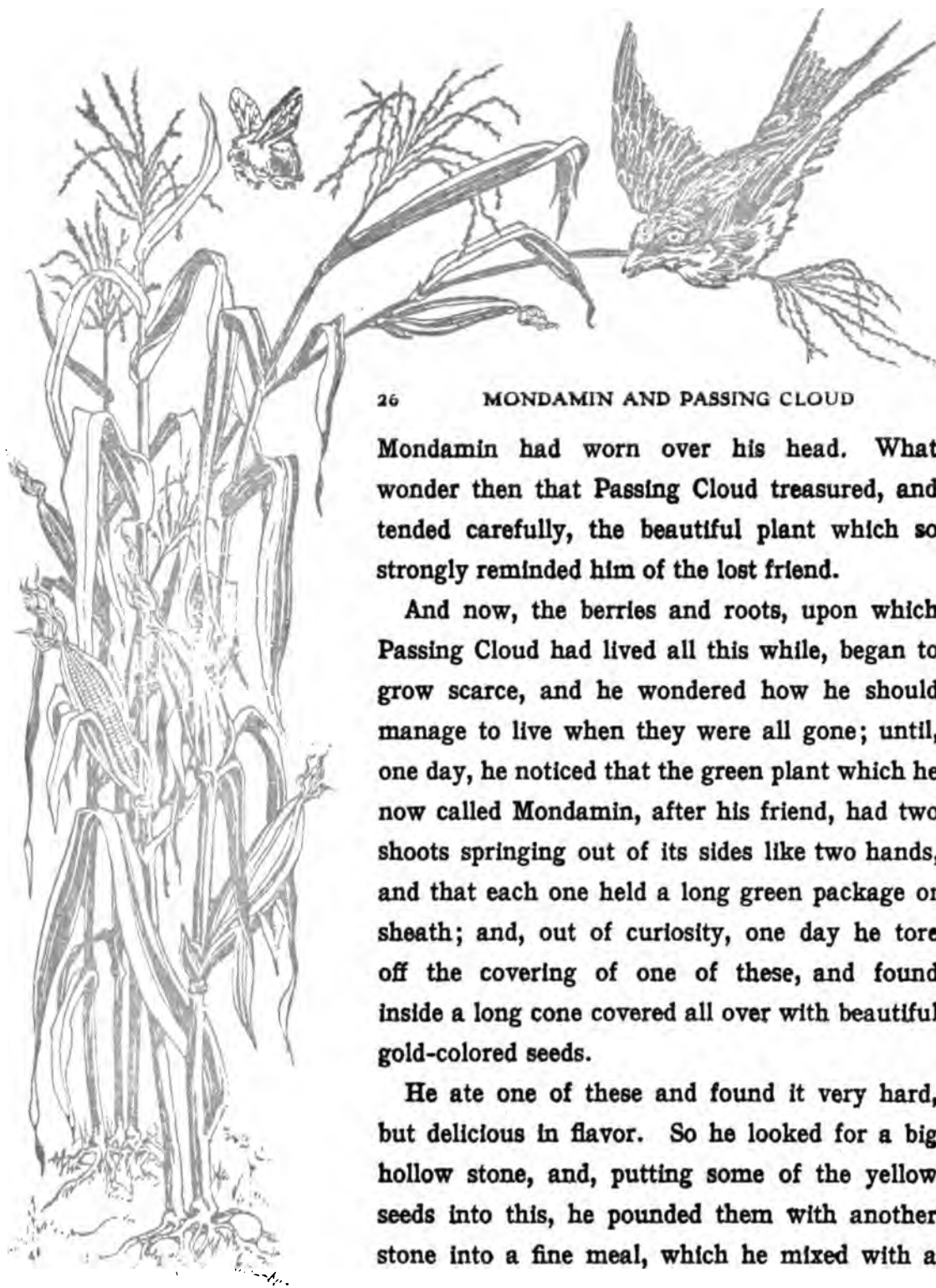
One morning, he noticed coming through the fresh soil a tiny shoot of such a vivid green color that it reminded him of nothing so much as the beautiful garments worn by Mondamin.

He could not find it in his heart to uproot it, but decided that he would watch it grow for a little while to see what it might turn out to be.

It grew up, unlike anything Passing Cloud had ever seen before. Tall, and straight, and graceful as Mondamin had been, and with soft, silken green leaves, the exact color of Mondamin's clothes; while, stranger than all, from the head of the plant there presently grew a long, waving plume with a silver sheen exactly like that which



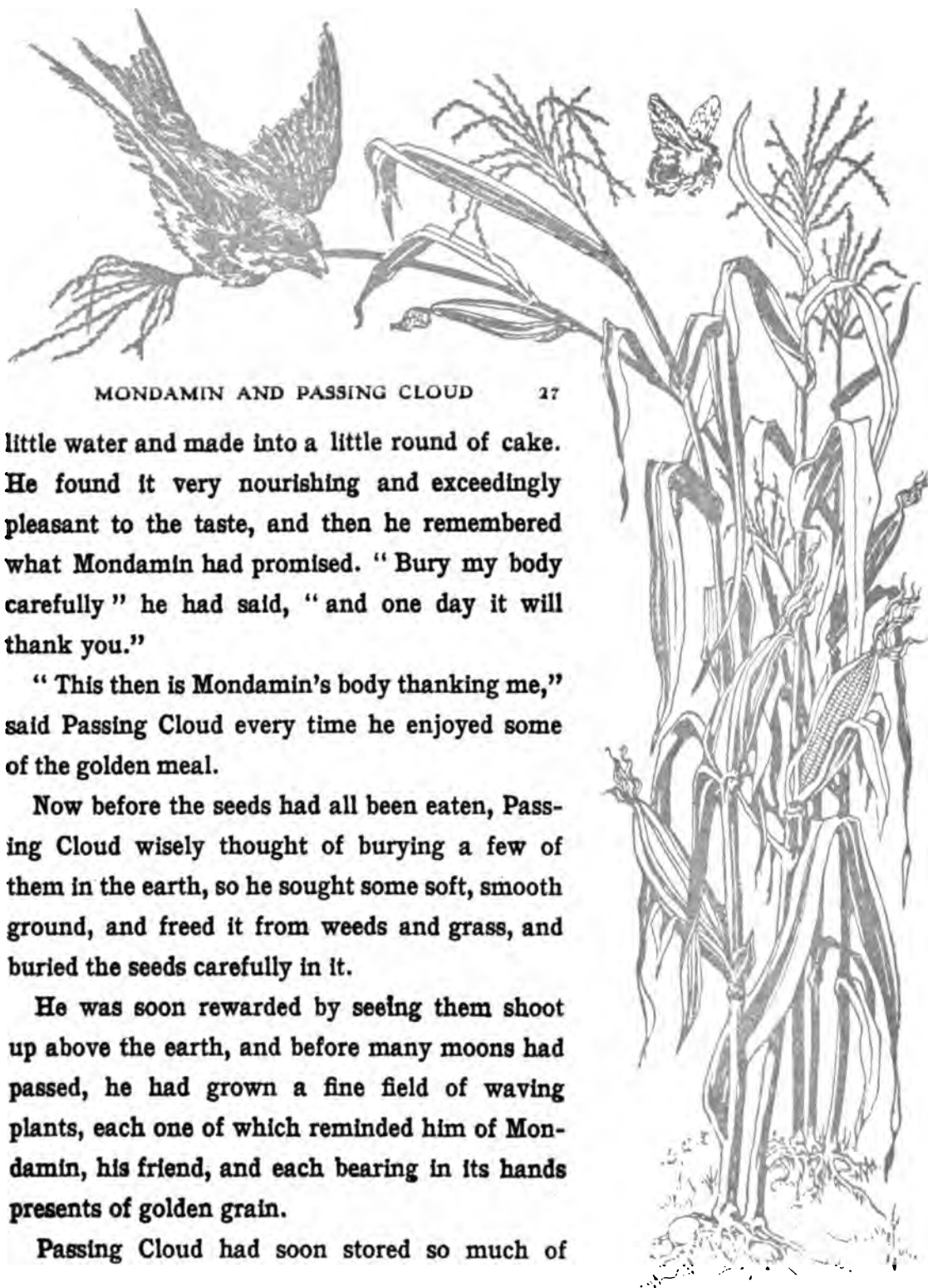
"It grew up, unlike anything Passing Cloud had ever seen before."—Page 24



Mondamin had worn over his head. What wonder then that Passing Cloud treasured, and tended carefully, the beautiful plant which so strongly reminded him of the lost friend.

And now, the berries and roots, upon which Passing Cloud had lived all this while, began to grow scarce, and he wondered how he should manage to live when they were all gone; until, one day, he noticed that the green plant which he now called Mondamin, after his friend, had two shoots springing out of its sides like two hands, and that each one held a long green package or sheath; and, out of curiosity, one day he tore off the covering of one of these, and found inside a long cone covered all over with beautiful gold-colored seeds.

He ate one of these and found it very hard, but delicious in flavor. So he looked for a big hollow stone, and, putting some of the yellow seeds into this, he pounded them with another stone into a fine meal, which he mixed with a



MONDAMIN AND PASSING CLOUD 27

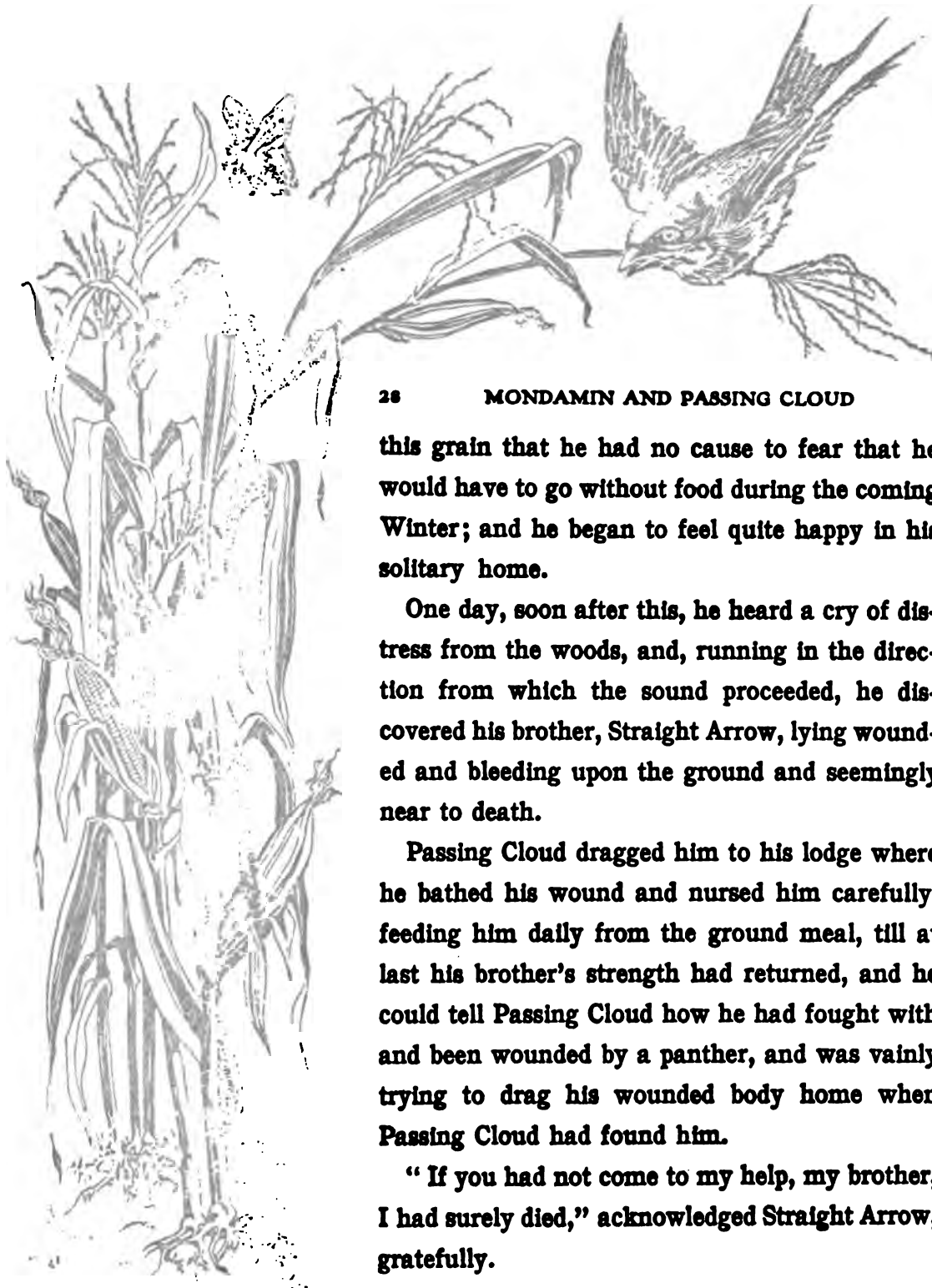
little water and made into a little round of cake. He found it very nourishing and exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and then he remembered what Mondamin had promised. "Bury my body carefully" he had said, "and one day it will thank you."

"This then is Mondamin's body thanking me," said Passing Cloud every time he enjoyed some of the golden meal.

Now before the seeds had all been eaten, Passing Cloud wisely thought of burying a few of them in the earth, so he sought some soft, smooth ground, and freed it from weeds and grass, and buried the seeds carefully in it.

He was soon rewarded by seeing them shoot up above the earth, and before many moons had passed, he had grown a fine field of waving plants, each one of which reminded him of Mondamin, his friend, and each bearing in its hands presents of golden grain.

Passing Cloud had soon stored so much of

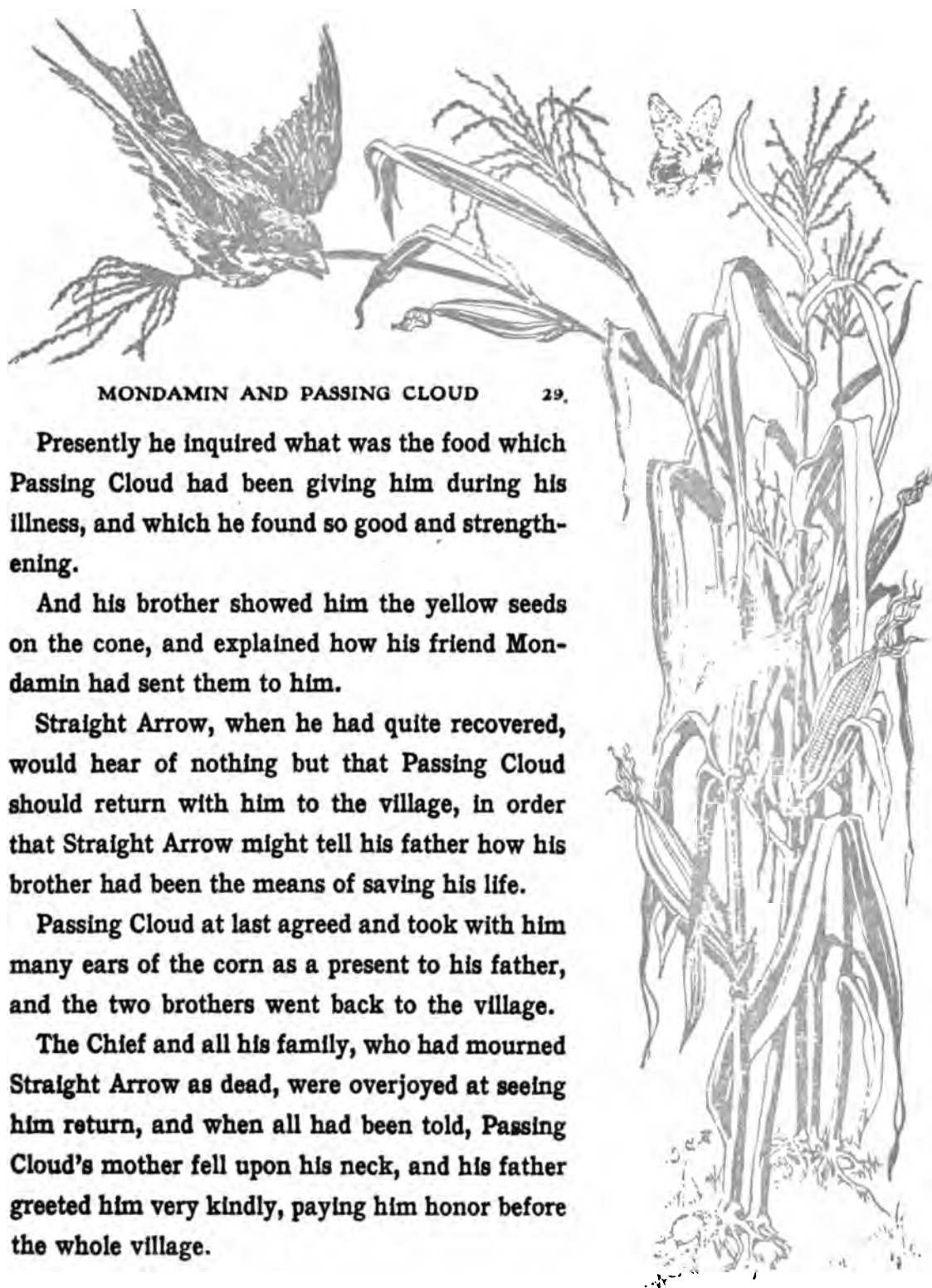


this grain that he had no cause to fear that he would have to go without food during the coming Winter; and he began to feel quite happy in his solitary home.

One day, soon after this, he heard a cry of distress from the woods, and, running in the direction from which the sound proceeded, he discovered his brother, Straight Arrow, lying wounded and bleeding upon the ground and seemingly near to death.

Passing Cloud dragged him to his lodge where he bathed his wound and nursed him carefully, feeding him daily from the ground meal, till at last his brother's strength had returned, and he could tell Passing Cloud how he had fought with and been wounded by a panther, and was vainly trying to drag his wounded body home when Passing Cloud had found him.

"If you had not come to my help, my brother, I had surely died," acknowledged Straight Arrow, gratefully.



MONDAMIN AND PASSING CLOUD 29.

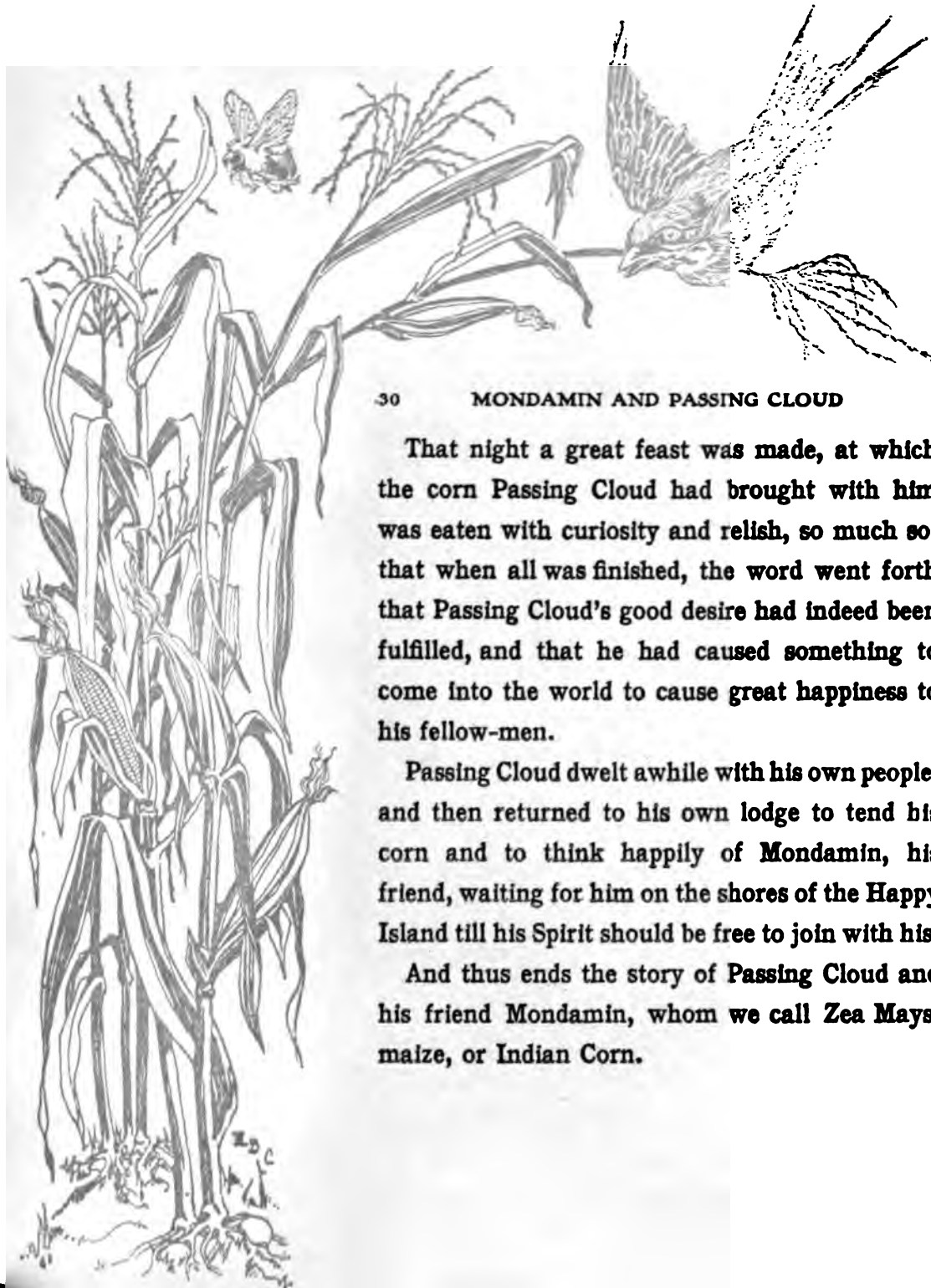
Presently he inquired what was the food which Passing Cloud had been giving him during his illness, and which he found so good and strengthening.

And his brother showed him the yellow seeds on the cone, and explained how his friend Mondamin had sent them to him.

Straight Arrow, when he had quite recovered, would hear of nothing but that Passing Cloud should return with him to the village, in order that Straight Arrow might tell his father how his brother had been the means of saving his life.

Passing Cloud at last agreed and took with him many ears of the corn as a present to his father, and the two brothers went back to the village.

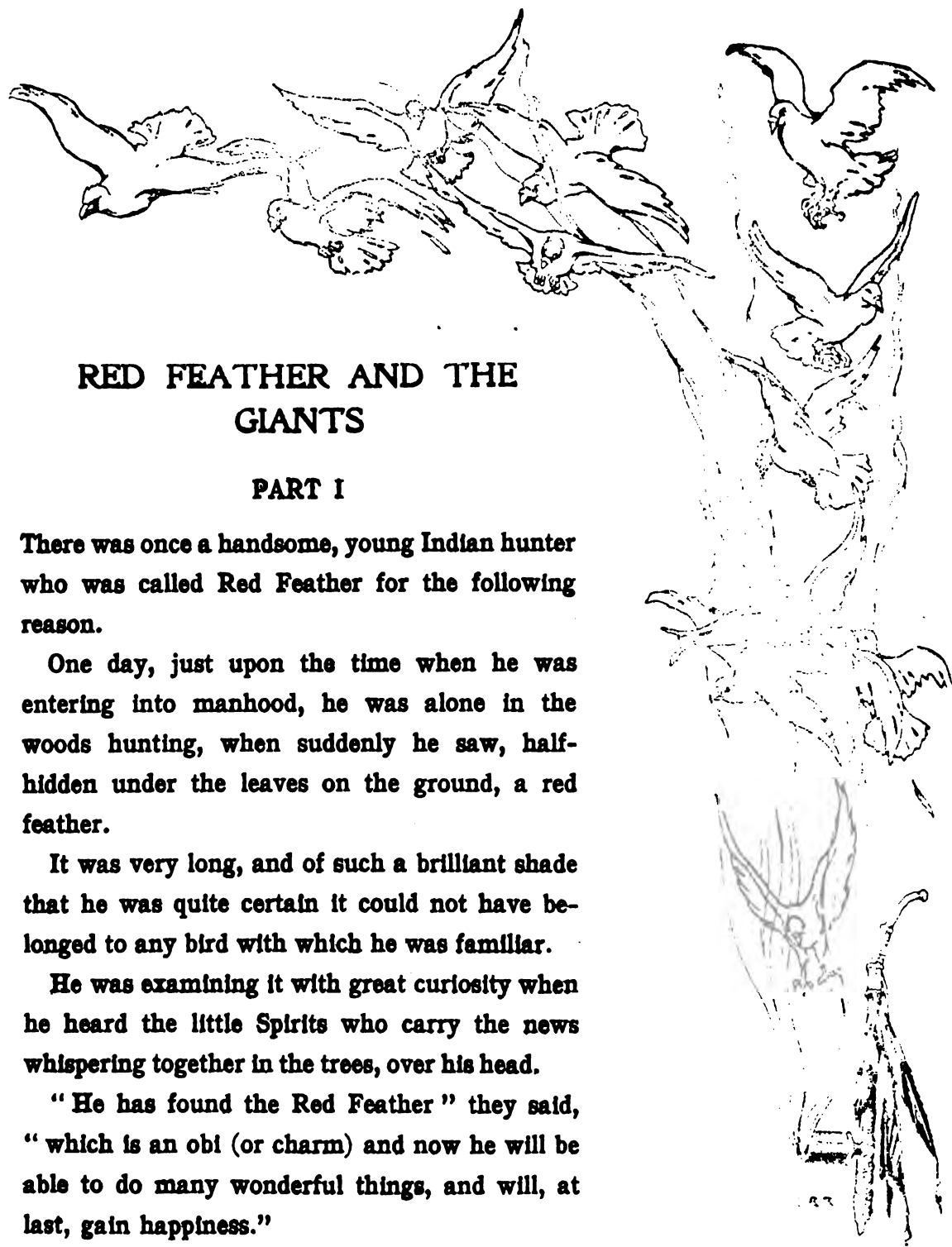
The Chief and all his family, who had mourned Straight Arrow as dead, were overjoyed at seeing him return, and when all had been told, Passing Cloud's mother fell upon his neck, and his father greeted him very kindly, paying him honor before the whole village.



That night a great feast was made, at which the corn Passing Cloud had brought with him was eaten with curiosity and relish, so much so, that when all was finished, the word went forth that Passing Cloud's good desire had indeed been fulfilled, and that he had caused something to come into the world to cause great happiness to his fellow-men.

Passing Cloud dwelt awhile with his own people, and then returned to his own lodge to tend his corn and to think happily of Mondamin, his friend, waiting for him on the shores of the Happy Island till his Spirit should be free to join with his.

And thus ends the story of Passing Cloud and his friend Mondamin, whom we call Zea Mays, maize, or Indian Corn.



RED FEATHER AND THE GIANTS

PART I

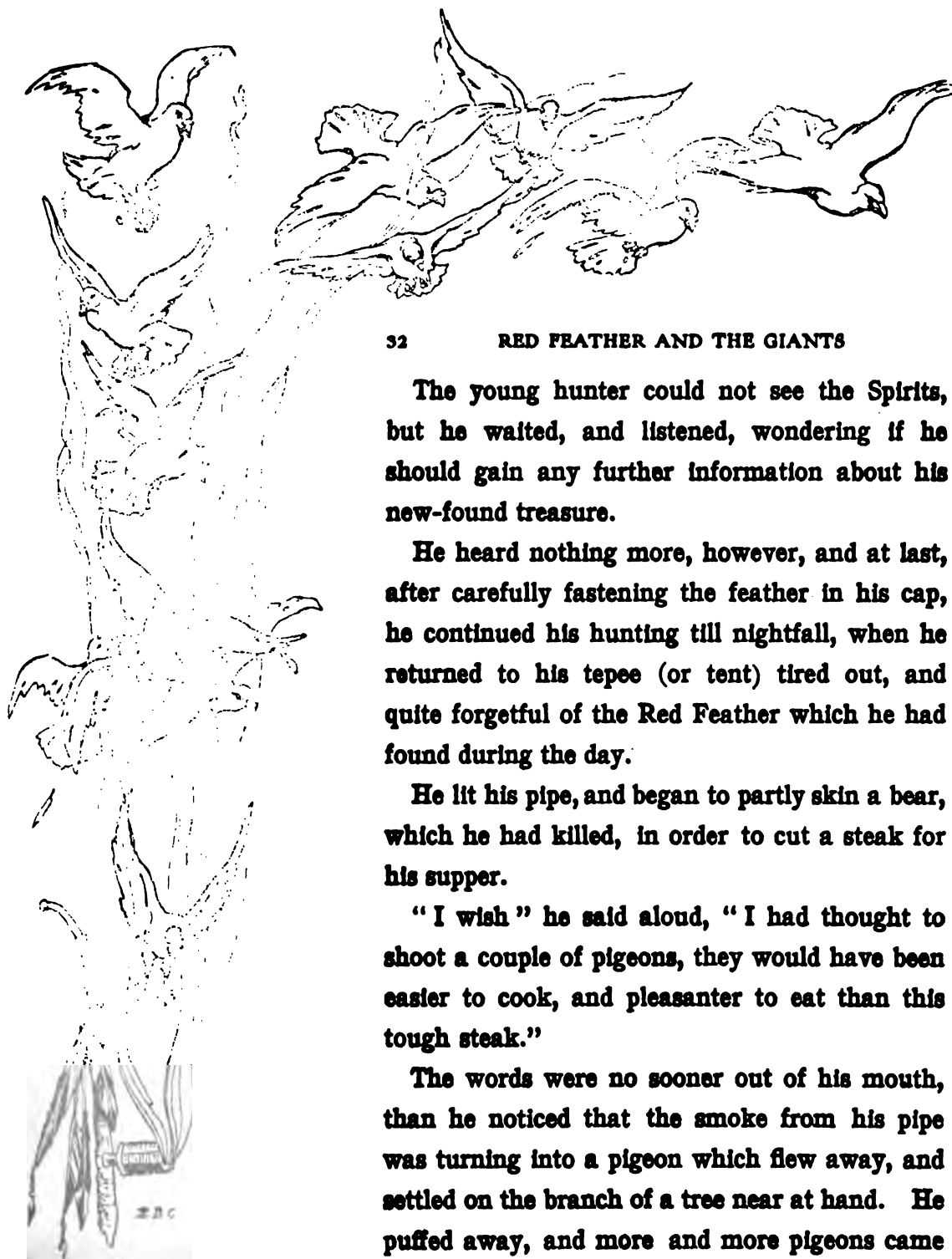
There was once a handsome, young Indian hunter who was called Red Feather for the following reason.

One day, just upon the time when he was entering into manhood, he was alone in the woods hunting, when suddenly he saw, half-hidden under the leaves on the ground, a red feather.

It was very long, and of such a brilliant shade that he was quite certain it could not have belonged to any bird with which he was familiar.

He was examining it with great curiosity when he heard the little Spirits who carry the news whispering together in the trees, over his head.

"He has found the Red Feather" they said, "which is an obi (or charm) and now he will be able to do many wonderful things, and will, at last, gain happiness."



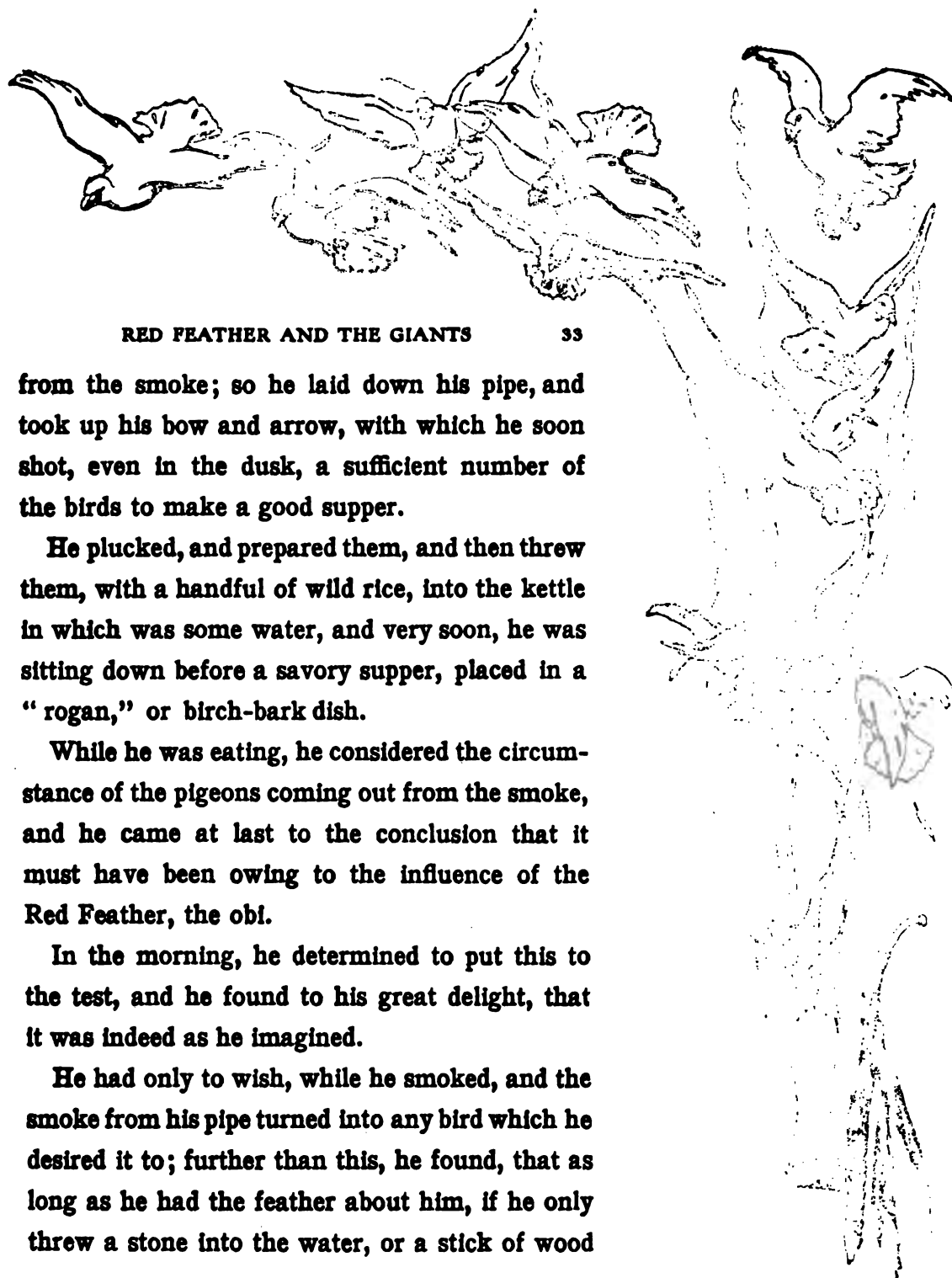
The young hunter could not see the Spirits, but he waited, and listened, wondering if he should gain any further information about his new-found treasure.

He heard nothing more, however, and at last, after carefully fastening the feather in his cap, he continued his hunting till nightfall, when he returned to his tepee (or tent) tired out, and quite forgetful of the Red Feather which he had found during the day.

He lit his pipe, and began to partly skin a bear, which he had killed, in order to cut a steak for his supper.

"I wish" he said aloud, "I had thought to shoot a couple of pigeons, they would have been easier to cook, and pleasanter to eat than this tough steak."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than he noticed that the smoke from his pipe was turning into a pigeon which flew away, and settled on the branch of a tree near at hand. He puffed away, and more and more pigeons came



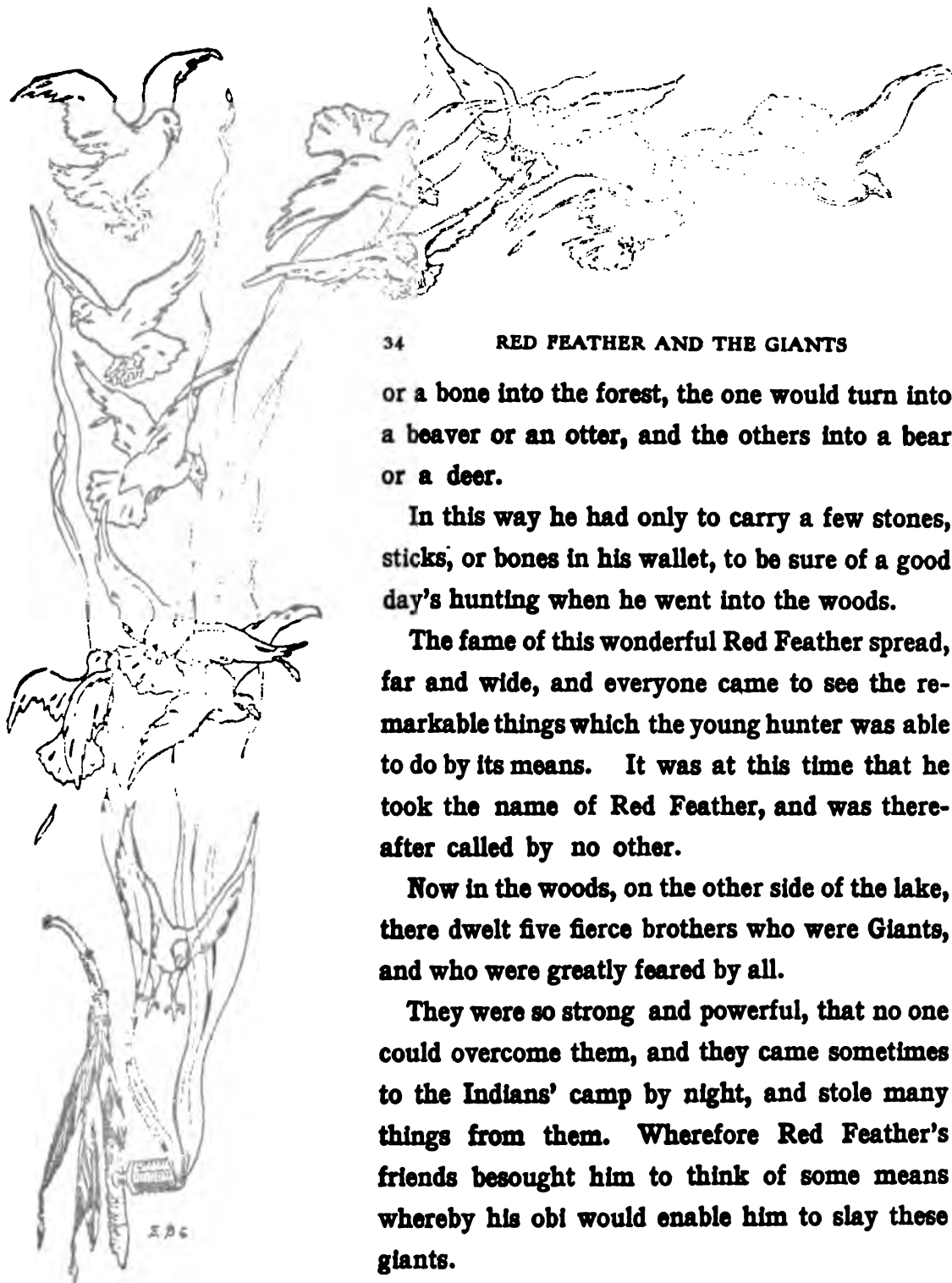
from the smoke; so he laid down his pipe, and took up his bow and arrow, with which he soon shot, even in the dusk, a sufficient number of the birds to make a good supper.

He plucked, and prepared them, and then threw them, with a handful of wild rice, into the kettle in which was some water, and very soon, he was sitting down before a savory supper, placed in a "rogan," or birch-bark dish.

While he was eating, he considered the circumstance of the pigeons coming out from the smoke, and he came at last to the conclusion that it must have been owing to the influence of the Red Feather, the obi.

In the morning, he determined to put this to the test, and he found to his great delight, that it was indeed as he imagined.

He had only to wish, while he smoked, and the smoke from his pipe turned into any bird which he desired it to; further than this, he found, that as long as he had the feather about him, if he only threw a stone into the water, or a stick of wood



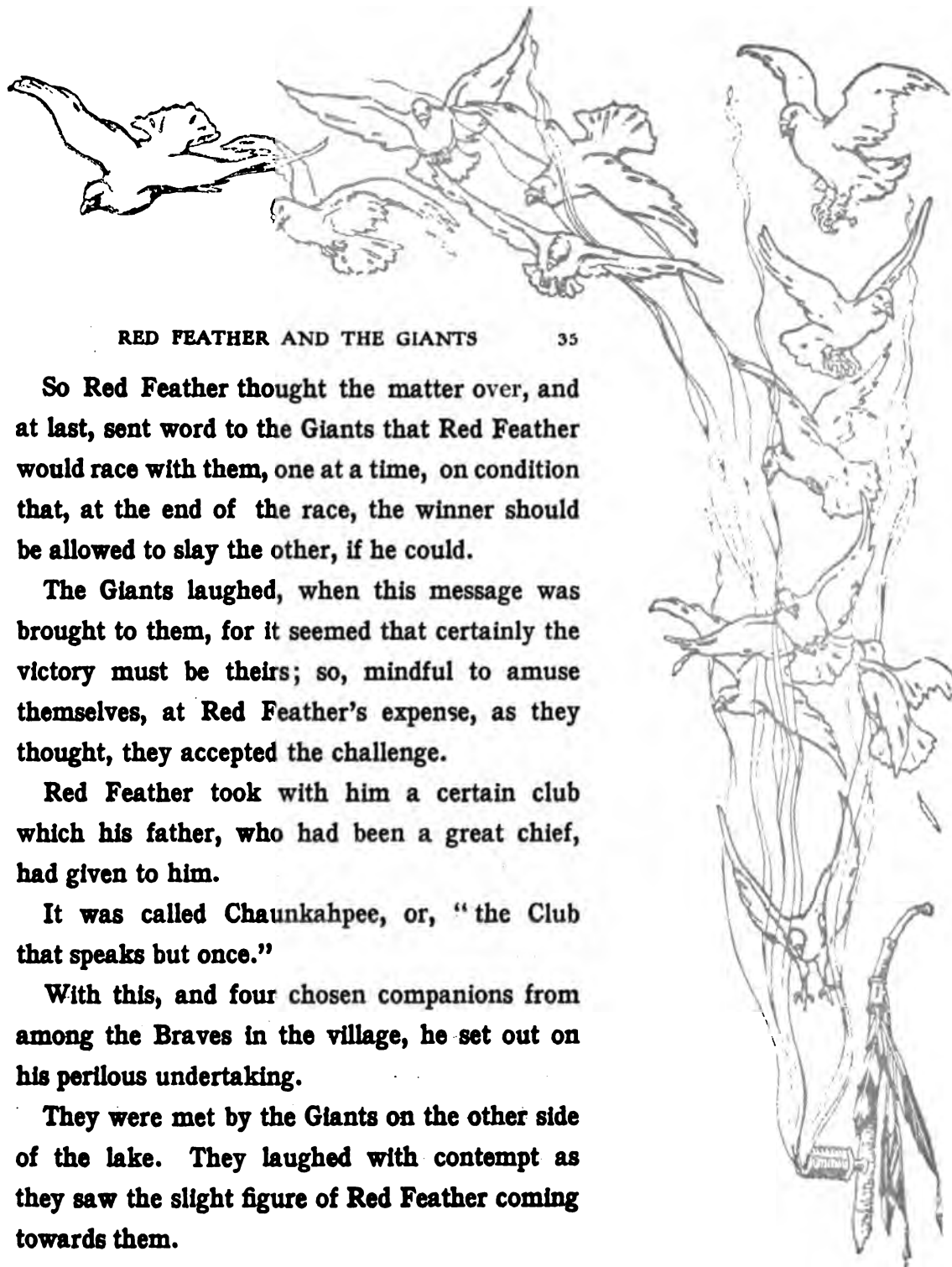
or a bone into the forest, the one would turn into a beaver or an otter, and the others into a bear or a deer.

In this way he had only to carry a few stones, sticks, or bones in his wallet, to be sure of a good day's hunting when he went into the woods.

The fame of this wonderful Red Feather spread, far and wide, and everyone came to see the remarkable things which the young hunter was able to do by its means. It was at this time that he took the name of Red Feather, and was thereafter called by no other.

Now in the woods, on the other side of the lake, there dwelt five fierce brothers who were Giants, and who were greatly feared by all.

They were so strong and powerful, that no one could overcome them, and they came sometimes to the Indians' camp by night, and stole many things from them. Wherefore Red Feather's friends besought him to think of some means whereby his obi would enable him to slay these giants.



So Red Feather thought the matter over, and at last, sent word to the Giants that Red Feather would race with them, one at a time, on condition that, at the end of the race, the winner should be allowed to slay the other, if he could.

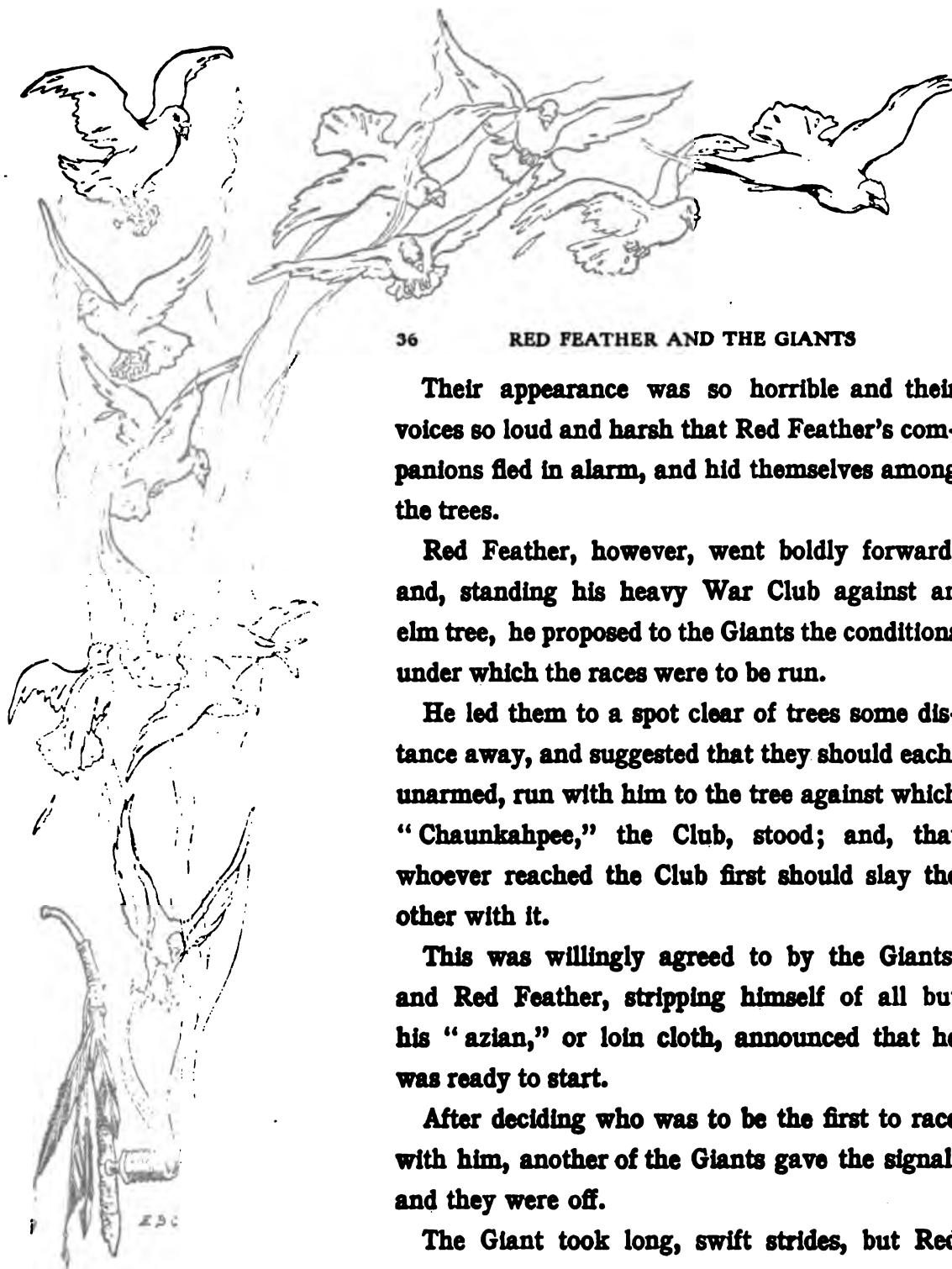
The Giants laughed, when this message was brought to them, for it seemed that certainly the victory must be theirs; so, mindful to amuse themselves, at Red Feather's expense, as they thought, they accepted the challenge.

Red Feather took with him a certain club which his father, who had been a great chief, had given to him.

It was called Chaunkahpee, or, "the Club that speaks but once."

With this, and four chosen companions from among the Braves in the village, he set out on his perilous undertaking.

They were met by the Giants on the other side of the lake. They laughed with contempt as they saw the slight figure of Red Feather coming towards them.



Their appearance was so horrible and their voices so loud and harsh that Red Feather's companions fled in alarm, and hid themselves among the trees.

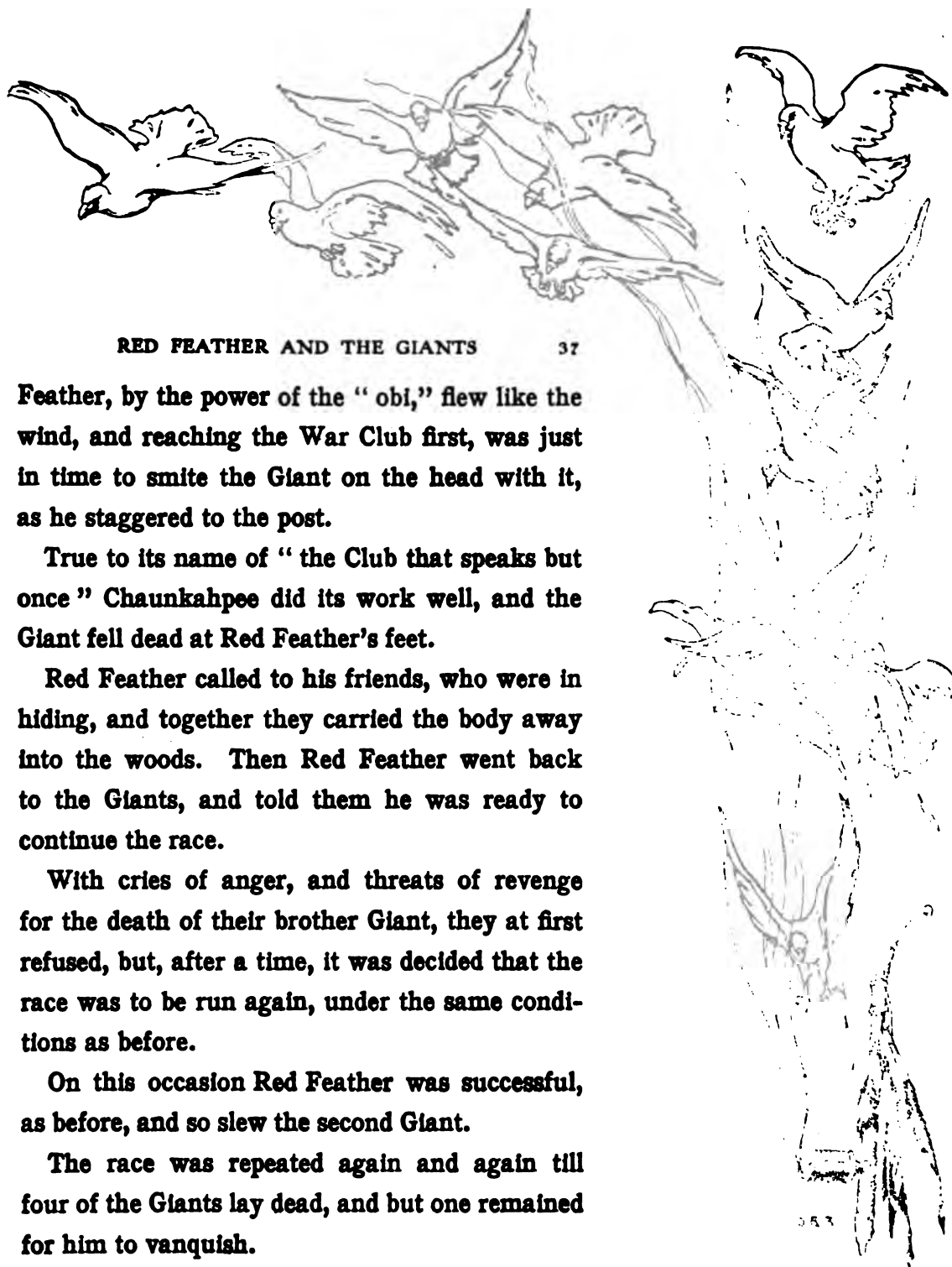
Red Feather, however, went boldly forward, and, standing his heavy War Club against an elm tree, he proposed to the Giants the conditions under which the races were to be run.

He led them to a spot clear of trees some distance away, and suggested that they should each, unarmed, run with him to the tree against which "Chaunkahpee," the Club, stood; and, that whoever reached the Club first should slay the other with it.

This was willingly agreed to by the Giants, and Red Feather, stripping himself of all but his "azian," or loin cloth, announced that he was ready to start.

After deciding who was to be the first to race with him, another of the Giants gave the signal, and they were off.

The Giant took long, swift strides, but Red



RED FEATHER AND THE GIANTS 37

Feather, by the power of the "obi," flew like the wind, and reaching the War Club first, was just in time to smite the Giant on the head with it, as he staggered to the post.

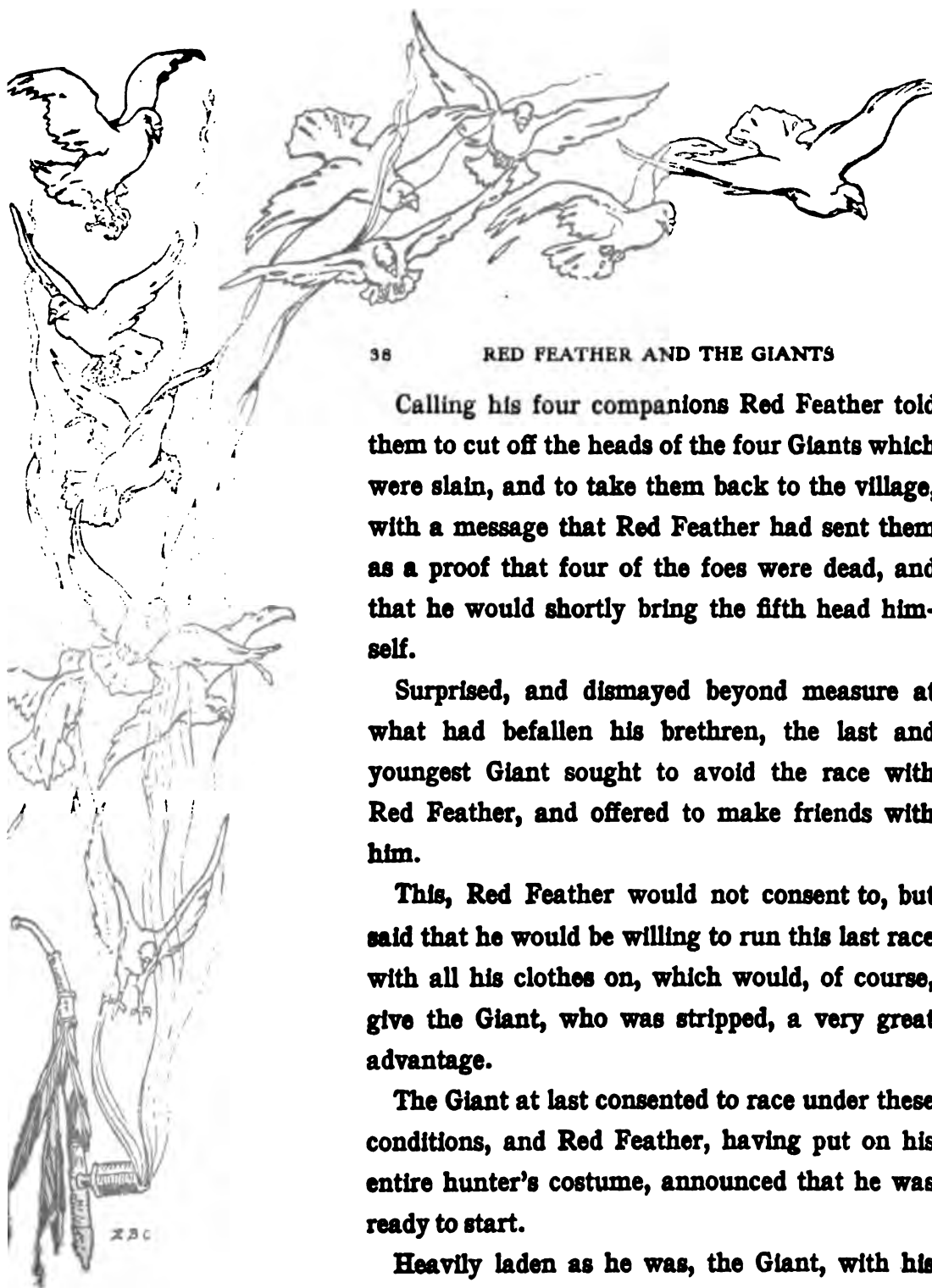
True to its name of "the Club that speaks but once" Chaunkahpee did its work well, and the Giant fell dead at Red Feather's feet.

Red Feather called to his friends, who were in hiding, and together they carried the body away into the woods. Then Red Feather went back to the Giants, and told them he was ready to continue the race.

With cries of anger, and threats of revenge for the death of their brother Giant, they at first refused, but, after a time, it was decided that the race was to be run again, under the same conditions as before.

On this occasion Red Feather was successful, as before, and so slew the second Giant.

The race was repeated again and again till four of the Giants lay dead, and but one remained for him to vanquish.



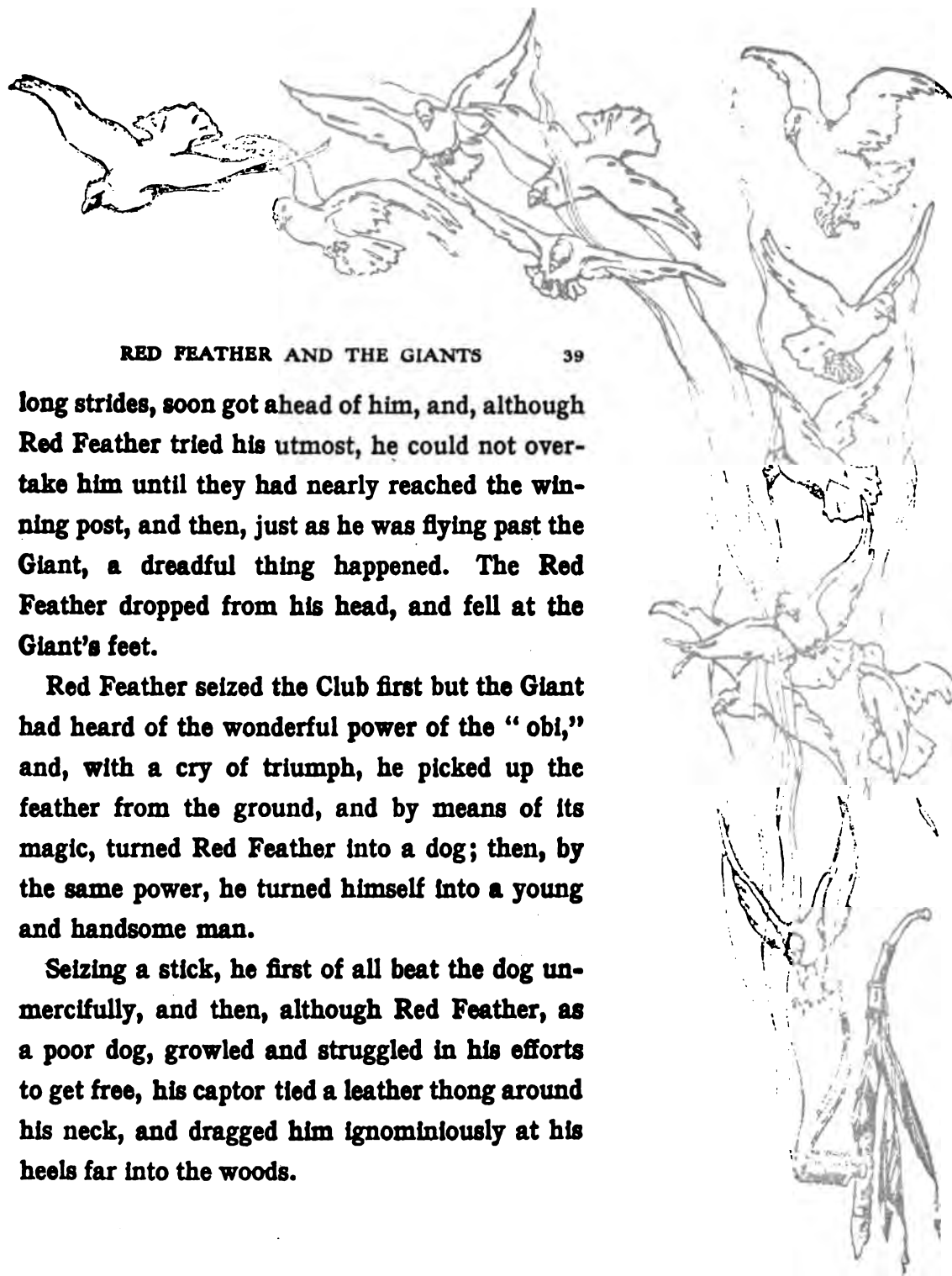
Calling his four companions Red Feather told them to cut off the heads of the four Giants which were slain, and to take them back to the village, with a message that Red Feather had sent them as a proof that four of the foes were dead, and that he would shortly bring the fifth head himself.

Surprised, and dismayed beyond measure at what had befallen his brethren, the last and youngest Giant sought to avoid the race with Red Feather, and offered to make friends with him.

This, Red Feather would not consent to, but said that he would be willing to run this last race with all his clothes on, which would, of course, give the Giant, who was stripped, a very great advantage.

The Giant at last consented to race under these conditions, and Red Feather, having put on his entire hunter's costume, announced that he was ready to start.

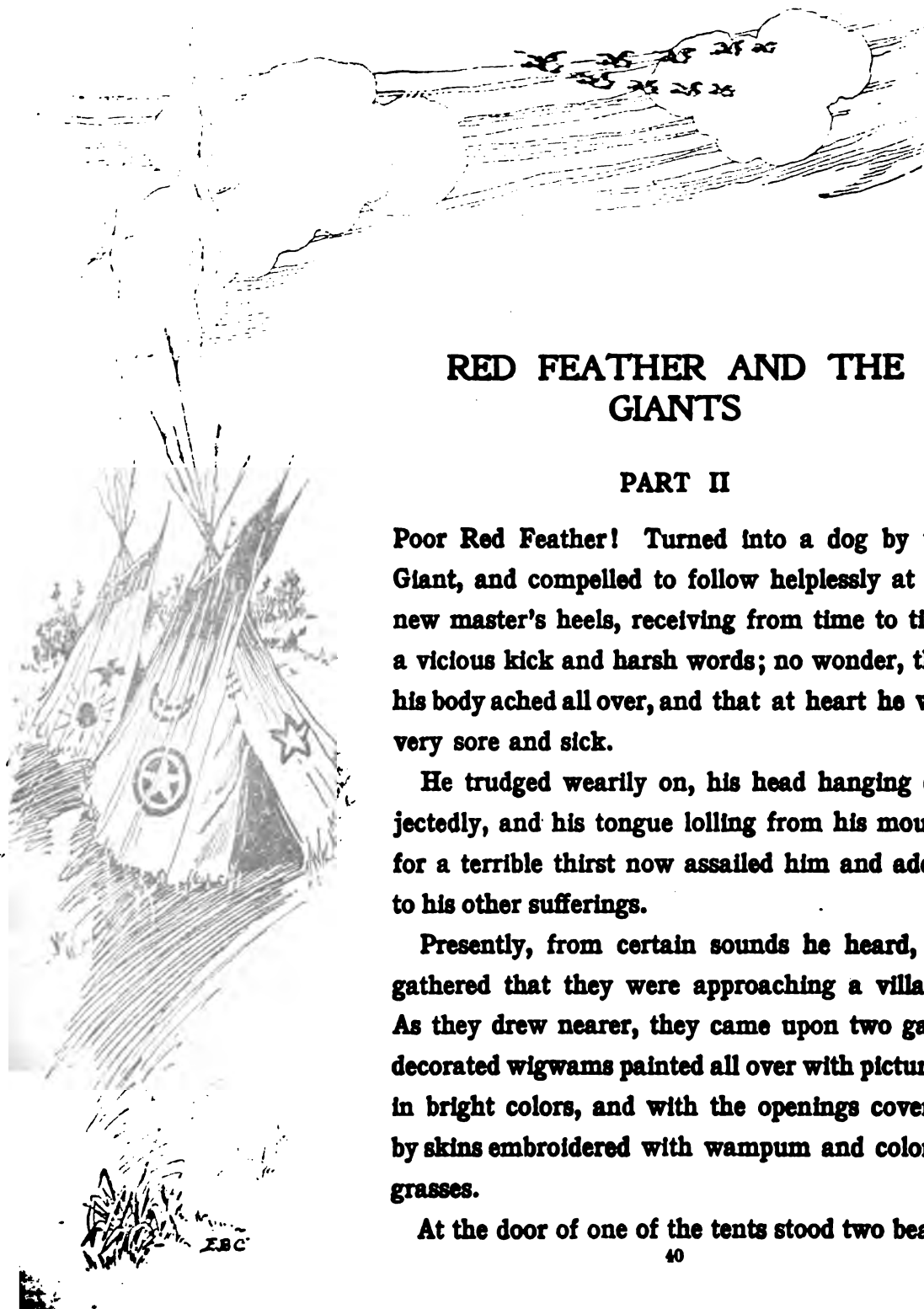
Heavily laden as he was, the Giant, with his



long strides, soon got ahead of him, and, although Red Feather tried his utmost, he could not overtake him until they had nearly reached the winning post, and then, just as he was flying past the Giant, a dreadful thing happened. The Red Feather dropped from his head, and fell at the Giant's feet.

Red Feather seized the Club first but the Giant had heard of the wonderful power of the "obi," and, with a cry of triumph, he picked up the feather from the ground, and by means of its magic, turned Red Feather into a dog; then, by the same power, he turned himself into a young and handsome man.

Seizing a stick, he first of all beat the dog unmercifully, and then, although Red Feather, as a poor dog, growled and struggled in his efforts to get free, his captor tied a leather thong around his neck, and dragged him ignominiously at his heels far into the woods.



RED FEATHER AND THE GIANTS

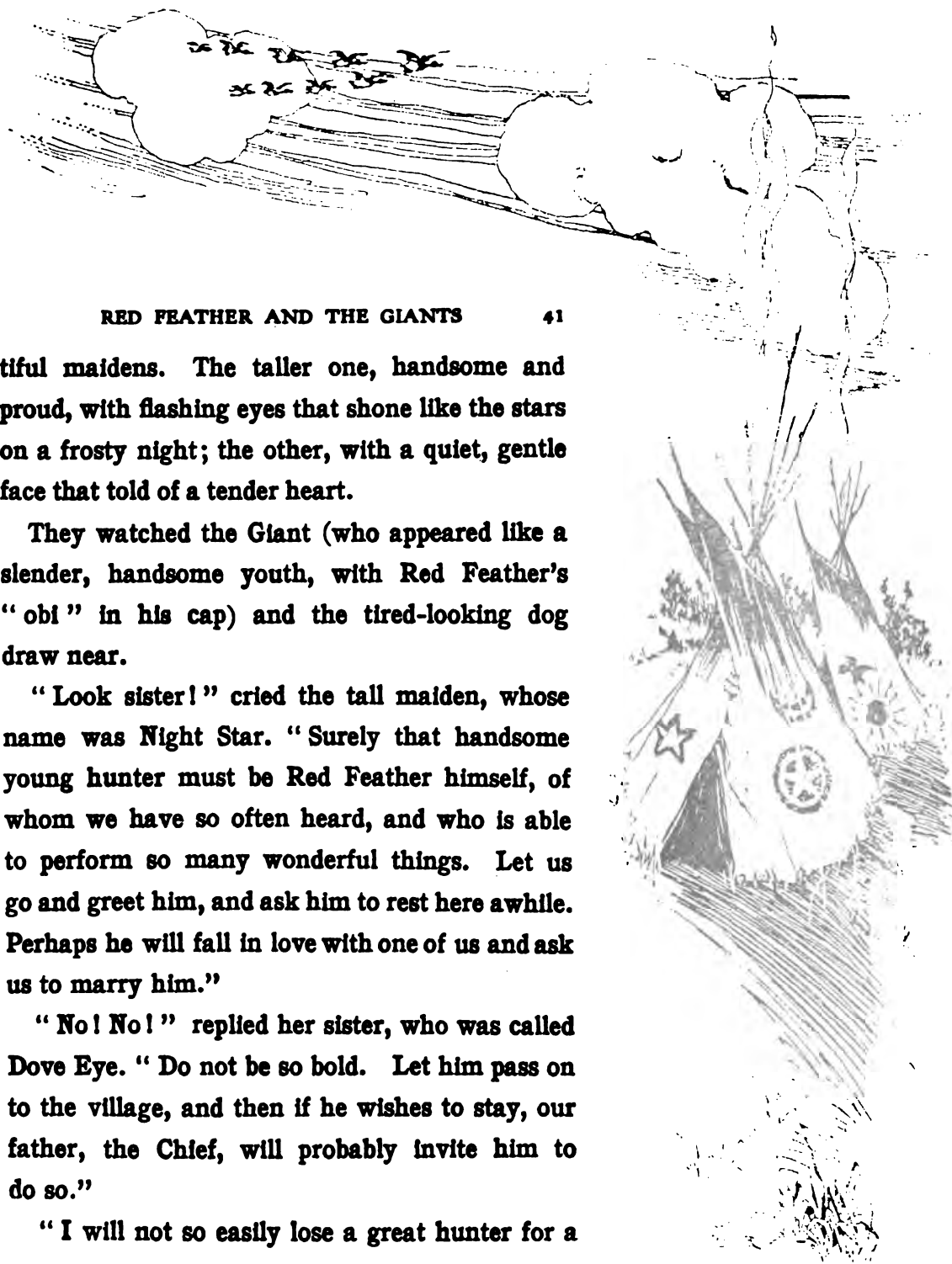
PART II

Poor Red Feather! Turned into a dog by the Giant, and compelled to follow helplessly at his new master's heels, receiving from time to time a vicious kick and harsh words; no wonder, that his body ached all over, and that at heart he was very sore and sick.

He trudged wearily on, his head hanging dejectedly, and his tongue lolling from his mouth, for a terrible thirst now assailed him and added to his other sufferings.

Presently, from certain sounds he heard, he gathered that they were approaching a village. As they drew nearer, they came upon two gaily decorated wigwams painted all over with pictures, in bright colors, and with the openings covered by skins embroidered with wampum and colored grasses.

At the door of one of the tents stood two beau-



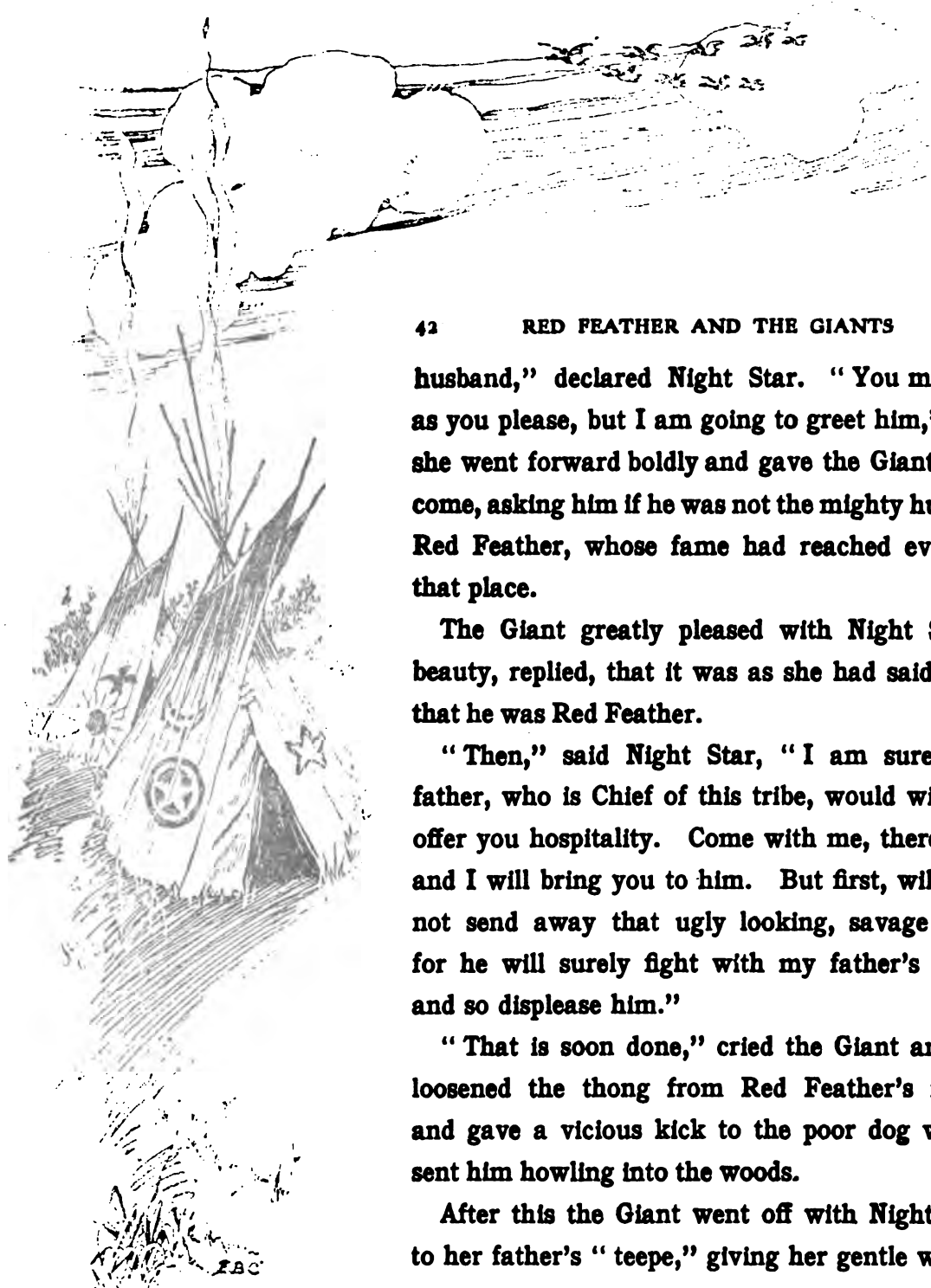
tiful maidens. The taller one, handsome and proud, with flashing eyes that shone like the stars on a frosty night; the other, with a quiet, gentle face that told of a tender heart.

They watched the Giant (who appeared like a slender, handsome youth, with Red Feather's "obi" in his cap) and the tired-looking dog draw near.

"Look sister!" cried the tall maiden, whose name was Night Star. "Surely that handsome young hunter must be Red Feather himself, of whom we have so often heard, and who is able to perform so many wonderful things. Let us go and greet him, and ask him to rest here awhile. Perhaps he will fall in love with one of us and ask us to marry him."

"No! No!" replied her sister, who was called Dove Eye. "Do not be so bold. Let him pass on to the village, and then if he wishes to stay, our father, the Chief, will probably invite him to do so."

"I will not so easily lose a great hunter for a



husband," declared Night Star. "You may do as you please, but I am going to greet him," and she went forward boldly and gave the Giant welcome, asking him if he was not the mighty hunter, Red Feather, whose fame had reached even to that place.

The Giant greatly pleased with Night Star's beauty, replied, that it was as she had said, and that he was Red Feather.

"Then," said Night Star, "I am sure, my father, who is Chief of this tribe, would wish to offer you hospitality. Come with me, therefore, and I will bring you to him. But first, will you not send away that ugly looking, savage dog, for he will surely fight with my father's dogs, and so displease him."

"That is soon done," cried the Giant and he loosened the thong from Red Feather's neck, and gave a vicious kick to the poor dog which sent him howling into the woods.

After this the Giant went off with Night Star to her father's "teepe," giving her gentle words,

and making much of her, so that Dove Eye, watching them, said to herself that it would doubtless soon come about as her sister had wished it to do.

"For myself," she thought, "I would not have for a husband a man, however great a hunter he might be, who would treat a dog as cruelly as this man did the poor animal who has run into the woods," and she followed in the direction in which the poor dog had gone, speaking gently to him, in a soft voice, kind words that were like caresses.

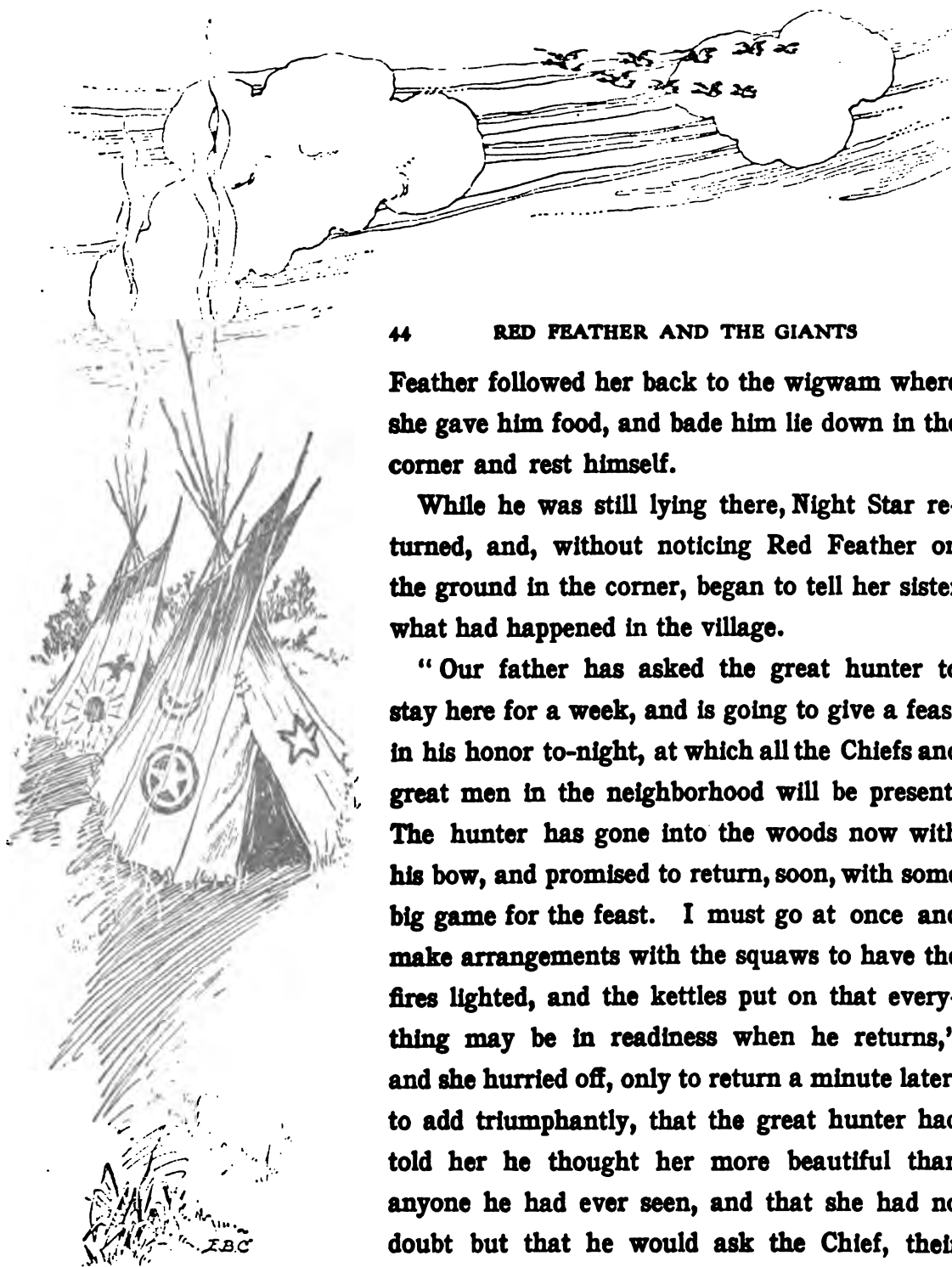
And Red Feather heard them, and he crept forth out of his hiding place and licked her hands.

Dove Eye could soon see that the poor dog was thirsty, and she brought some clear water in a birch "rokan" (or dish) and placed it before him.

Red Feather drank it, looking up into Dove Eye's face with grateful eyes, and slowly wagging his tail.

After this Dove Eye patted his head and Red





Feather followed her back to the wigwam where she gave him food, and bade him lie down in the corner and rest himself.

While he was still lying there, Night Star returned, and, without noticing Red Feather on the ground in the corner, began to tell her sister what had happened in the village.

"Our father has asked the great hunter to stay here for a week, and is going to give a feast in his honor to-night, at which all the Chiefs and great men in the neighborhood will be present. The hunter has gone into the woods now with his bow, and promised to return, soon, with some big game for the feast. I must go at once and make arrangements with the squaws to have the fires lighted, and the kettles put on that everything may be in readiness when he returns," and she hurried off, only to return a minute later, to add triumphantly, that the great hunter had told her he thought her more beautiful than anyone he had ever seen, and that she had no doubt but that he would ask the Chief, their

father, for her hand in marriage at the great feast that night.

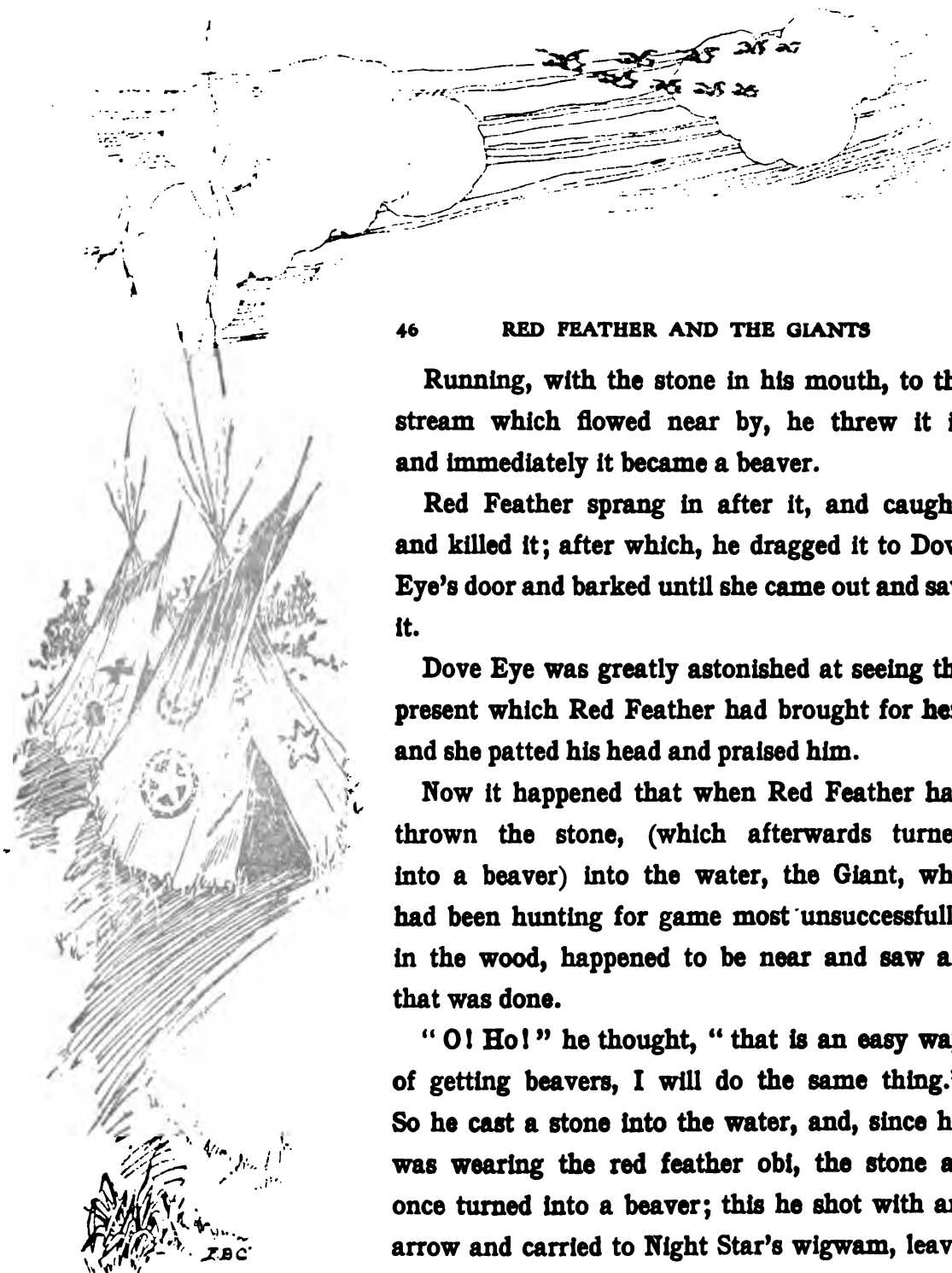
She did not wait for Dove Eye to answer her, but sped back to the village, and, as soon as she had gone, Red Feather crept under the wigwam, and ran off to the woods.

He had an object in view, which was to find the clothes which had dropped from him when he had been changed into a dog; for he remembered that in his pouch had been one or two things which he had charmed with the red feather obi when he had had it in his possession, and he wondered if the magic still remained in them.

After searching for some time with his nose to the ground, after the manner of a dog, he came upon the scent, and soon he was standing before the heap of clothes which he had formerly worn as a man.

Poking his nose into the leather pouch, he brought forth, one after the other, a small stone, a piece of burnt stick, and a little dry bone.





Running, with the stone in his mouth, to the stream which flowed near by, he threw it in and immediately it became a beaver.

Red Feather sprang in after it, and caught, and killed it; after which, he dragged it to Dove Eye's door and barked until she came out and saw it.

Dove Eye was greatly astonished at seeing the present which Red Feather had brought for her, and she patted his head and praised him.

Now it happened that when Red Feather had thrown the stone, (which afterwards turned into a beaver) into the water, the Giant, who had been hunting for game most unsuccessfully in the wood, happened to be near and saw all that was done.

"O! Ho!" he thought, "that is an easy way of getting beavers, I will do the same thing." So he cast a stone into the water, and, since he was wearing the red feather obi, the stone at once turned into a beaver; this he shot with an arrow and carried to Night Star's wigwam, leav-

ing it outside her door, and promising to bring plenty more game presently.

After he had gone, Night Star went to the door to fetch the beaver, but could find nothing there but a small stone though she searched diligently everywhere.

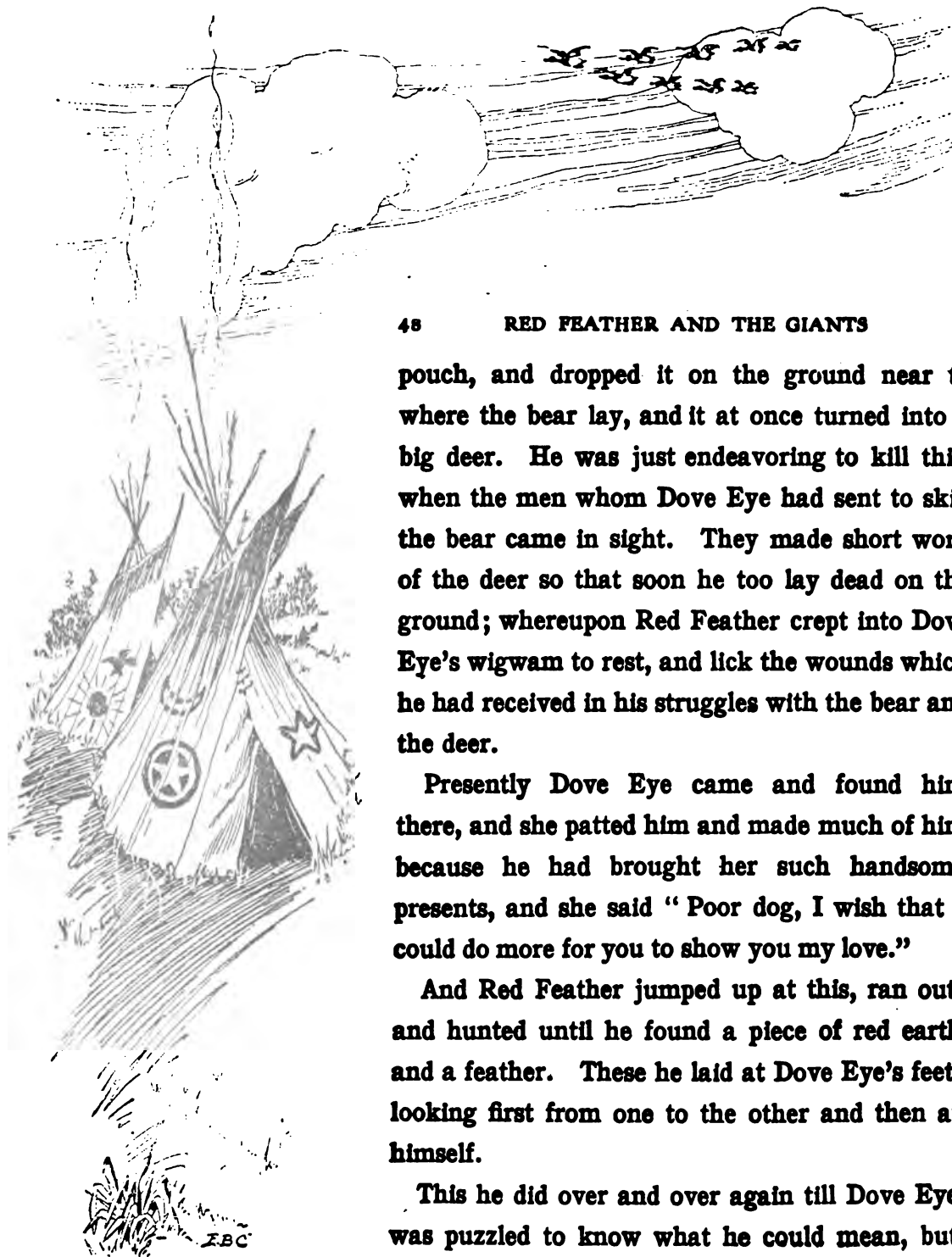
In the meantime Red Feather had gone back to the place where his clothes were and brought from his pouch a little piece of burnt stick which he carried near to Dove Eye's wigwam and dropped on the ground, when it at once became a bear, which Red Feather killed by springing at his throat and hanging on until the bear was dead.

Then he barked outside the door till Dove Eye came, when he led her to where the bear lay dead.

She was greatly astonished, and patted and praised him again, and finally went for some men to come and skin the bear that they might have his flesh to eat.

While she was gone Red Feather ran back for the bone, which he had before carried in his





pouch, and dropped it on the ground near to where the bear lay, and it at once turned into a big deer. He was just endeavoring to kill this, when the men whom Dove Eye had sent to skin the bear came in sight. They made short work of the deer so that soon he too lay dead on the ground; whereupon Red Feather crept into Dove Eye's wigwam to rest, and lick the wounds which he had received in his struggles with the bear and the deer.

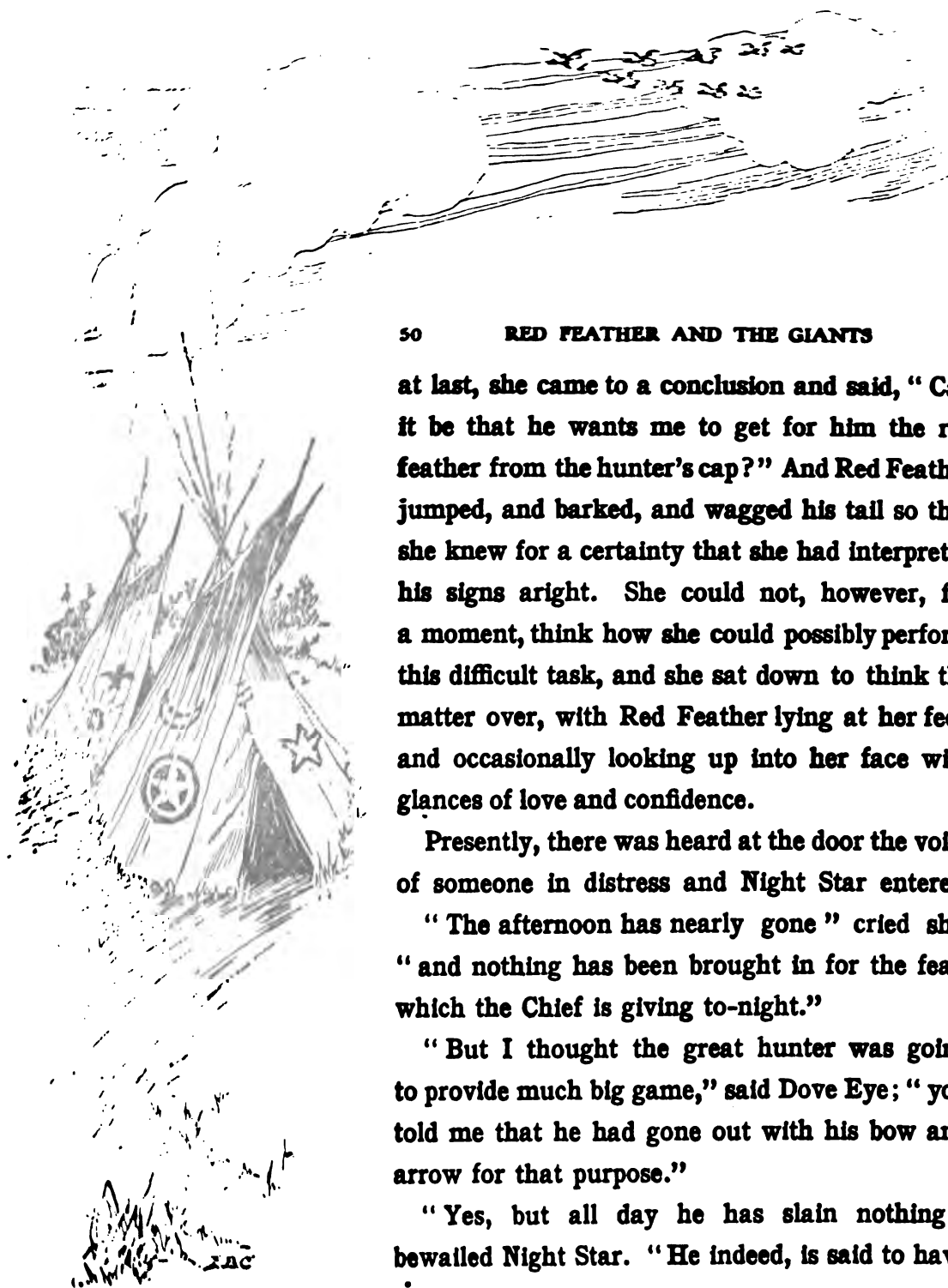
Presently Dove Eye came and found him there, and she patted him and made much of him because he had brought her such handsome presents, and she said "Poor dog, I wish that I could do more for you to show you my love."

And Red Feather jumped up at this, ran out, and hunted until he found a piece of red earth and a feather. These he laid at Dove Eye's feet, looking first from one to the other and then at himself.

This he did over and over again till Dove Eye was puzzled to know what he could mean, but



"Dove Eye was puzzled to know what he could mean."—Page 46



at last, she came to a conclusion and said, "Can it be that he wants me to get for him the red feather from the hunter's cap?" And Red Feather jumped, and barked, and wagged his tail so that she knew for a certainty that she had interpreted his signs aright. She could not, however, for a moment, think how she could possibly perform this difficult task, and she sat down to think the matter over, with Red Feather lying at her feet, and occasionally looking up into her face with glances of love and confidence.

Presently, there was heard at the door the voice of someone in distress and Night Star entered.

"The afternoon has nearly gone" cried she, "and nothing has been brought in for the feast which the Chief is giving to-night."

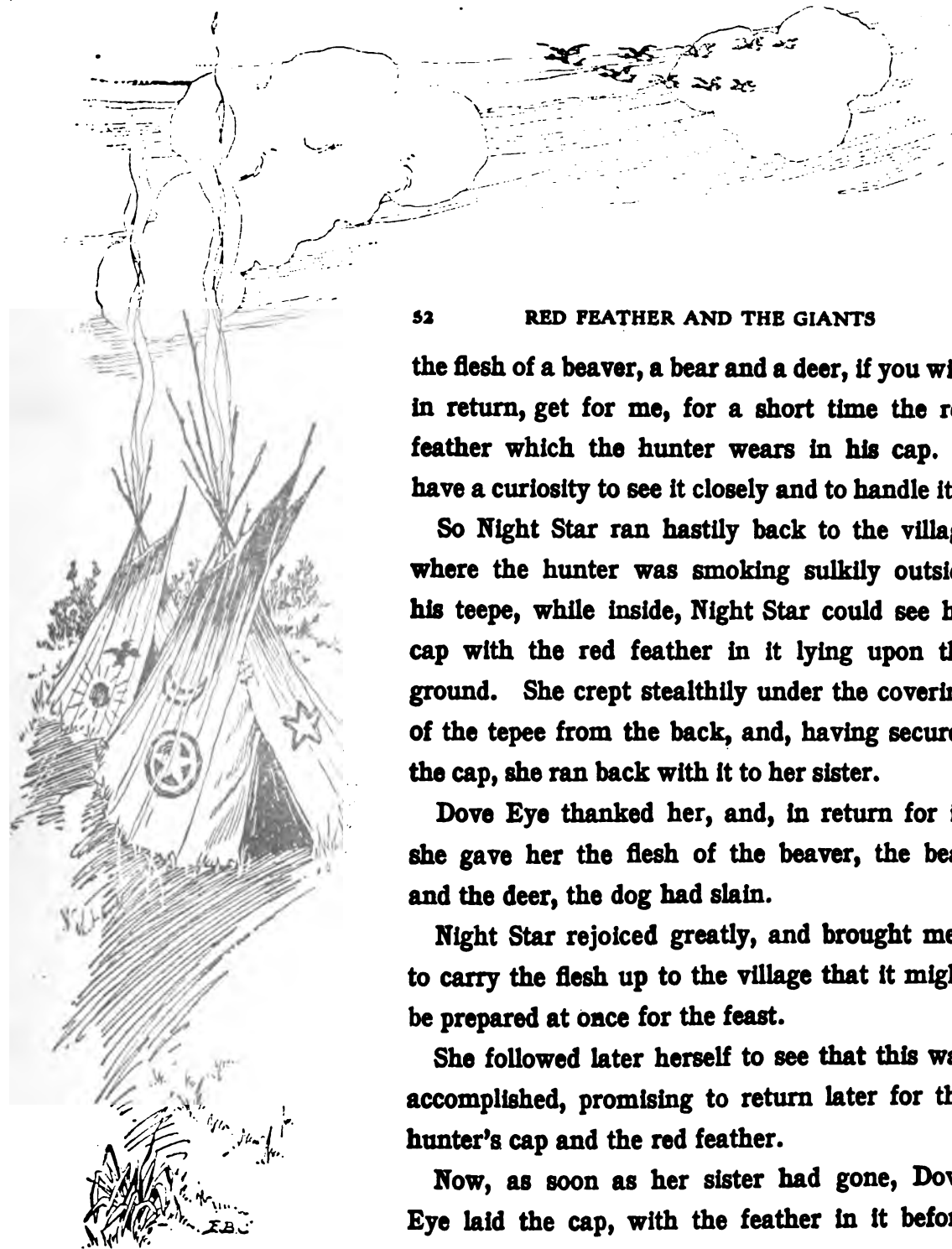
"But I thought the great hunter was going to provide much big game," said Dove Eye; "you told me that he had gone out with his bow and arrow for that purpose."

"Yes, but all day he has slain nothing" bewailed Night Star. "He indeed, is said to have

brought home a beaver, but when I went to look for it there was nothing to be seen but a small stone; and lately, I have been with him to the woods where we saw a dog slay, first a bear, and then a deer; and the hunter went further into the woods and imitating what the dog had done, cast down upon the ground a black twig, and it turned into a bear which he shot; and then he threw down a small bone and it became a deer, which he also killed and then he went back to the village and sent men to skin the bear and the deer and to bring in their flesh to the camp to be cooked for the feast. But, when they got to the place where the bear and the deer had been left, they found nothing but the black twig, and the little bone. So now there is nothing at all for the feast to which the Chief, our father, has invited his guests, and we shall be disgraced in the eyes of our neighbors forever."

"Stay sister" said Dove Eye, "the dog which I have befriended has to-day brought home much game for me, and I can provide you with





the flesh of a beaver, a bear and a deer, if you will, in return, get for me, for a short time the red feather which the hunter wears in his cap. I have a curiosity to see it closely and to handle it."

So Night Star ran hastily back to the village where the hunter was smoking sulkily outside his teepee, while inside, Night Star could see his cap with the red feather in it lying upon the ground. She crept stealthily under the covering of the teepee from the back, and, having secured the cap, she ran back with it to her sister.

Dove Eye thanked her, and, in return for it, she gave her the flesh of the beaver, the bear and the deer, the dog had slain.

Night Star rejoiced greatly, and brought men to carry the flesh up to the village that it might be prepared at once for the feast.

She followed later herself to see that this was accomplished, promising to return later for the hunter's cap and the red feather.

Now, as soon as her sister had gone, Dove Eye laid the cap, with the feather in it before

the dog to see what he would do with them, and Red Feather caught them up in his mouth, and called upon the magic of the "obi" to restore him to his proper form. Immediately after he had done this, what was Dove Eye's surprise to see standing before her, not a dog, but a tall handsome young stranger, in hunter's dress.

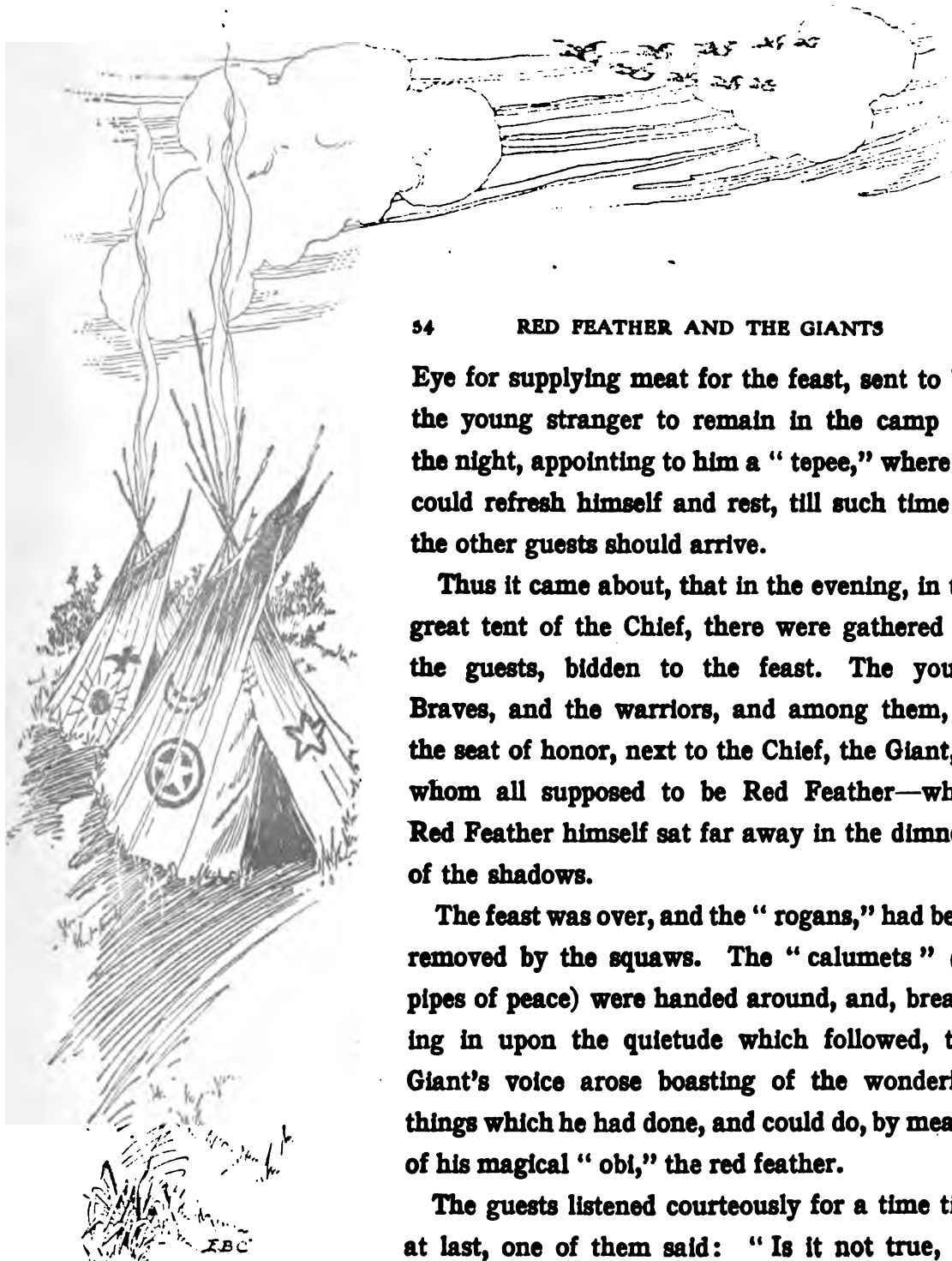
He raised her hand to his lips, and thanked her for all her goodness to him, bidding her, however, to say nothing to anybody about what had occurred for the present, but to return the cap and feather to her sister that she might give it back to the hunter again.

Dove Eye did this and Night Star crept under the covering of the Giant's "tepee," and put the cap back again so that it was never missed.

Meanwhile Dove Eye went to her father, the Chief, and said: "My father, a young stranger, a hunter, has come to my tent, and I have given him water and some food; but will not you bid him also to remain to the feast to-night?"

And the Chief, who was very pleased with Dove





Eye for supplying meat for the feast, sent to bid the young stranger to remain in the camp for the night, appointing to him a "tepee," where he could refresh himself and rest, till such time as the other guests should arrive.

Thus it came about, that in the evening, in the great tent of the Chief, there were gathered all the guests, bidden to the feast. The young Braves, and the warriors, and among them, in the seat of honor, next to the Chief, the Giant,—whom all supposed to be Red Feather—while Red Feather himself sat far away in the dimness of the shadows.

The feast was over, and the "rogans," had been removed by the squaws. The "calumets" (or pipes of peace) were handed around, and, breaking in upon the quietude which followed, the Giant's voice arose boasting of the wonderful things which he had done, and could do, by means of his magical "obi," the red feather.

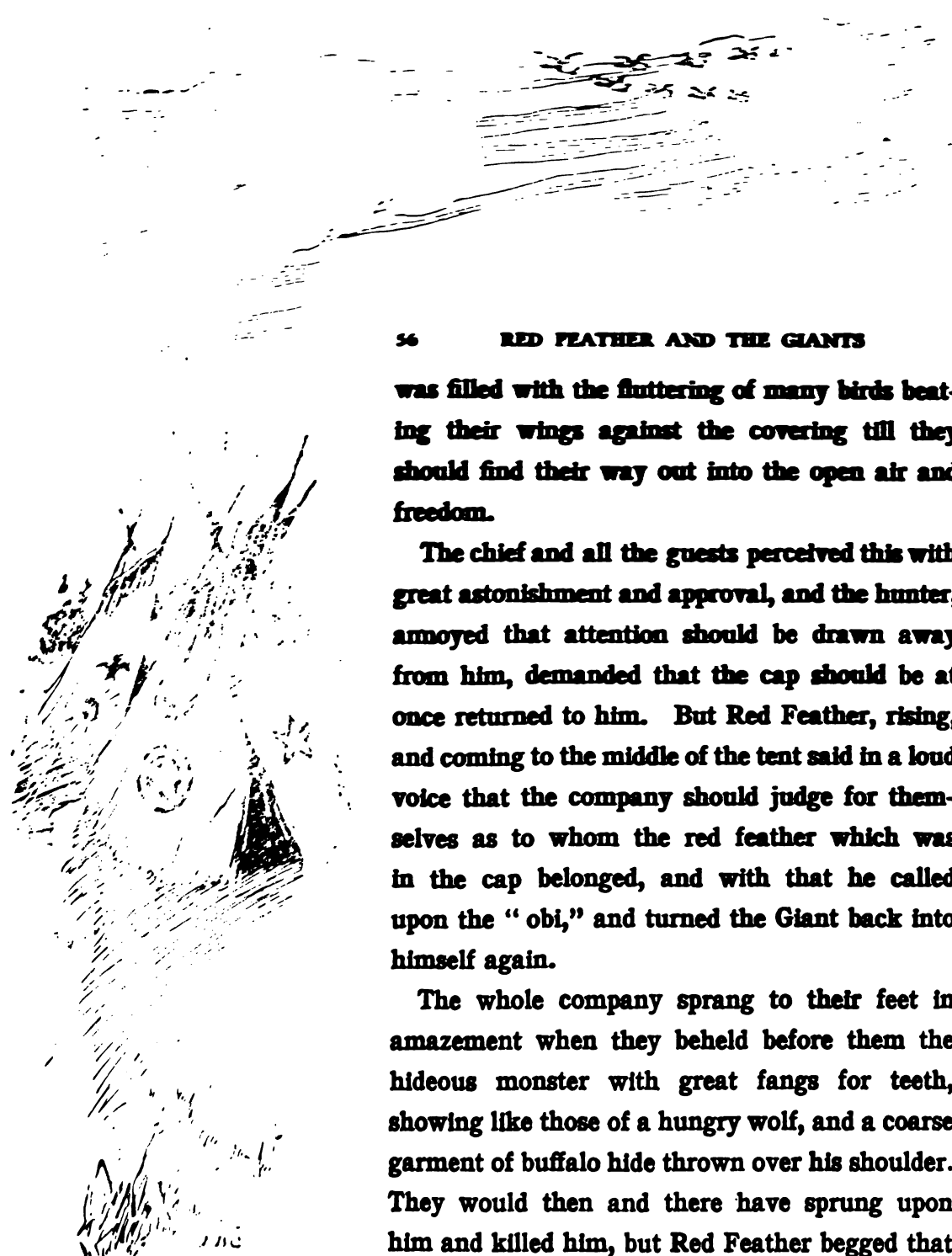
The guests listened courteously for a time till, at last, one of them said: "Is it not true, O,

mighty hunter, that you were once able to turn the smoke from your pipe into some particular bird? Will you not perform this marvel before us now that you may add to the wonder with which you have already filled us by telling of the magical things which you have been able to perform? "

At these words the Giant was filled with confusion, for he did not know to what the guest alluded. Red Feather, however, knew, for he remembered the pigeons which had come from the smoke of his pipe on the first night he had possessed the red feather. And he said aloud that if the great hunter would lend him his cap, he would at once show him what the guests meant.

The Giant, who, in the gloom, could not see who it was who had made this request, sullenly passed his cap down, and Red Feather, having put it on, and blown a cloud of smoke from his pipe, wished that the smoke might become a flock of pigeons; and immediately the top of the tent





was filled with the fluttering of many birds beating their wings against the covering till they should find their way out into the open air and freedom.

The chief and all the guests perceived this with great astonishment and approval, and the hunter, annoyed that attention should be drawn away from him, demanded that the cap should be at once returned to him. But Red Feather, rising, and coming to the middle of the tent said in a loud voice that the company should judge for themselves as to whom the red feather which was in the cap belonged, and with that he called upon the "obi," and turned the Giant back into himself again.

The whole company sprang to their feet in amazement when they beheld before them the hideous monster with great fangs for teeth, showing like those of a hungry wolf, and a coarse garment of buffalo hide thrown over his shoulder. They would then and there have sprung upon him and killed him, but Red Feather begged that

they would first hear from him the whole story; whereupon, he told them, from beginning to end, all that had occurred since he first set out to race with the Giants.

"And now," he concluded "I offer the Giant this choice; either to give himself over into your hands; or, in the morning, to run again the race with me, as it was at first arranged and under the same conditions."

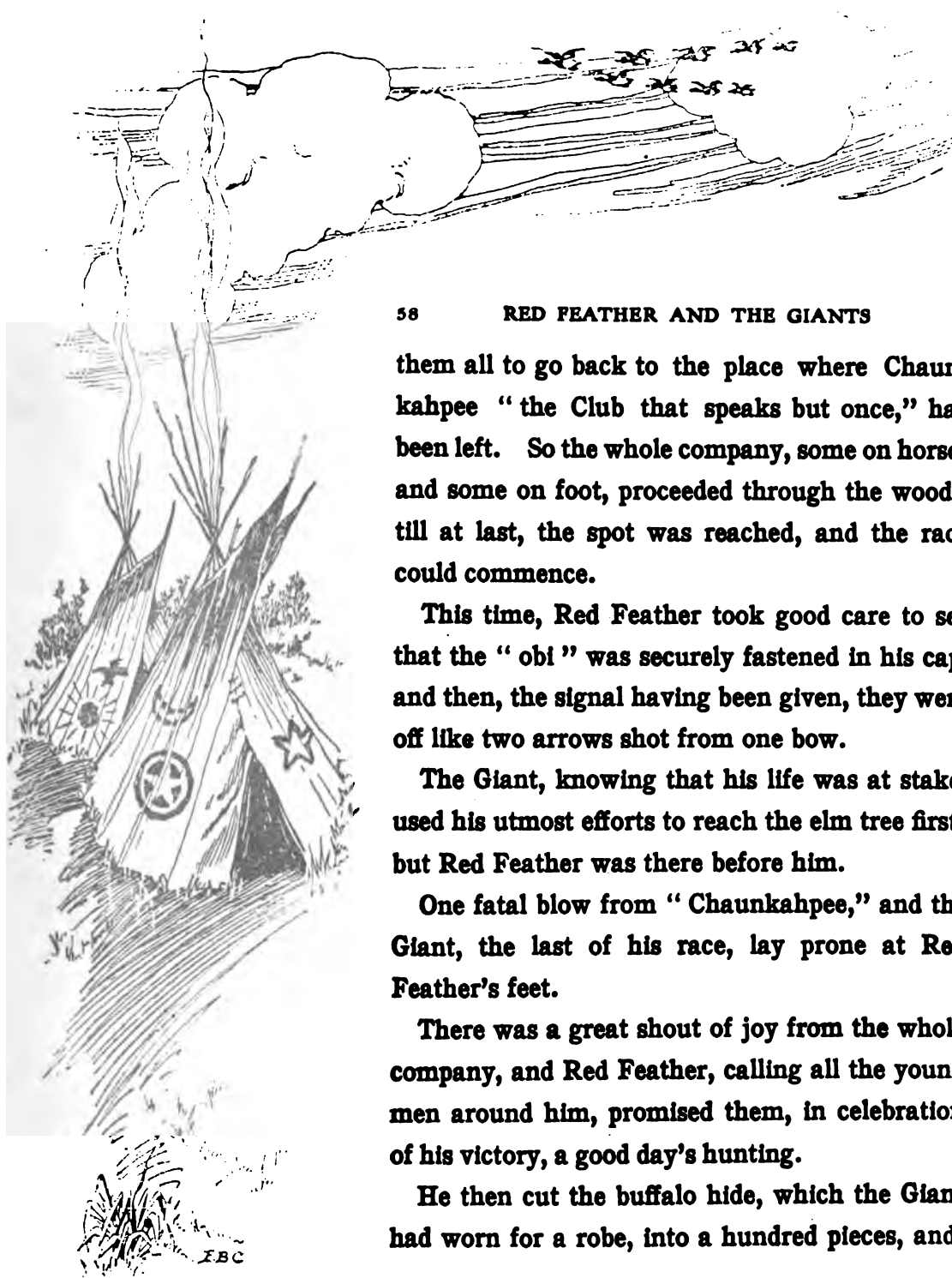
The Giant considered for a moment, and then sullenly said that he would run the race again in the morning.

He suffered himself to be led away into a cabin, where, all night, he was heavily guarded; while the guests departed to their own homes, anxious for the morning to appear.

As soon as the sun had arisen the next day, there was a great company gathered in the village. All those who had been present at the feast, and very many more, had come to see Red Feather's final race with the Giant.

Now, in order to do this, it was necessary for





them all to go back to the place where Chaunkahpee "the Club that speaks but once," had been left. So the whole company, some on horses and some on foot, proceeded through the woods, till at last, the spot was reached, and the race could commence.

This time, Red Feather took good care to see that the "obi" was securely fastened in his cap, and then, the signal having been given, they were off like two arrows shot from one bow.

The Giant, knowing that his life was at stake, used his utmost efforts to reach the elm tree first; but Red Feather was there before him.

One fatal blow from "Chaunkahpee," and the Giant, the last of his race, lay prone at Red Feather's feet.

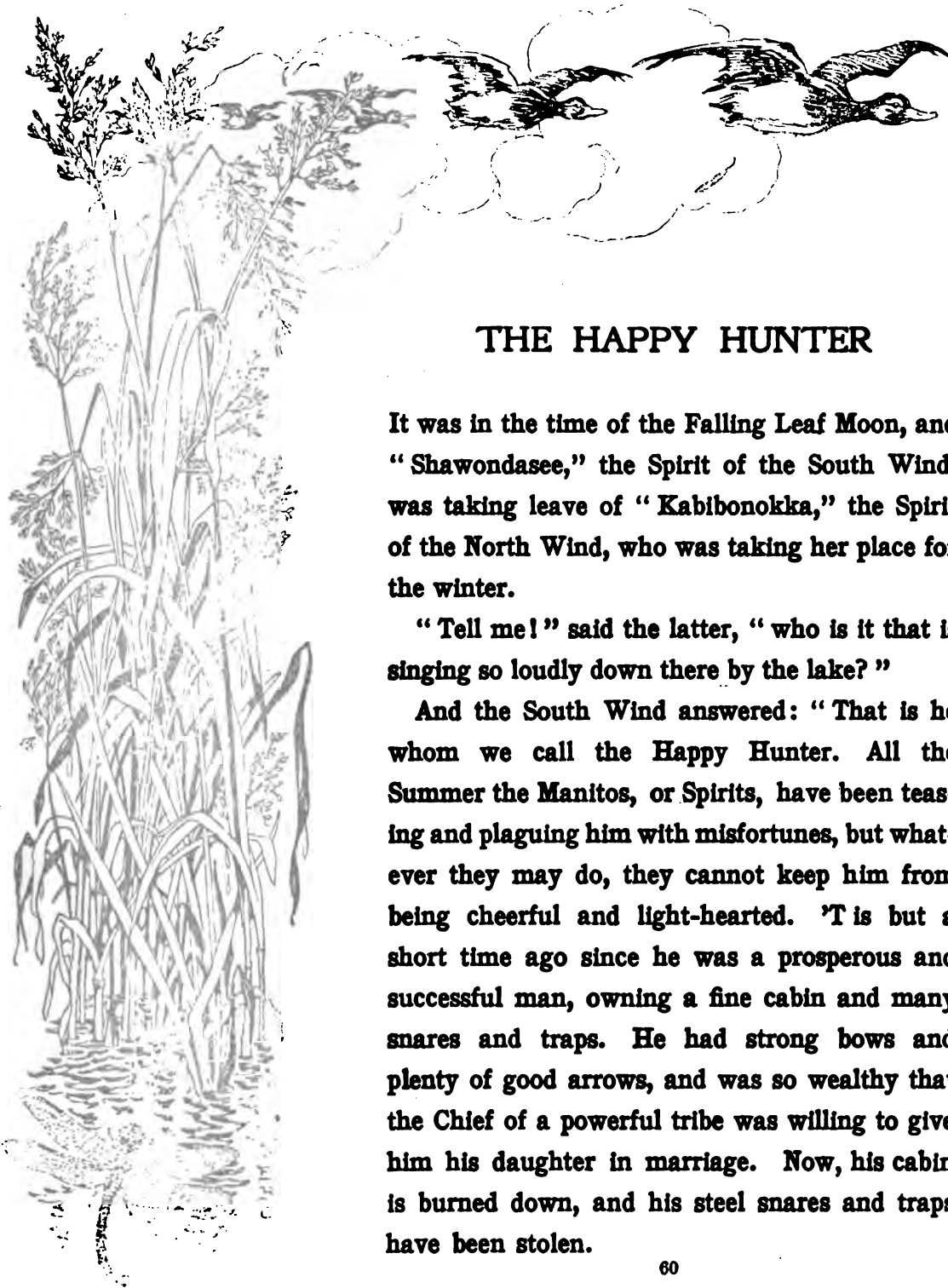
There was a great shout of joy from the whole company, and Red Feather, calling all the young men around him, promised them, in celebration of his victory, a good day's hunting.

He then cut the buffalo hide, which the Giant had worn for a robe, into a hundred pieces, and,

scattering them to the winds, he called upon his "obi," whereupon, the pieces of hide turned at once into a whole herd of buffalos.

With a yell of delight, the whole party of horsemen raced after them, and, when, after the chase, they returned to the village, it was to find that the flesh of the buffalos which they had slain that day would serve well to provide a wedding feast at which the bride should be the Chief's beautiful daughter, Dove Eye, and the bridegroom none other than Red Feather himself.





THE HAPPY HUNTER

It was in the time of the Falling Leaf Moon, and "Shawondasee," the Spirit of the South Wind, was taking leave of "Kabibonokka," the Spirit of the North Wind, who was taking her place for the winter.

"Tell me!" said the latter, "who is it that is singing so loudly down there by the lake?"

And the South Wind answered: "That is he whom we call the Happy Hunter. All the Summer the Manitos, or Spirits, have been teasing and plaguing him with misfortunes, but whatever they may do, they cannot keep him from being cheerful and light-hearted. 'T is but a short time ago since he was a prosperous and successful man, owning a fine cabin and many snares and traps. He had strong bows and plenty of good arrows, and was so wealthy that the Chief of a powerful tribe was willing to give him his daughter in marriage. Now, his cabin is burned down, and his steel snares and traps have been stolen.



"The powerful Chief, whose daughter he was to have in marriage, has been overcome by his enemies and his daughter taken a captive.

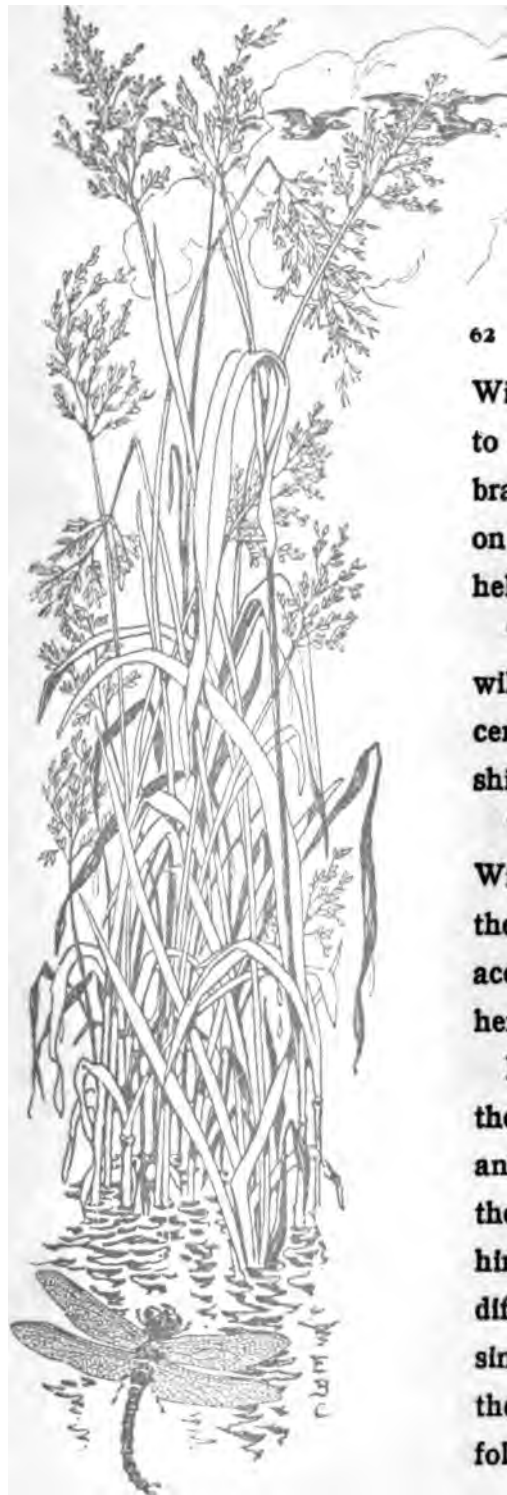
"A final catastrophe has befallen him to-day, for he has had the misfortune to break his only remaining bow, and so now has nothing left to hunt with.

"Nevertheless, as you hear, he can still sing merrily, and is apparently as free from care as though he had never known sorrow or trouble."

"It is an insult to the Manitos" declared the North Wind indignantly, "that he should pay no heed to the troubles they send—he surely does not realize how powerful we are. Leave him to me, I will teach him to respect us. I promise you that before you return in the time of the Mulberry Moon, I shall have humbled him to the earth, and that you will not find him singing, and so bidding us defiance," and the North Wind gave an angry snort, his icy breath causing all the leaves on the trees near him to fall shivering to the ground.

"Well, for my own part," declared the South





Wind, wrapping her robe about her, and preparing to depart, "I quite admire the fellow for his bravery and his patience, and if I find him here on my return in the spring, he shall have my help."

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the North Wind, "you will not find him here, I can promise you; he will certainly not be able to withstand all of the hardships I shall bring upon him."

"Well! Well! we shall see," sighed the South Wind softly, as she floated away, followed by the long train of chirping birds which always accompanied her on her journey southward to her winter home.

No sooner had the South Wind departed than the North Wind turned himself into a man of ice and frost, and when this was done, he sought out the Happy Hunter where he was at work building himself a birch-bark wigwam. He had not much difficulty in finding him, for the sound of his singing came merrily through the air, and as the North Wind paused to listen, he caught the following words:—



THE HAPPY HUNTER

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"The South Wind has departed,
And the days of summer fled;
And the North Wind cold and bitter,
Will be coming here instead;
But, fear not Kabibonokka,
Though he bring loss and pain,
For surely shall Shawondacsee
Return to us again."

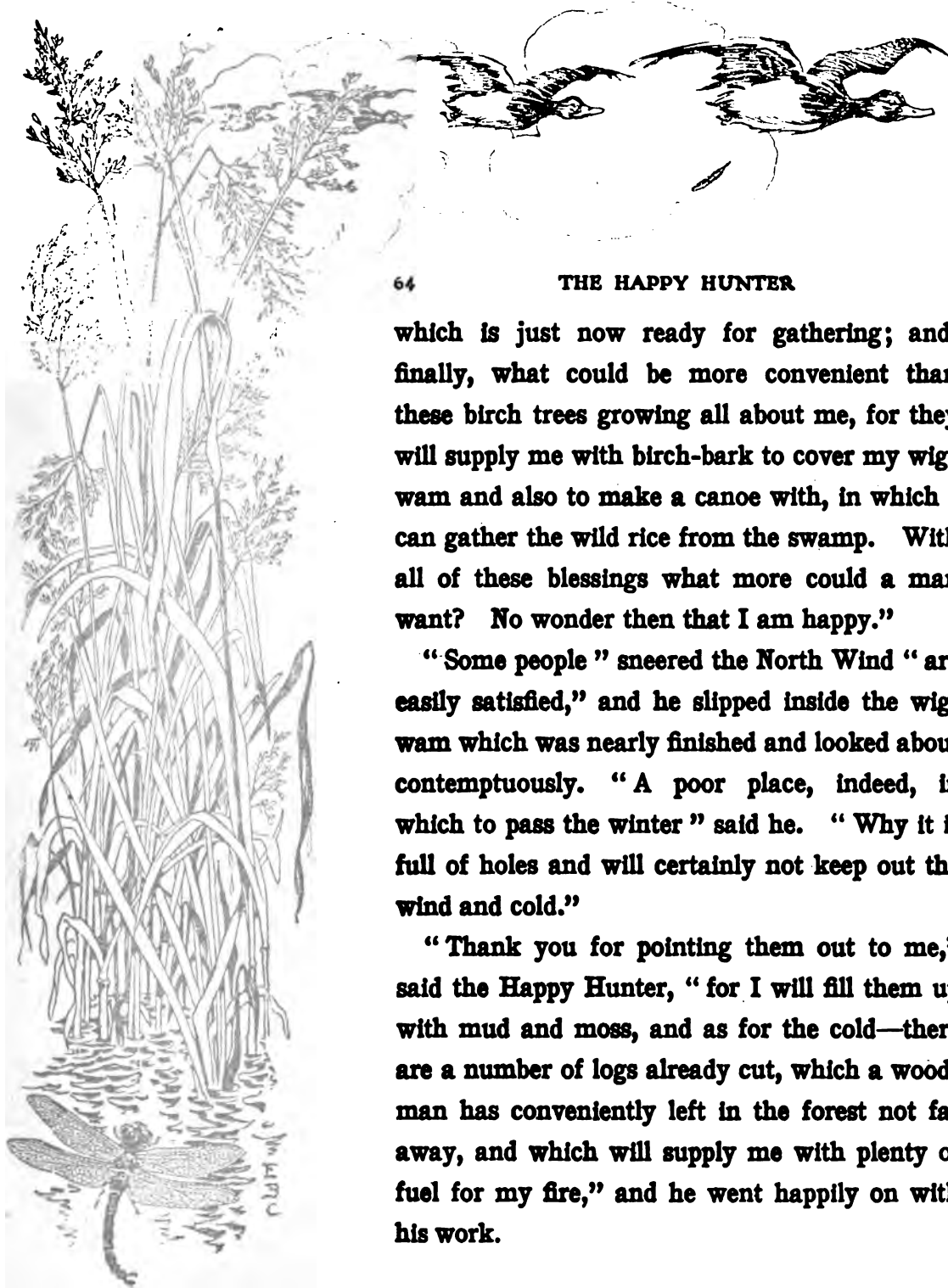
At this the North Wind ground his teeth, and vowed in anger that he would make the Happy Hunter sing to a different tune before the winter was over.

For the present, however, he said nothing, but greeted the Happy Hunter, when he had come up to him, with friendly words.

"You are merry at your work friend," said he, "what cause have you for such happiness?"

"O, I have much to be thankful for," replied the Happy Hunter, "very much. First of all, see what a perfect spot I have discovered for my winter quarters. Near by is this clear lake which will supply me with plenty of fish for food, while yonder is a swamp in which grows wild rice





which is just now ready for gathering; and, finally, what could be more convenient than these birch trees growing all about me, for they will supply me with birch-bark to cover my wigwam and also to make a canoe with, in which I can gather the wild rice from the swamp. With all of these blessings what more could a man want? No wonder then that I am happy."

"Some people" sneered the North Wind "are easily satisfied," and he slipped inside the wigwam which was nearly finished and looked about contemptuously. "A poor place, indeed, in which to pass the winter" said he. "Why it is full of holes and will certainly not keep out the wind and cold."

"Thank you for pointing them out to me," said the Happy Hunter, "for I will fill them up with mud and moss, and as for the cold—there are a number of logs already cut, which a woodman has conveniently left in the forest not far away, and which will supply me with plenty of fuel for my fire," and he went happily on with his work.



THE HAPPY HUNTER

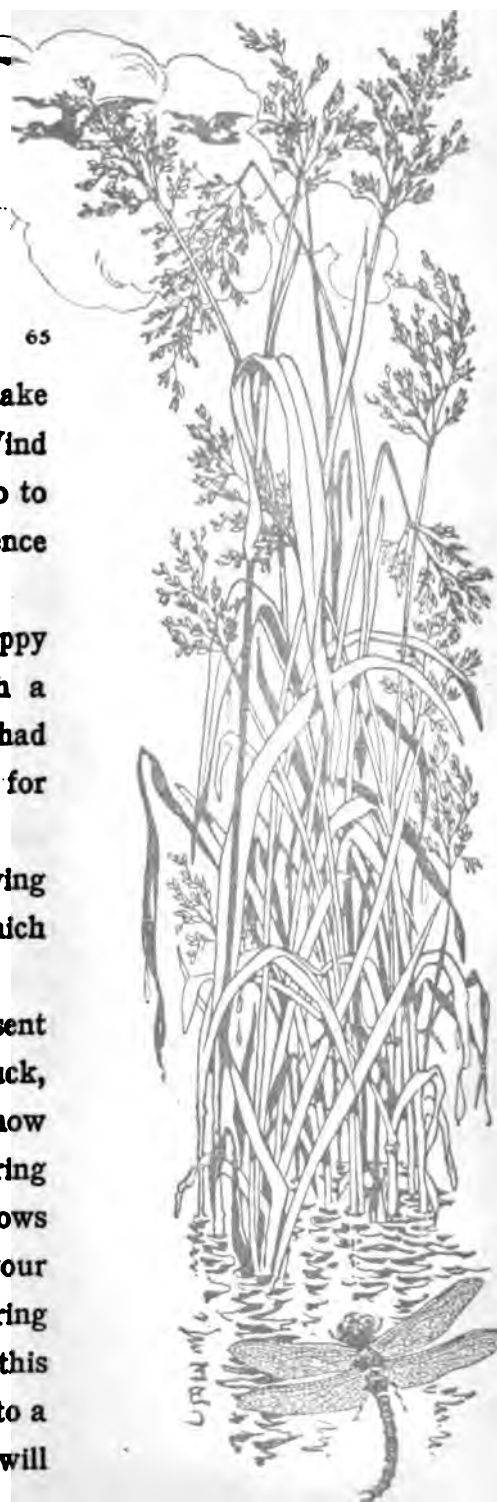
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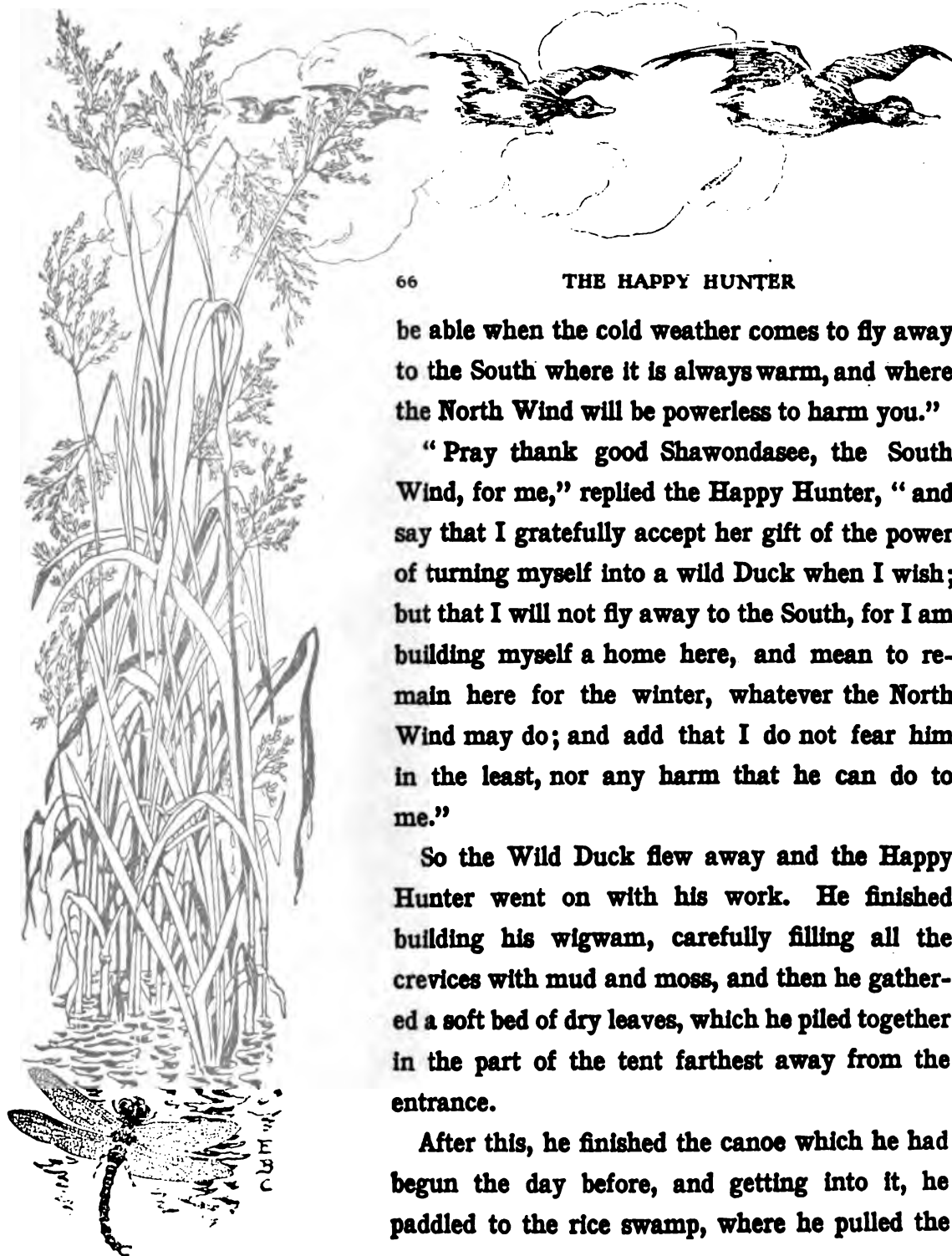
Seeing that nothing he could say would make the Happy Hunter dissatisfied, the North Wind went away to consider what best he could do to humble him and bring his sturdy independence to the dust.

He had no sooner departed than the Happy Hunter, still singing, drew from his pouch a handful of edible roots and nuts which he had gathered in the woods, and sat down to rest for a few minutes, while he ate his dinner.

While he was thus engaged, there came flying towards him from the South a wild duck, which landed on the ground a short distance away.

"Shawondasee, the South Wind, has sent me to you with a message," said the Wild Duck, breathless after its long flight, "She knows how bravely you have borne all your trouble during the past year and is sorry for you. She knows also that Kabibonokka, the North Wind, is your enemy, and means to be very cruel to you during the coming winter; therefore, she offers you this gift; that you may be able to turn yourself into a Wild Duck whenever you wish. Thus you will





be able when the cold weather comes to fly away to the South where it is always warm, and where the North Wind will be powerless to harm you."

"Pray thank good Shawondasee, the South Wind, for me," replied the Happy Hunter, "and say that I gratefully accept her gift of the power of turning myself into a wild Duck when I wish; but that I will not fly away to the South, for I am building myself a home here, and mean to remain here for the winter, whatever the North Wind may do; and add that I do not fear him in the least, nor any harm that he can do to me."

So the Wild Duck flew away and the Happy Hunter went on with his work. He finished building his wigwam, carefully filling all the crevices with mud and moss, and then he gathered a soft bed of dry leaves, which he piled together in the part of the tent farthest away from the entrance.

After this, he finished the canoe which he had begun the day before, and getting into it, he paddled to the rice swamp, where he pulled the



"He paddled to the rice swamp."—Page 66



THE HAPPY HUNTER

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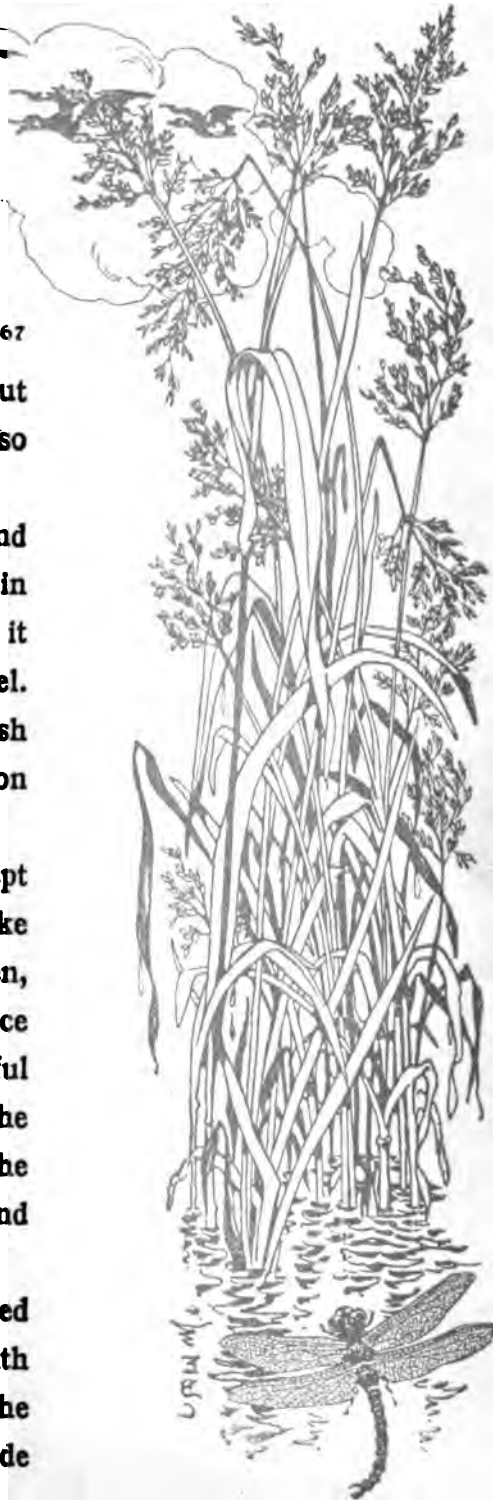
plants down over the canoe and beat the rice out into the bottom of the boat with the paddle so that it was nearly filled with the grains.

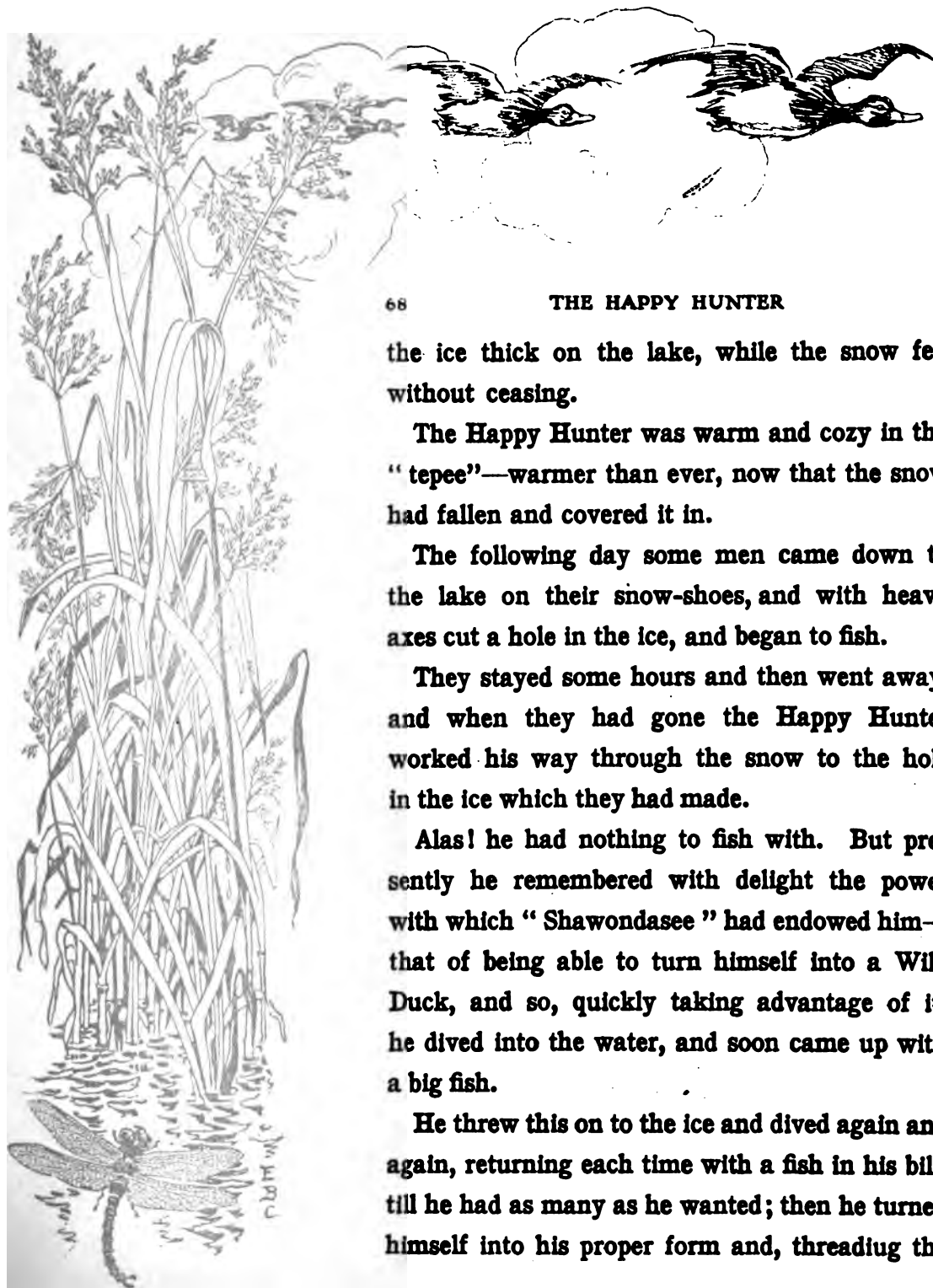
These he carried back to the wigwam, and then he spent the time till it was quite dark in bringing wood from the forest, and piling it around the wigwam so that he had plenty of fuel.

This being done, he lit a fire and cooked a fish from the lake for his supper; then lay down on his cozy bed of dry leaves.

Tired out with his hard day's work, he slept heavily till the morning, and when he awoke he found the North Wind blowing, the lake frozen, and that a heavy fall of snow had taken place in the night. The Happy Hunter felt so thankful that he had wisely finished all his work on the day before that he couldn't help singing, as he lit a fire with some chips and one of the logs, and made himself snug for the day.

The North Wind heard his voice and snarled in his rage:—"Wait! wait! I haven't done with you yet—" and he blew his cold breath over the land and froze the ground deep down and made





the ice thick on the lake, while the snow fell without ceasing.

The Happy Hunter was warm and cozy in the "tepee"—warmer than ever, now that the snow had fallen and covered it in.

The following day some men came down to the lake on their snow-shoes, and with heavy axes cut a hole in the ice, and began to fish.

They stayed some hours and then went away, and when they had gone the Happy Hunter worked his way through the snow to the hole in the ice which they had made.

Alas! he had nothing to fish with. But presently he remembered with delight the power with which "Shawondasee" had endowed him—that of being able to turn himself into a Wild Duck, and so, quickly taking advantage of it, he dived into the water, and soon came up with a big fish.

He threw this on to the ice and dived again and again, returning each time with a fish in his bill, till he had as many as he wanted; then he turned himself into his proper form and, threading the



THE HAPPY HUNTER

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fish by their gills, returned with them to the "tepee."

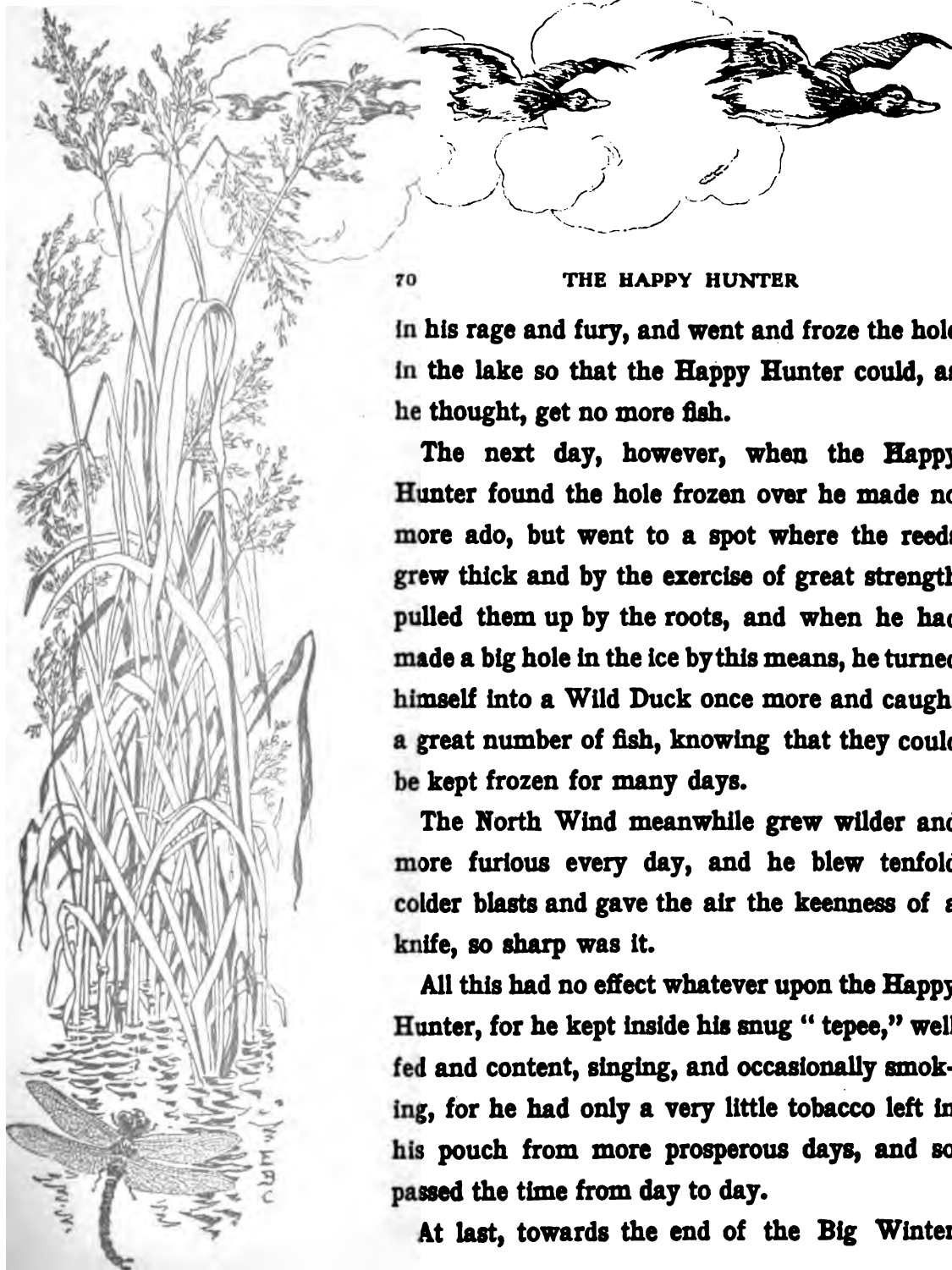
Here he made himself a fine supper, roasting the fish in the hot ashes, and the North Wind, blowing the snow away from one of the chinks, peeped into the tent and saw him there so happy and contented that he howled and shrieked in his rage, so loudly that the Happy Hunter thought for the moment that the wolves were coming, but after listening a while he said—"It's only the North Wind."

"Only the North Wind!" yelled the Spirit, tearing in fury over the ground, "I'll have you acknowledge before long that I am stronger and more powerful than you imagine," and he drove the snow before him in a great drift and piled it up nearly to the top of the Happy Hunter's "tepee."

"How warm it is in here," sang the Happy Hunter, "The North Wind must surely be my friend since he piles the snow so high around me to keep out the cold."

And the North Wind howled louder than ever





in his rage and fury, and went and froze the hole in the lake so that the Happy Hunter could, as he thought, get no more fish.

The next day, however, when the Happy Hunter found the hole frozen over he made no more ado, but went to a spot where the reeds grew thick and by the exercise of great strength pulled them up by the roots, and when he had made a big hole in the ice by this means, he turned himself into a Wild Duck once more and caught a great number of fish, knowing that they could be kept frozen for many days.

The North Wind meanwhile grew wilder and more furious every day, and he blew tenfold colder blasts and gave the air the keenness of a knife, so sharp was it.

All this had no effect whatever upon the Happy Hunter, for he kept inside his snug "tepee," well fed and content, singing, and occasionally smoking, for he had only a very little tobacco left in his pouch from more prosperous days, and so passed the time from day to day.

At last, towards the end of the Big Winter

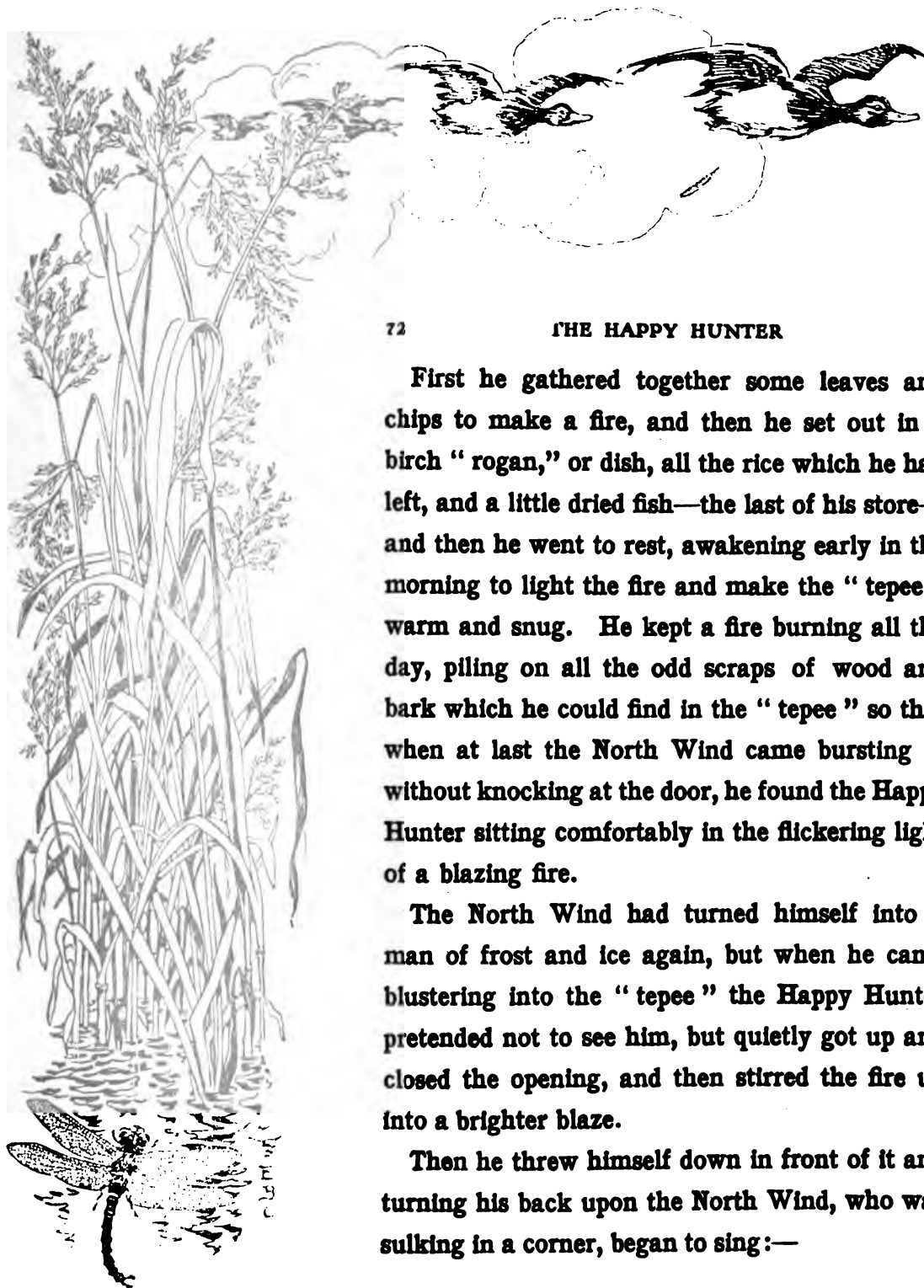


Moon's young brother, January, the North Wind began to hope that he had prevailed, for there had been no sign of life from the Happy Hunter's "tepee" for some days, so he blew away some snow from the side of the "tepee" and peeped through the chinks and saw nothing but a big log of wood, and a Wild Duck fast asleep on a warm bed of leaves, with its head tucked under its wing.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the North Wind, "I have prevailed at last, and the Happy Hunter has fled from me in fear. I will return to-morrow and slay the Wild Duck."

But the Happy Hunter, who had turned himself into a Duck for two reasons, first, because it saved having a fire, and there was now only one log left, and secondly, because he did not need to eat so much when he was a Duck, had awakened at the noise which the North Wind had made, and had overheard these last few words, so he got up and, turning himself into a man again, began to make preparations to receive the North Wind when he came the next day.





First he gathered together some leaves and chips to make a fire, and then he set out in a birch "rogan," or dish, all the rice which he had left, and a little dried fish—the last of his store—and then he went to rest, awakening early in the morning to light the fire and make the "tepee" warm and snug. He kept a fire burning all the day, piling on all the odd scraps of wood and bark which he could find in the "tepee" so that when at last the North Wind came bursting in without knocking at the door, he found the Happy Hunter sitting comfortably in the flickering light of a blazing fire.

The North Wind had turned himself into a man of frost and ice again, but when he came blustering into the "tepee" the Happy Hunter pretended not to see him, but quietly got up and closed the opening, and then stirred the fire up into a brighter blaze.

Then he threw himself down in front of it and turning his back upon the North Wind, who was sulking in a corner, began to sing:—



THE HAPPY HUNTER

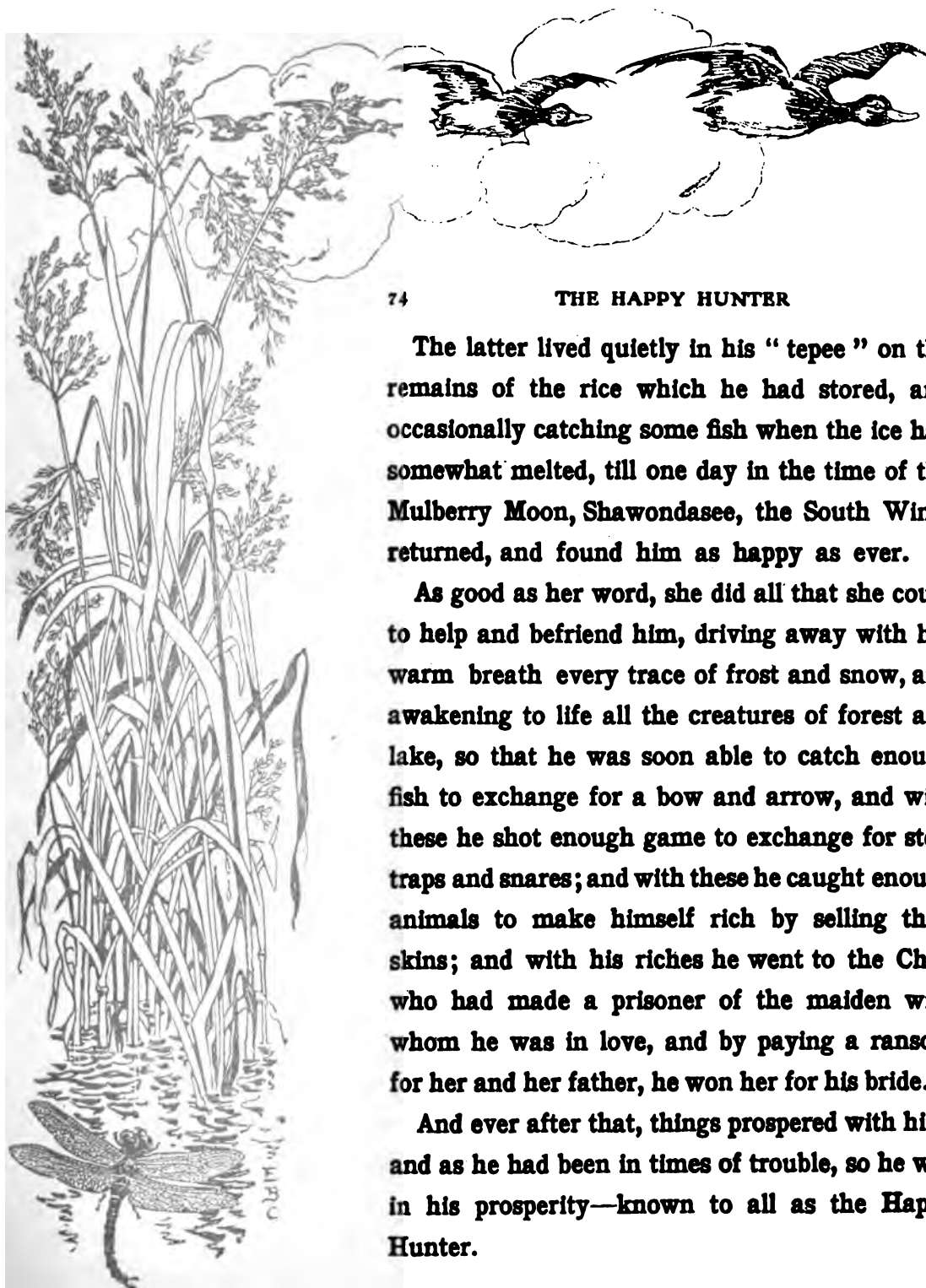
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"Shawondasee has gone away
And Kabibonokka is here;
But the soft South Wind will come again
And the cold North Wind I do not fear.
I've logs to keep my cabin warm,
And food to offer to my friends,
And so 't will be till summer comes
And so 't will be till winter ends."

He sang this so merrily, and with a heart so evidently free from care that tears of mortification and baffled rage stood in the North Wind's eyes. And when the Happy Hunter piled on more wood and made a brighter, fiercer fire, the tears rolled down his cheeks and his heart melted within him, and because his body was made of frost and ice, that began to melt too, till at last he became so weak and feeble that he was glad to crawl away under the "tepee" and find the way out into the cool air, where he slowly revived.

He never became strong enough, however, to do any further harm, and at last went back to his home in the far North long before his time, leaving the Happy Hunter in peace.

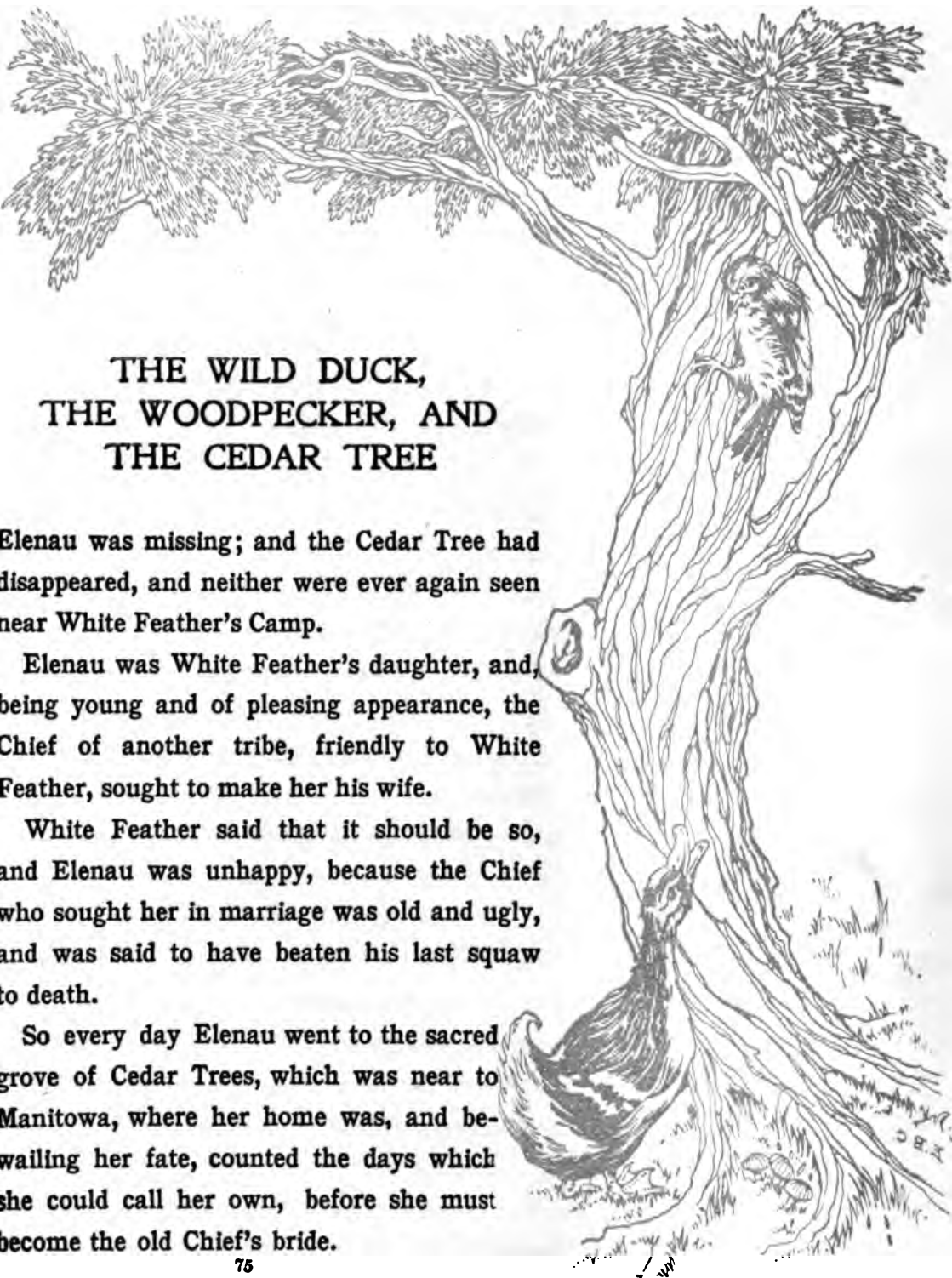




The latter lived quietly in his "tepee" on the remains of the rice which he had stored, and occasionally catching some fish when the ice had somewhat melted, till one day in the time of the Mulberry Moon, Shawondasee, the South Wind, returned, and found him as happy as ever.

As good as her word, she did all that she could to help and befriend him, driving away with her warm breath every trace of frost and snow, and awakening to life all the creatures of forest and lake, so that he was soon able to catch enough fish to exchange for a bow and arrow, and with these he shot enough game to exchange for steel traps and snares; and with these he caught enough animals to make himself rich by selling their skins; and with his riches he went to the Chief who had made a prisoner of the maiden with whom he was in love, and by paying a ransom for her and her father, he won her for his bride.

And ever after that, things prospered with him, and as he had been in times of trouble, so he was in his prosperity—known to all as the Happy Hunter.



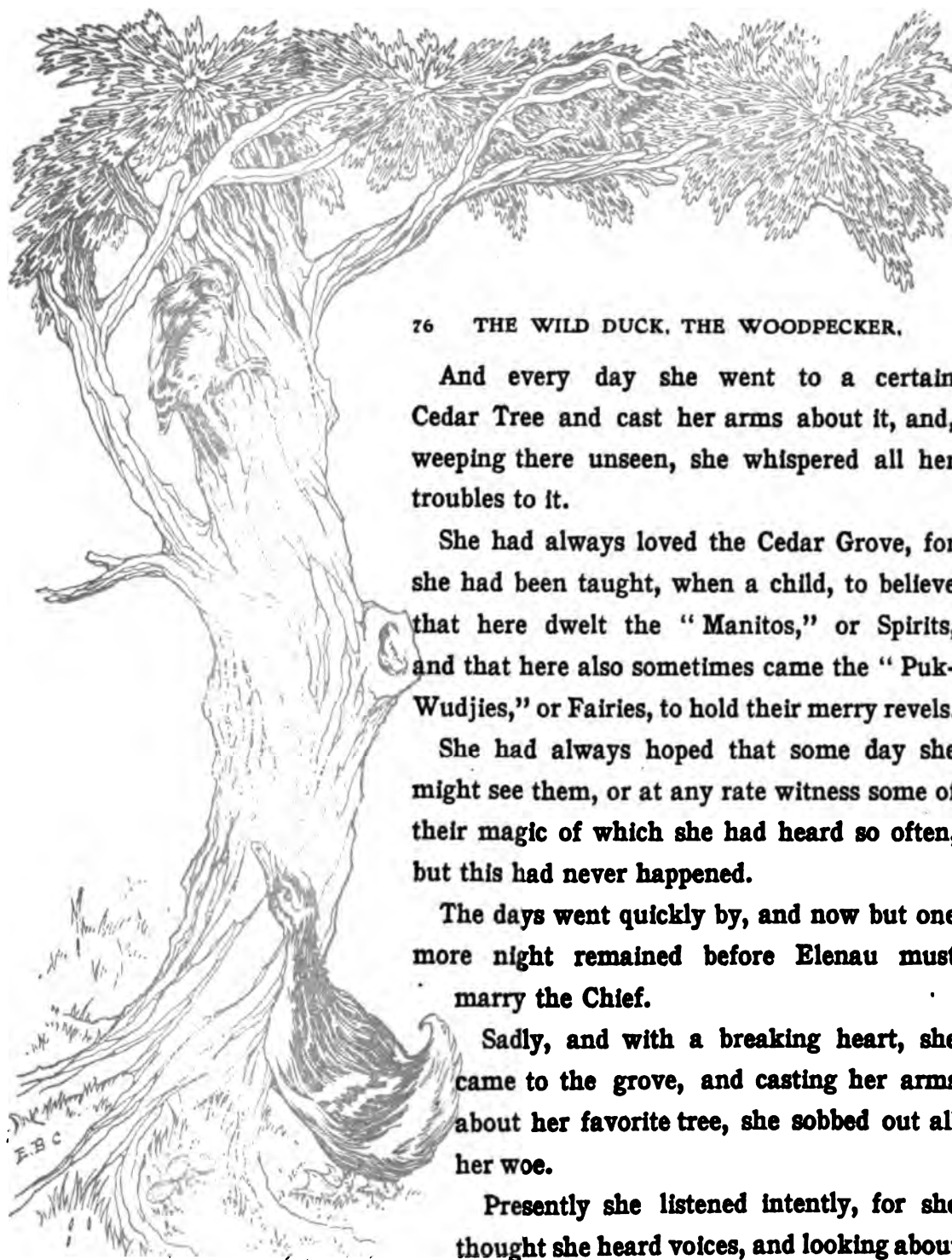
THE WILD DUCK, THE WOODPECKER, AND THE CEDAR TREE

Elenau was missing; and the Cedar Tree had disappeared, and neither were ever again seen near White Feather's Camp.

Elenau was White Feather's daughter, and, being young and of pleasing appearance, the Chief of another tribe, friendly to White Feather, sought to make her his wife.

White Feather said that it should be so, and Elenau was unhappy, because the Chief who sought her in marriage was old and ugly, and was said to have beaten his last squaw to death.

So every day Elenau went to the sacred grove of Cedar Trees, which was near to Manitowa, where her home was, and bewailing her fate, counted the days which she could call her own, before she must become the old Chief's bride.



76 THE WILD DUCK. THE WOODPECKER.

And every day she went to a certain Cedar Tree and cast her arms about it, and, weeping there unseen, she whispered all her troubles to it.

She had always loved the Cedar Grove, for she had been taught, when a child, to believe that here dwelt the "Manitos," or Spirits, and that here also sometimes came the "Puk-Wudjies," or Fairies, to hold their merry revels.

She had always hoped that some day she might see them, or at any rate witness some of their magic of which she had heard so often, but this had never happened.

The days went quickly by, and now but one more night remained before Elenau must marry the Chief.

Sadly, and with a breaking heart, she came to the grove, and casting her arms about her favorite tree, she sobbed out all her woe.

Presently she listened intently, for she thought she heard voices, and looking about

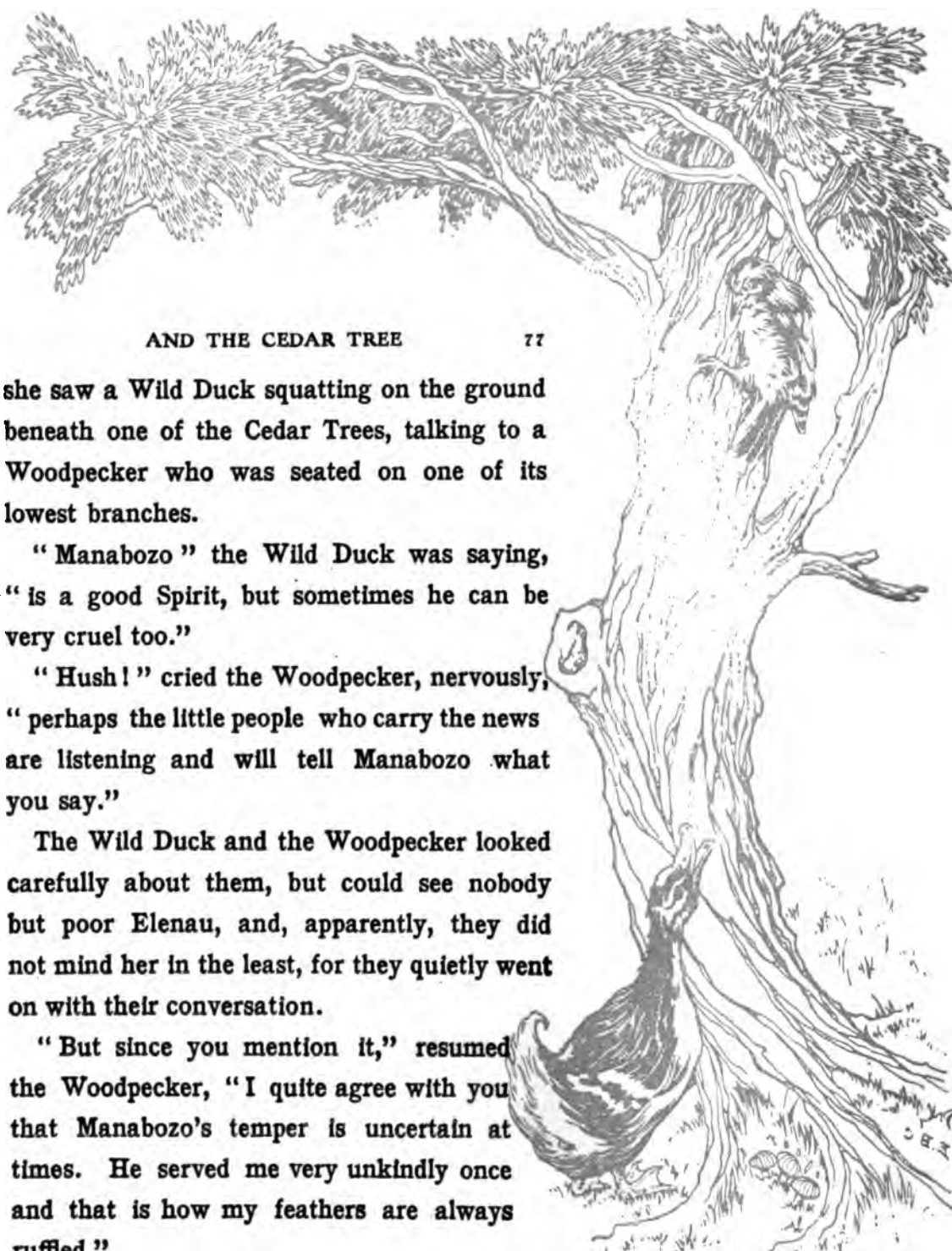
she saw a Wild Duck squatting on the ground beneath one of the Cedar Trees, talking to a Woodpecker who was seated on one of its lowest branches.

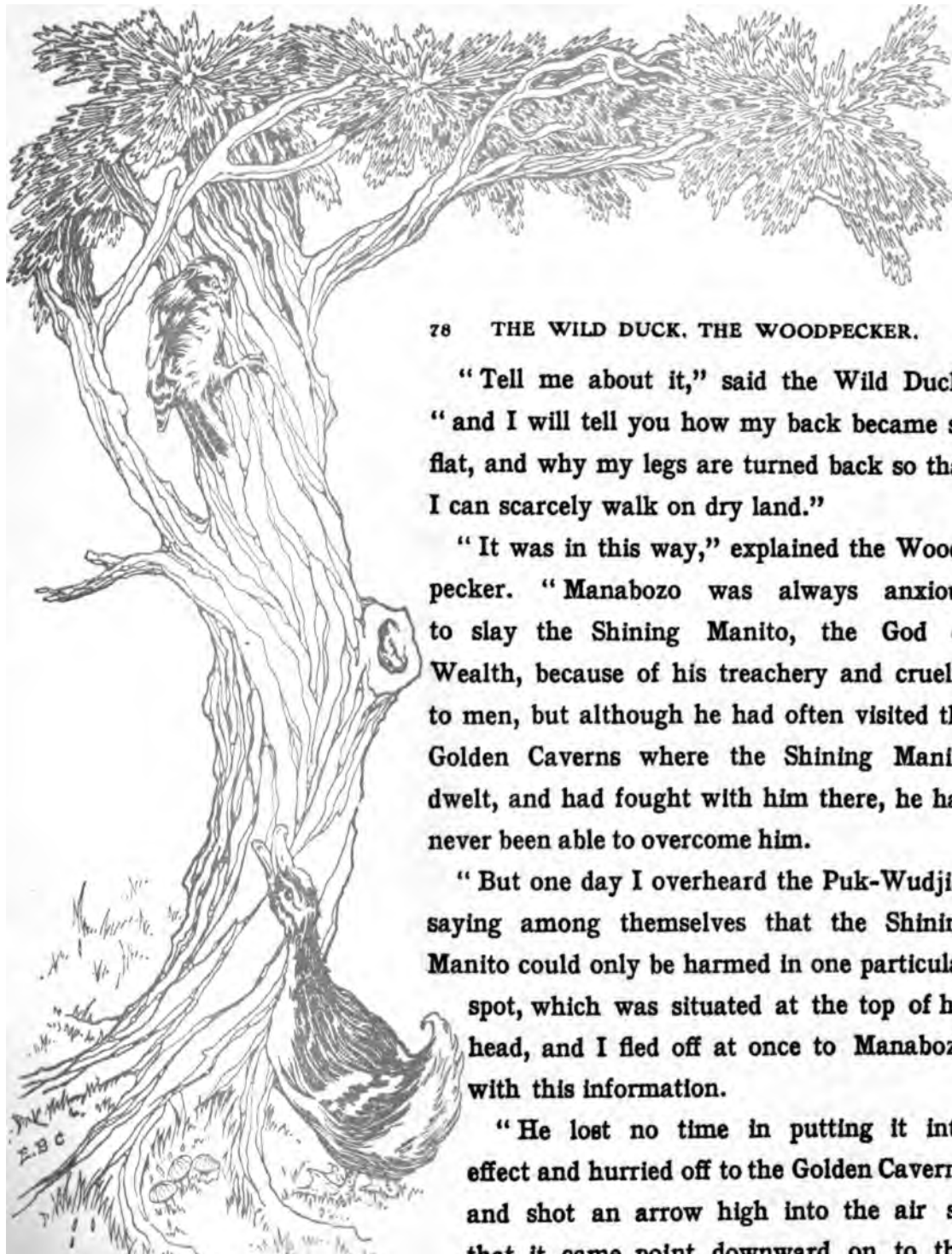
"Manabozo" the Wild Duck was saying, "is a good Spirit, but sometimes he can be very cruel too."

"Hush!" cried the Woodpecker, nervously, "perhaps the little people who carry the news are listening and will tell Manabozo what you say."

The Wild Duck and the Woodpecker looked carefully about them, but could see nobody but poor Elenau, and, apparently, they did not mind her in the least, for they quietly went on with their conversation.

"But since you mention it," resumed the Woodpecker, "I quite agree with you that Manabozo's temper is uncertain at times. He served me very unkindly once and that is how my feathers are always ruffled."





78 THE WILD DUCK, THE WOODPECKER.

"Tell me about it," said the Wild Duck, "and I will tell you how my back became so flat, and why my legs are turned back so that I can scarcely walk on dry land."

"It was in this way," explained the Woodpecker. "Manabozo was always anxious to slay the Shining Manito, the God of Wealth, because of his treachery and cruelty to men, but although he had often visited the Golden Caverns where the Shining Manito dwelt, and had fought with him there, he had never been able to overcome him."

"But one day I overheard the Puk-Wudjies saying among themselves that the Shining Manito could only be harmed in one particular spot, which was situated at the top of his head, and I fled off at once to Manabozo with this information."

"He lost no time in putting it into effect and hurried off to the Golden Caverns and shot an arrow high into the air so that it came point downward on to the

top of the Shining Manito's head, and he fell dead at Manabozo's feet.

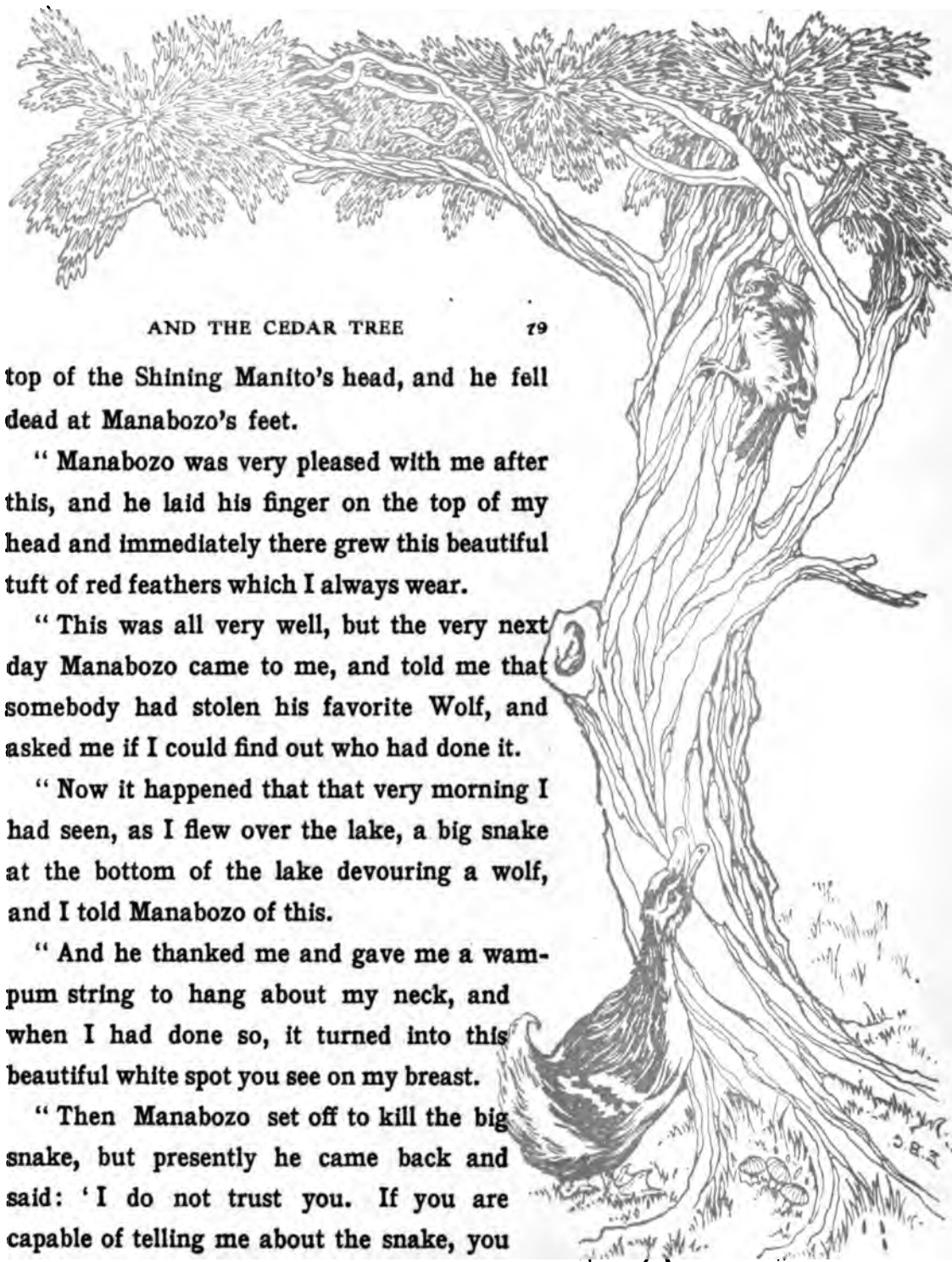
"Manabozo was very pleased with me after this, and he laid his finger on the top of my head and immediately there grew this beautiful tuft of red feathers which I always wear.

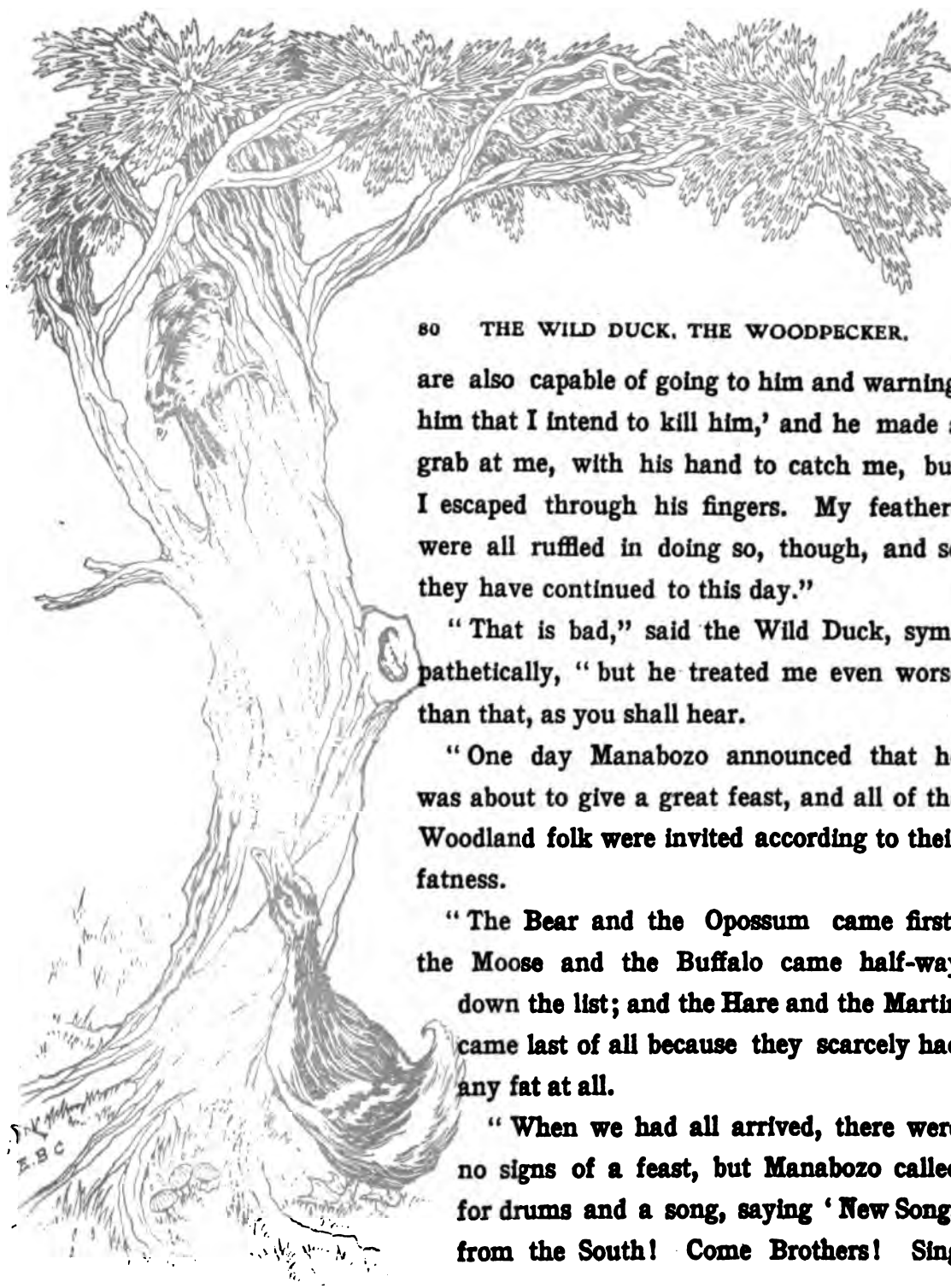
"This was all very well, but the very next day Manabozo came to me, and told me that somebody had stolen his favorite Wolf, and asked me if I could find out who had done it.

"Now it happened that that very morning I had seen, as I flew over the lake, a big snake at the bottom of the lake devouring a wolf, and I told Manabozo of this.

"And he thanked me and gave me a wampum string to hang about my neck, and when I had done so, it turned into this beautiful white spot you see on my breast.

"Then Manabozo set off to kill the big snake, but presently he came back and said: 'I do not trust you. If you are capable of telling me about the snake, you





80 THE WILD DUCK, THE WOODPECKER.

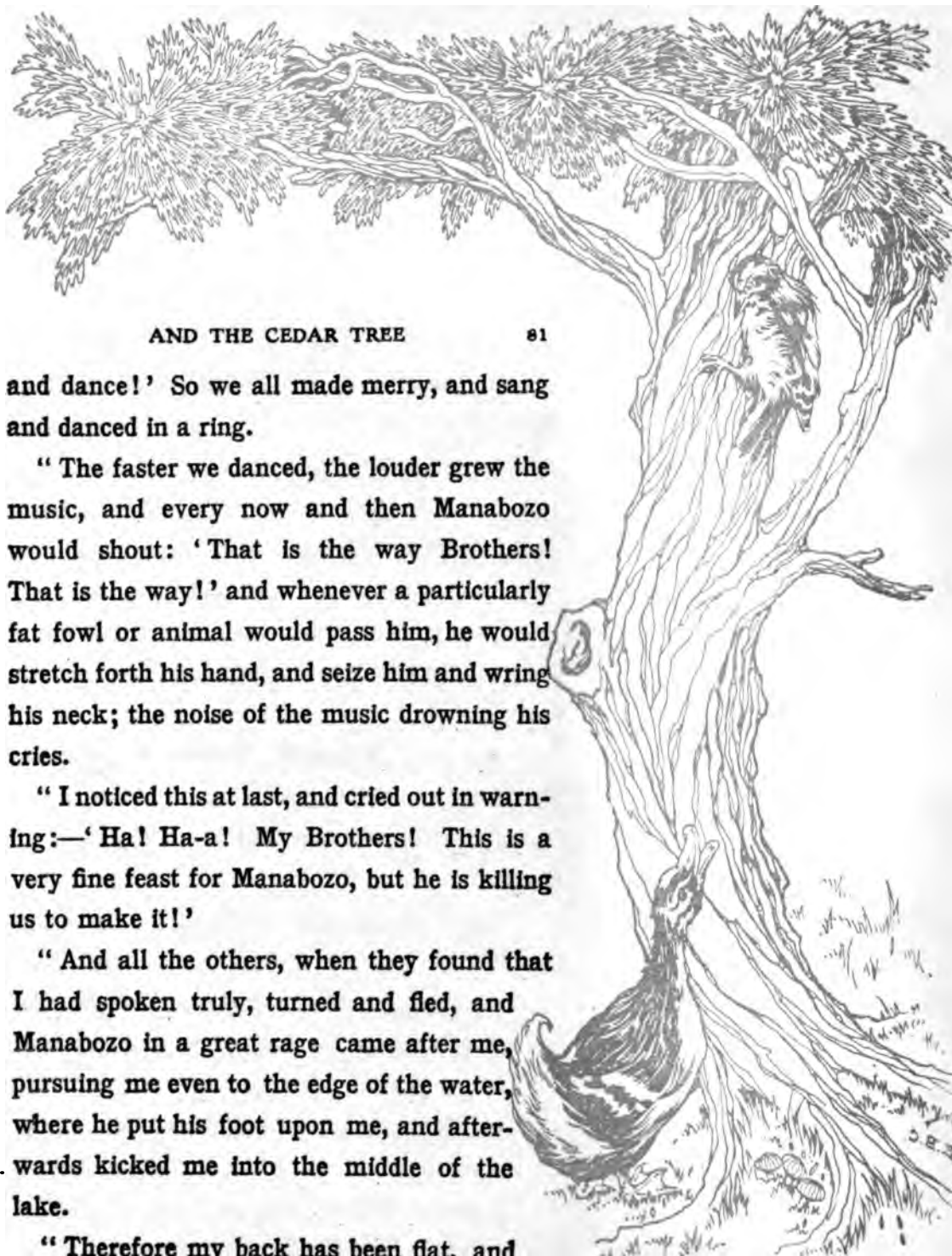
are also capable of going to him and warning him that I intend to kill him,' and he made a grab at me, with his hand to catch me, but I escaped through his fingers. My feathers were all ruffled in doing so, though, and so they have continued to this day."

"That is bad," said the Wild Duck, sympathetically, "but he treated me even worse than that, as you shall hear.

"One day Manabozo announced that he was about to give a great feast, and all of the Woodland folk were invited according to their fatness.

"The Bear and the Opossum came first; the Moose and the Buffalo came half-way down the list; and the Hare and the Martin came last of all because they scarcely had any fat at all.

"When we had all arrived, there were no signs of a feast, but Manabozo called for drums and a song, saying 'New Songs from the South! Come Brothers! Sing



AND THE CEDAR TREE

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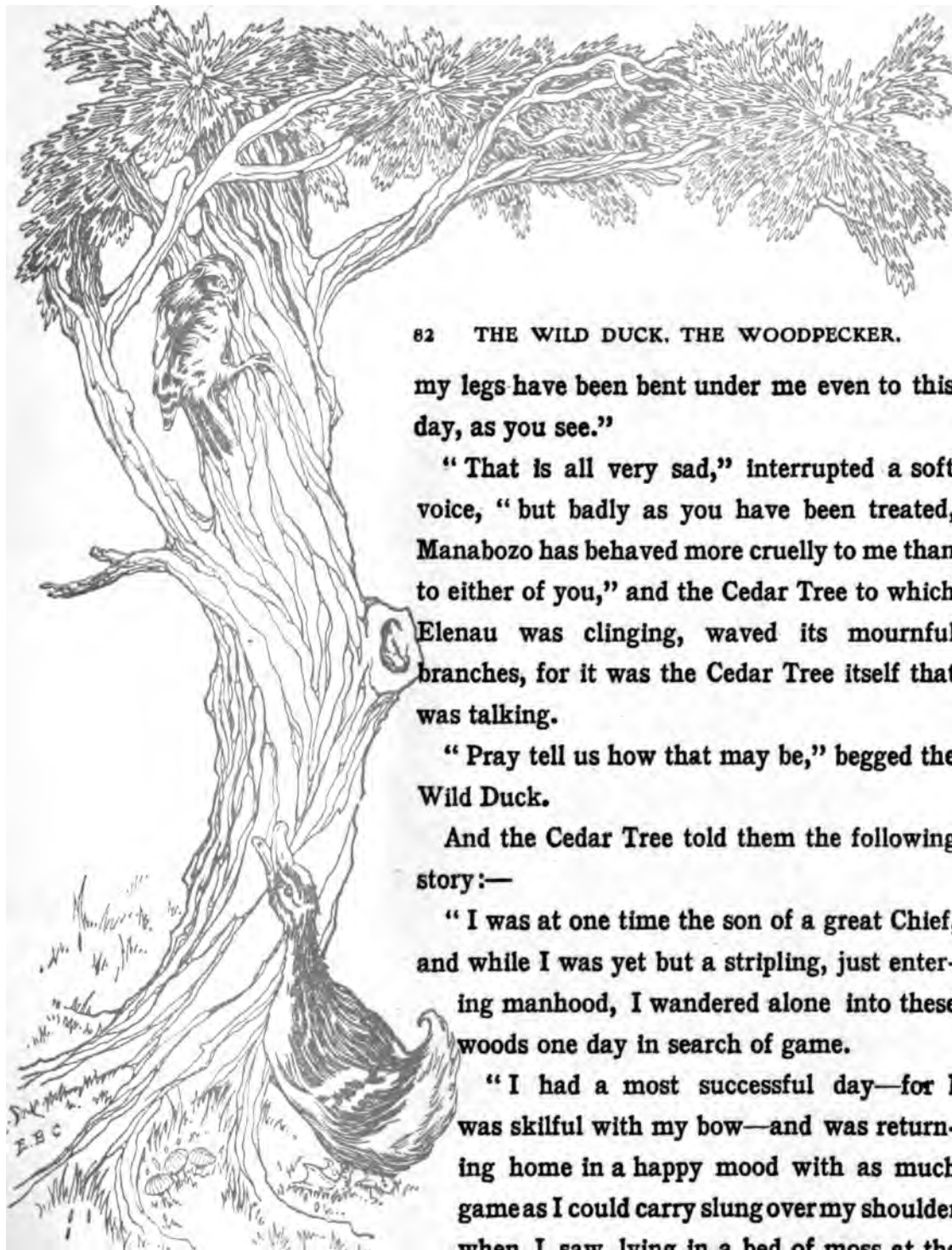
and dance!' So we all made merry, and sang and danced in a ring.

"The faster we danced, the louder grew the music, and every now and then Manabozo would shout: 'That is the way Brothers! That is the way!' and whenever a particularly fat fowl or animal would pass him, he would stretch forth his hand, and seize him and wring his neck; the noise of the music drowning his cries.

"I noticed this at last, and cried out in warning:—'Ha! Ha-a! My Brothers! This is a very fine feast for Manabozo, but he is killing us to make it!'

"And all the others, when they found that I had spoken truly, turned and fled, and Manabozo in a great rage came after me, pursuing me even to the edge of the water, where he put his foot upon me, and afterwards kicked me into the middle of the lake.

"Therefore my back has been flat, and



82 THE WILD DUCK. THE WOODPECKER.

my legs have been bent under me even to this day, as you see."

"That is all very sad," interrupted a soft voice, "but badly as you have been treated, Manabozo has behaved more cruelly to me than to either of you," and the Cedar Tree to which Elenau was clinging, waved its mournful branches, for it was the Cedar Tree itself that was talking.

"Pray tell us how that may be," begged the Wild Duck.

And the Cedar Tree told them the following story:—

"I was at one time the son of a great Chief, and while I was yet but a stripling, just entering manhood, I wandered alone into these woods one day in search of game.

"I had a most successful day—for I was skilful with my bow—and was returning home in a happy mood with as much game as I could carry slung over my shoulder when I saw, lying in a bed of moss at the

foot of one of these Cedar Trees, a little naked baby.

"I was wondering how he could have come to this place, and to whom he belonged, when I heard the sound of crashing timbers, and Manabozo, our Big Brother, came in sight.

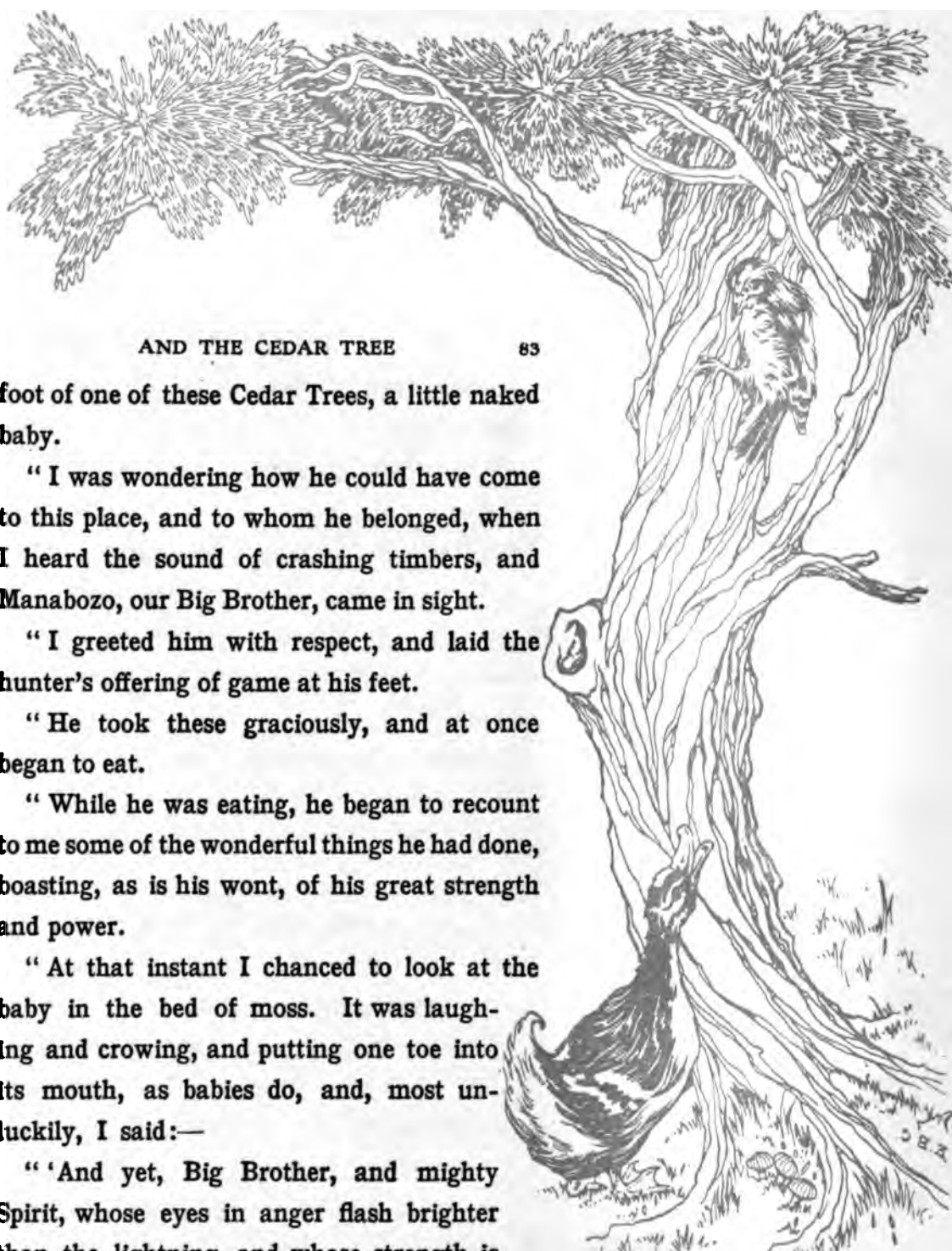
"I greeted him with respect, and laid the hunter's offering of game at his feet.

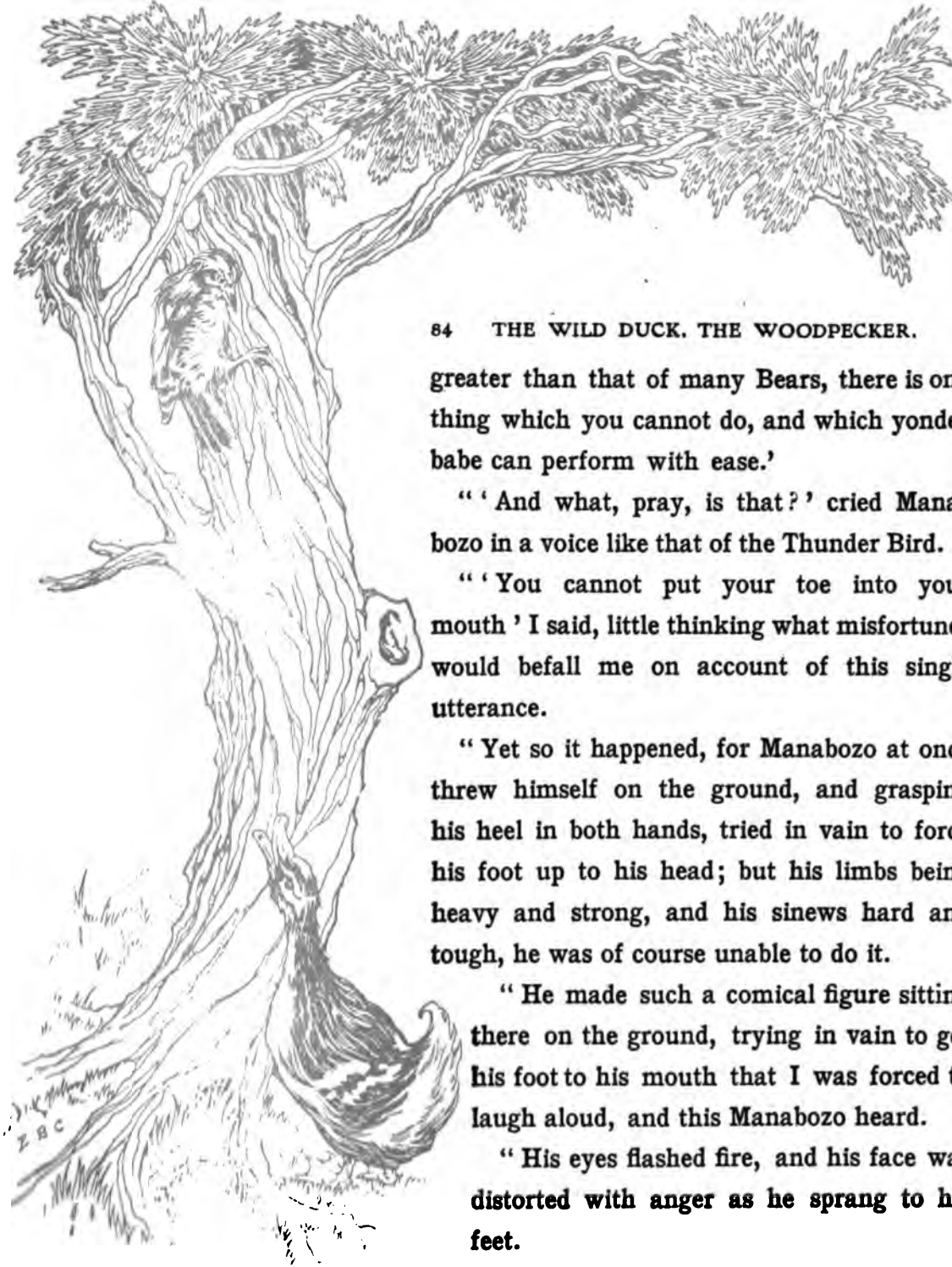
"He took these graciously, and at once began to eat.

"While he was eating, he began to recount to me some of the wonderful things he had done, boasting, as is his wont, of his great strength and power.

"At that instant I chanced to look at the baby in the bed of moss. It was laughing and crowing, and putting one toe into its mouth, as babies do, and, most unluckily, I said:—

"'And yet, Big Brother, and mighty Spirit, whose eyes in anger flash brighter than the lightning, and whose strength is





84 THE WILD DUCK. THE WOODPECKER.

greater than that of many Bears, there is one thing which you cannot do, and which yonder babe can perform with ease.'

" 'And what, pray, is that?' cried Manabozo in a voice like that of the Thunder Bird.

" 'You cannot put your toe into your mouth ' I said, little thinking what misfortunes would befall me on account of this single utterance.

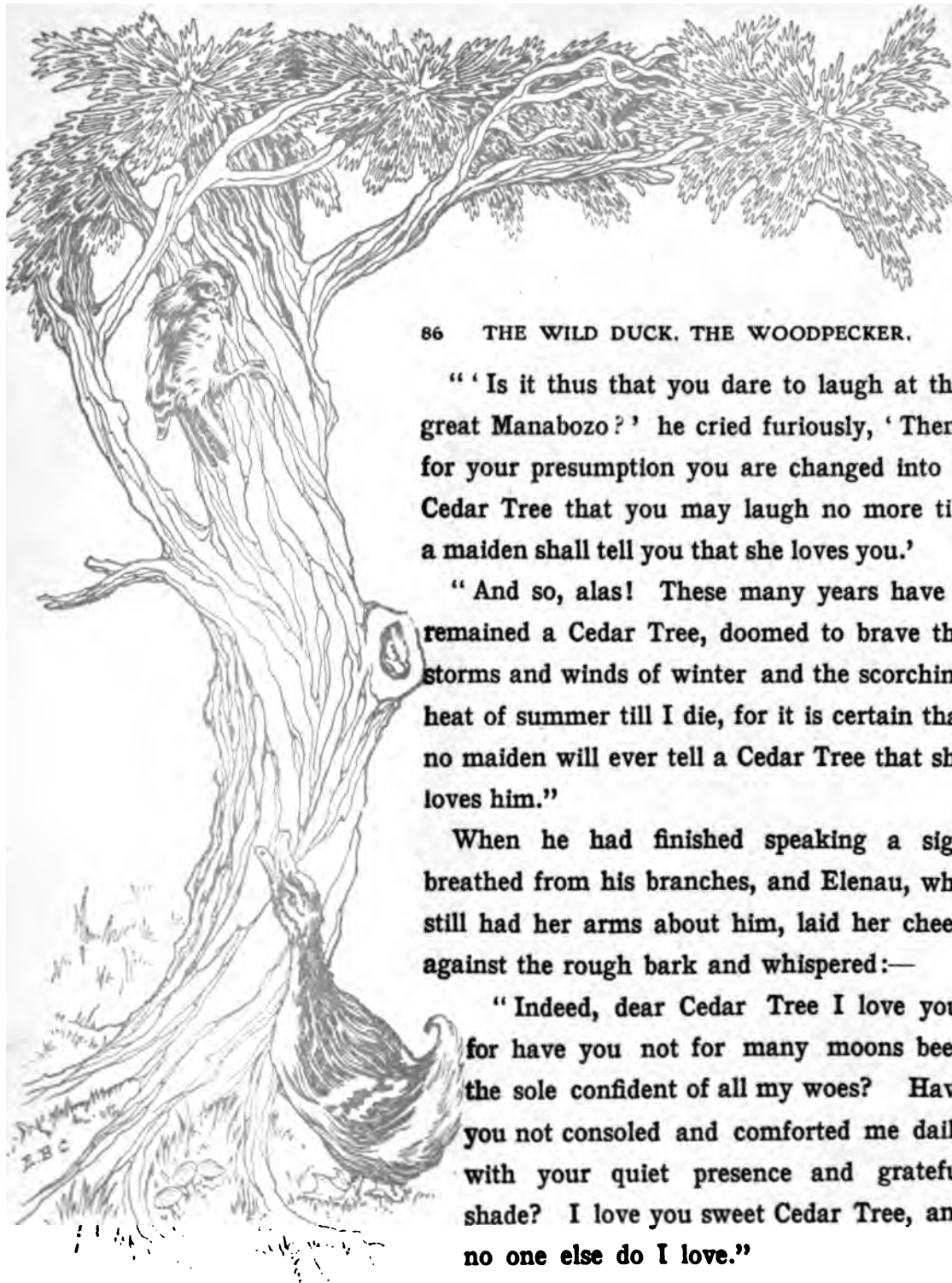
" Yet so it happened, for Manabozo at once threw himself on the ground, and grasping his heel in both hands, tried in vain to force his foot up to his head; but his limbs being heavy and strong, and his sinews hard and tough, he was of course unable to do it.

" He made such a comical figure sitting there on the ground, trying in vain to get his foot to his mouth that I was forced to laugh aloud, and this Manabozo heard.

" His eyes flashed fire, and his face was distorted with anger as he sprang to his feet.



"I love you, sweet cedar tree."—Page 86



“ ‘Is it thus that you dare to laugh at the great Manabozo?’ he cried furiously, ‘Then, for your presumption you are changed into a Cedar Tree that you may laugh no more till a maiden shall tell you that she loves you.’

“And so, alas! These many years have I remained a Cedar Tree, doomed to brave the storms and winds of winter and the scorching heat of summer till I die, for it is certain that no maiden will ever tell a Cedar Tree that she loves him.”

When he had finished speaking a sigh breathed from his branches, and Elenau, who still had her arms about him, laid her cheek against the rough bark and whispered:—

“Indeed, dear Cedar Tree I love you, for have you not for many moons been the sole confident of all my woes? Have you not consoled and comforted me daily with your quiet presence and grateful shade? I love you sweet Cedar Tree, and no one else do I love.”

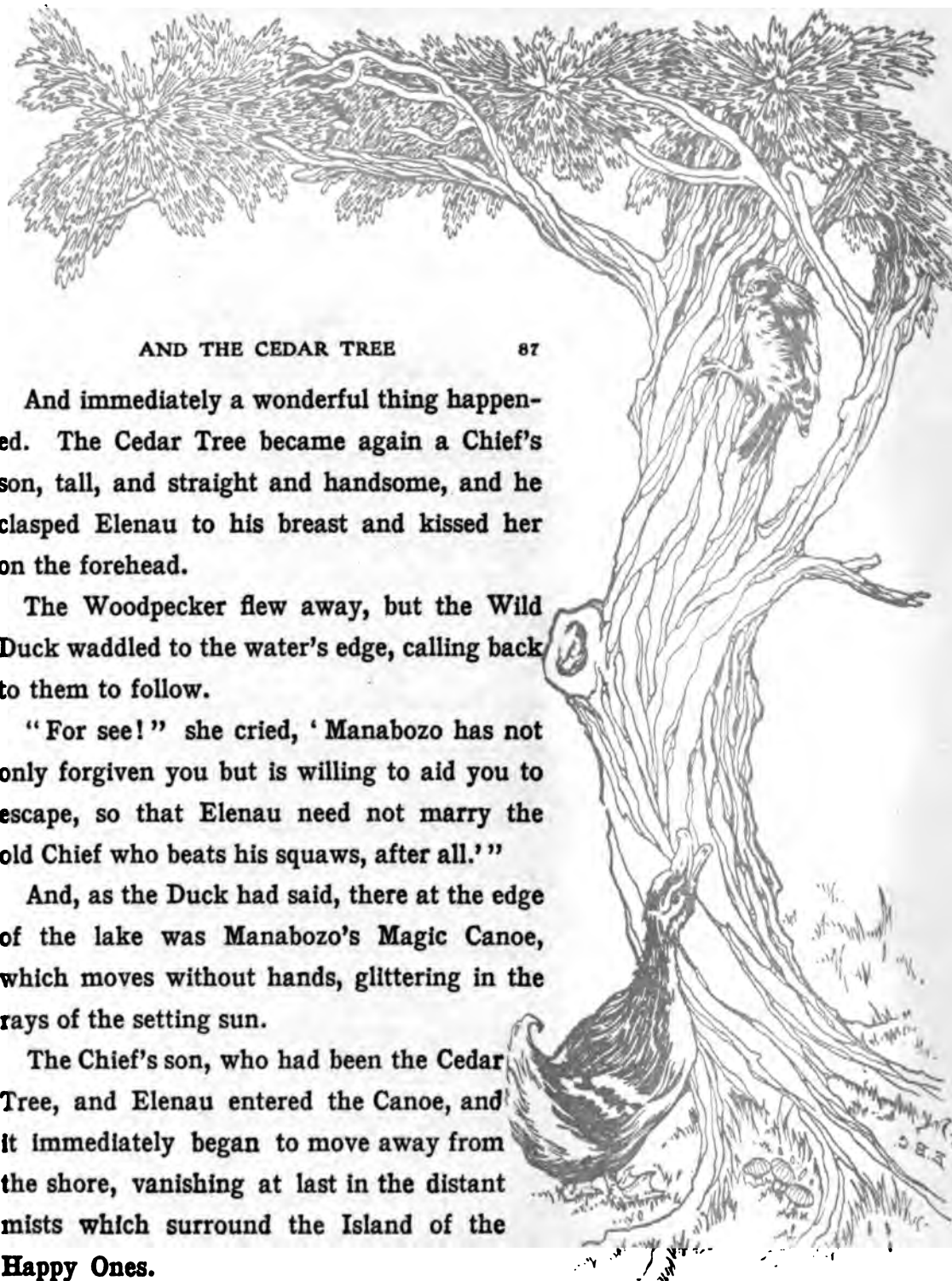
And immediately a wonderful thing happened. The Cedar Tree became again a Chief's son, tall, and straight and handsome, and he clasped Elenau to his breast and kissed her on the forehead.

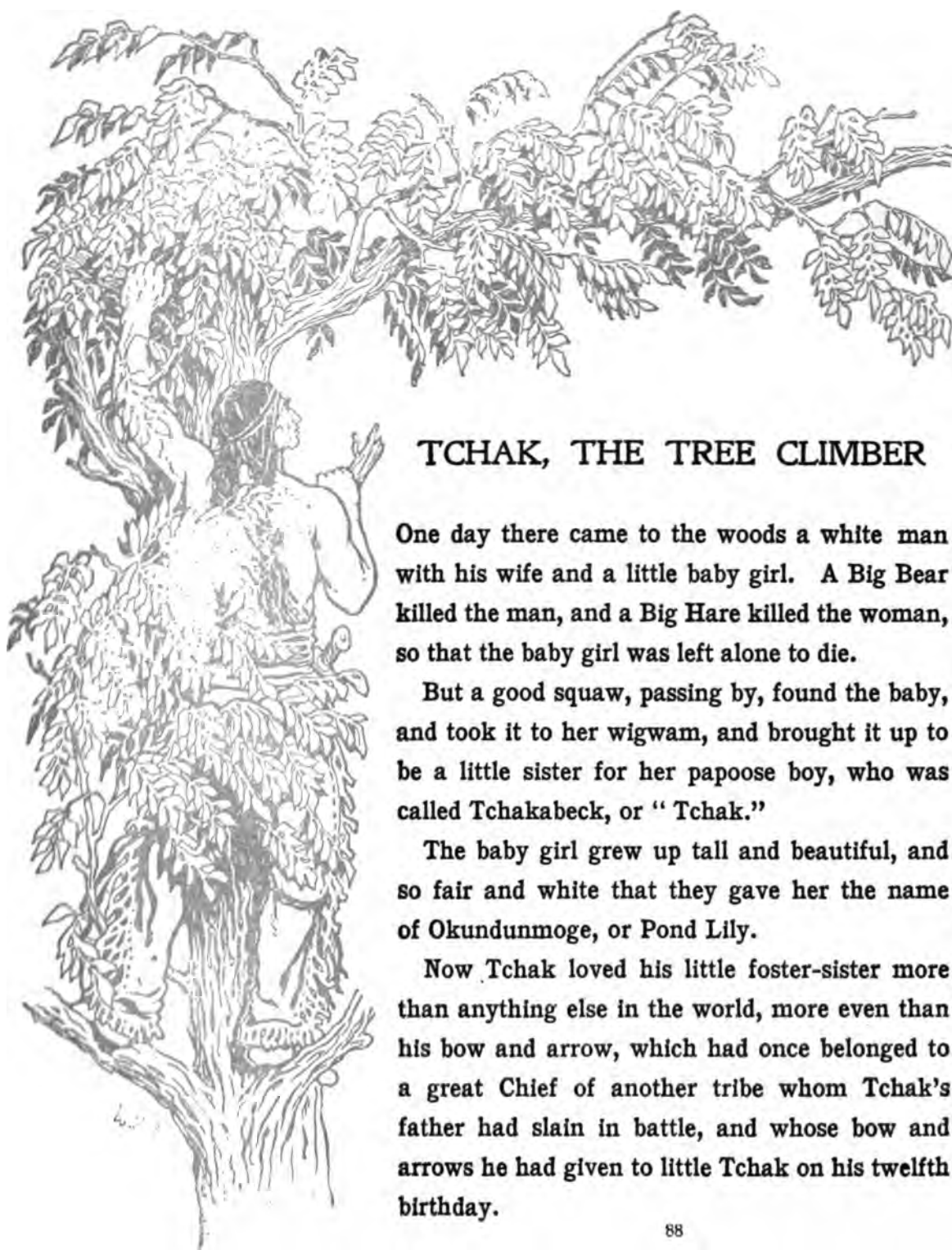
The Woodpecker flew away, but the Wild Duck waddled to the water's edge, calling back to them to follow.

"For see!" she cried, 'Manabozo has not only forgiven you but is willing to aid you to escape, so that Elenau need not marry the old Chief who beats his squaws, after all.'"

And, as the Duck had said, there at the edge of the lake was Manabozo's Magic Canoe, which moves without hands, glittering in the rays of the setting sun.

The Chief's son, who had been the Cedar Tree, and Elenau entered the Canoe, and it immediately began to move away from the shore, vanishing at last in the distant mists which surround the Island of the Happy Ones.





TCHAK, THE TREE CLIMBER

One day there came to the woods a white man with his wife and a little baby girl. A Big Bear killed the man, and a Big Hare killed the woman, so that the baby girl was left alone to die.

But a good squaw, passing by, found the baby, and took it to her wigwam, and brought it up to be a little sister for her papoose boy, who was called Tchakabeck, or "Tchak."

The baby girl grew up tall and beautiful, and so fair and white that they gave her the name of Okundunmoge, or Pond Lily.

Now Tchak loved his little foster-sister more than anything else in the world, more even than his bow and arrow, which had once belonged to a great Chief of another tribe whom Tchak's father had slain in battle, and whose bow and arrows he had given to little Tchak on his twelfth birthday.



TCHAK. THE TREE CLIMBER

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The first use to which Tchak had put them had been to kill the Big Bear and the Big Hare, who had eaten Pond Lily's father and mother.

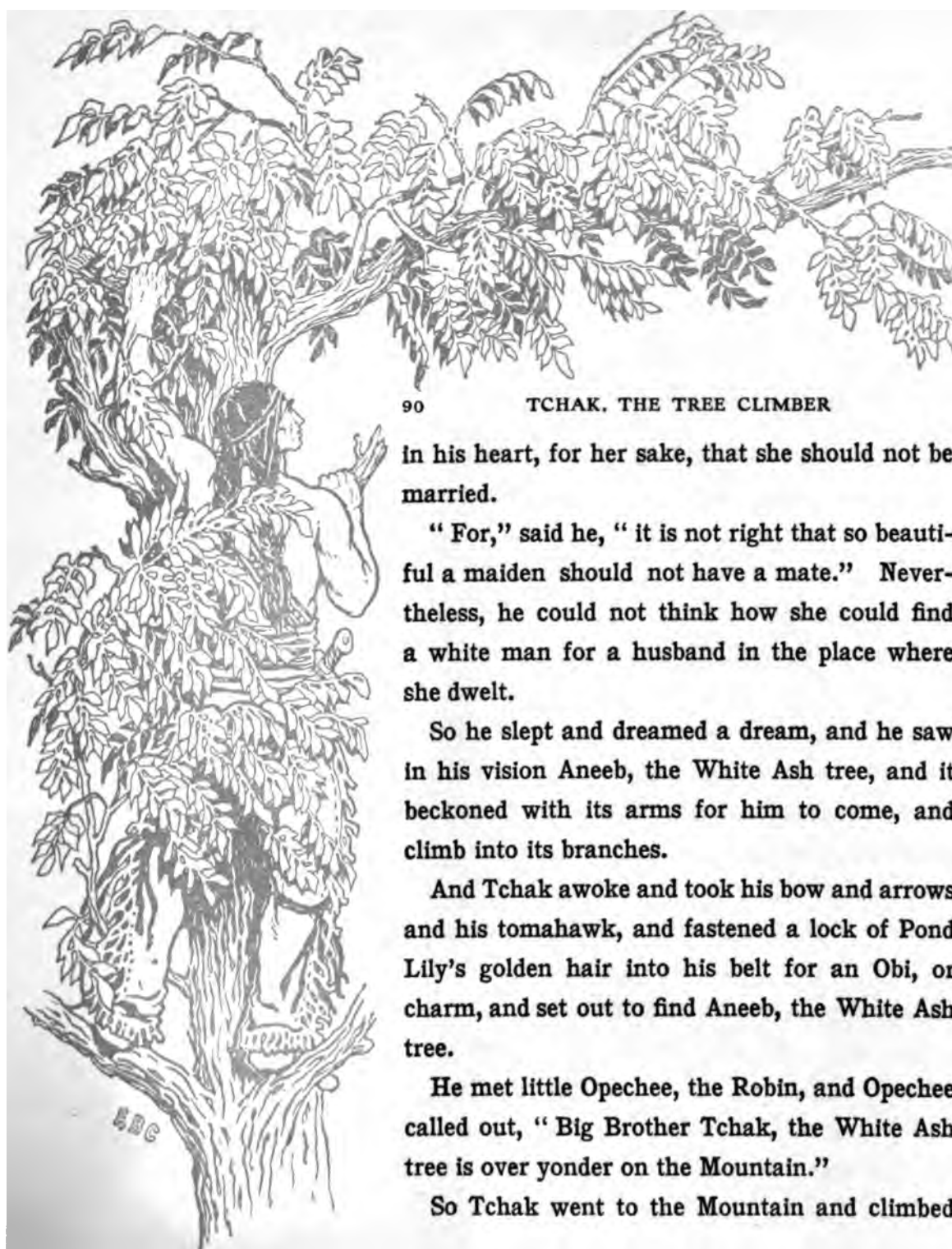
For this Pond Lily loved him, and also for many other things, so that they grew up side by side, in the happiest manner, and were the most devoted brother and sister that were ever known.

Now when many moons had passed, and Pond Lily had grown into a beautiful maiden, all the Indian Braves came daily to her wigwam, and each sought her for his squaw.

But Pond Lily begged her brother Tchak to protect her from them all, "For," she said, "I am a white maiden and can never marry a Red-skin, however brave he is; and, therefore, unless a Paleface seeks me for his wife, I will stay always with my brother Tchak and be his sister."

Tchak was well pleased to hear that Pond Lily was willing to stay with him; but he was grieved





in his heart, for her sake, that she should not be married.

"For," said he, "it is not right that so beautiful a maiden should not have a mate." Nevertheless, he could not think how she could find a white man for a husband in the place where she dwelt.

So he slept and dreamed a dream, and he saw in his vision Aneeb, the White Ash tree, and it beckoned with its arms for him to come, and climb into its branches.

And Tchak awoke and took his bow and arrows and his tomahawk, and fastened a lock of Pond Lily's golden hair into his belt for an Obi, or charm, and set out to find Aneeb, the White Ash tree.

He met little Opechee, the Robin, and Opechee called out, "Big Brother Tchak, the White Ash tree is over yonder on the Mountain."

So Tchak went to the Mountain and climbed



high up, and there, in the woods near the summit, he found Aneeb, the White Ash tree, and climbed into its branches.

And the leaves whispered to him: "If you want to find a white husband for Pond Lily, call to Shawondasee, the Spirit of the South Wind, and he will help you."

So Tchak called aloud to Shawondasee, the Spirit of the South Wind, and presently he felt a soft, warm, breath on his cheek, and it was Shawondasee telling him that he was there.

And Tchak told him all his desire, and asked him to help him find a husband for his sister, Pond Lily.

"I can only take you up to the Great Spirit, Atahocan, who dwells up above the clouds; he can surely help you," said Shawondasee, the South Wind, and he blew softly on the branches of the White Ash tree, and they grew taller and taller, till they reached above the clouds, and





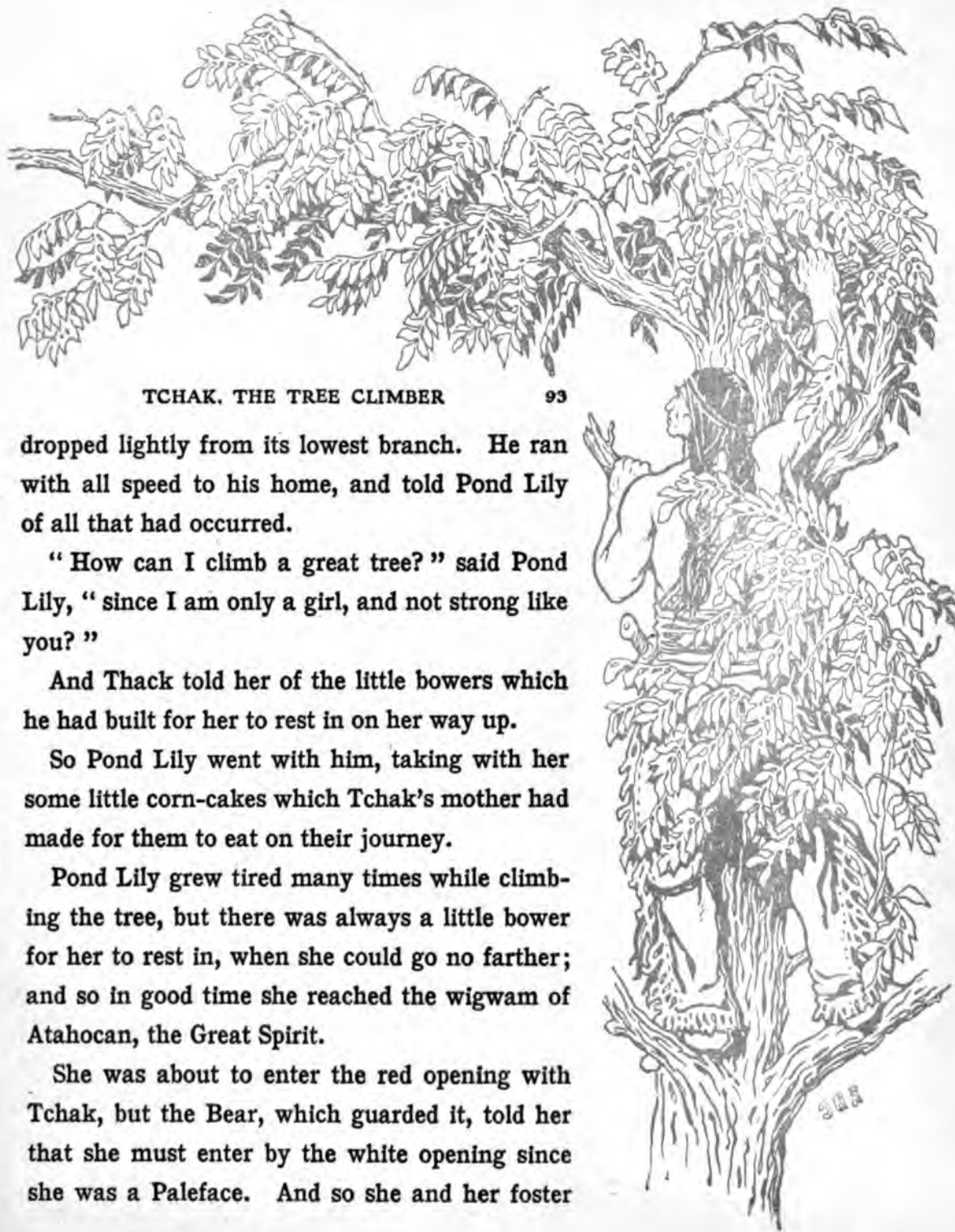
Tchak climbed higher and higher, till at last, he was in the land where the Great Spirits dwell.

Here he found a large, beautiful wigwam with four openings, one for each of the four Winds of Heaven; and one of the openings was guarded by a Butterfly, one by a Bear, one by a Fawn, and one by a Reindeer; and one opening was painted red, one white, one yellow, and yet another black.

And Tchak entered by the red opening, and inside he found the Great Spirit, Atahocan. To him he told his great desire to find a white husband for his Little Sister, and Atahocan said, "Bring her to me."

So Tchak went back to the White Ash tree, and began to descend, but here and there in the branches he built little bowers, or cabins, for his sister to rest in, when she should come to climb the tree.

At last he reached the trunk of the tree and



TCHAK. THE TREE CLIMBER 93

dropped lightly from its lowest branch. He ran with all speed to his home, and told Pond Lily of all that had occurred.

"How can I climb a great tree?" said Pond Lily, "since I am only a girl, and not strong like you?"

And Thack told her of the little bowers which he had built for her to rest in on her way up.

So Pond Lily went with him, taking with her some little corn-cakes which Tchak's mother had made for them to eat on their journey.

Pond Lily grew tired many times while climbing the tree, but there was always a little bower for her to rest in, when she could go no farther; and so in good time she reached the wigwam of Atahocan, the Great Spirit.

She was about to enter the red opening with Tchak, but the Bear, which guarded it, told her that she must enter by the white opening since she was a Paleface. And so she and her foster



brother entered into the presence of Atahocan by different ways.

When Atahocan saw her, he took her by the hand and spoke kindly to her, and gave her five small, Red Berries.

"Give one of these to each of the next five Redskins who annoy you with their attentions, and by these means you shall gain a white man for a husband," said he, and so dismissed Pond Lily and Tchak from his presence.

Pond Lily hid the Red Berries away in her bosom, and going out again by the white opening, joined her brother Tchak outside the wigwam.

He seemed very disappointed that Atahocan had not, then and there, given her a white man for a husband, but Pond Lily reminded him that doubtless Atahocan had his own way of bringing to pass what they wished.

So the two climbed down to the earth again by means of the branches of the White Ash tree,



which, when they last reached the ground, dwindled down to its usual height.

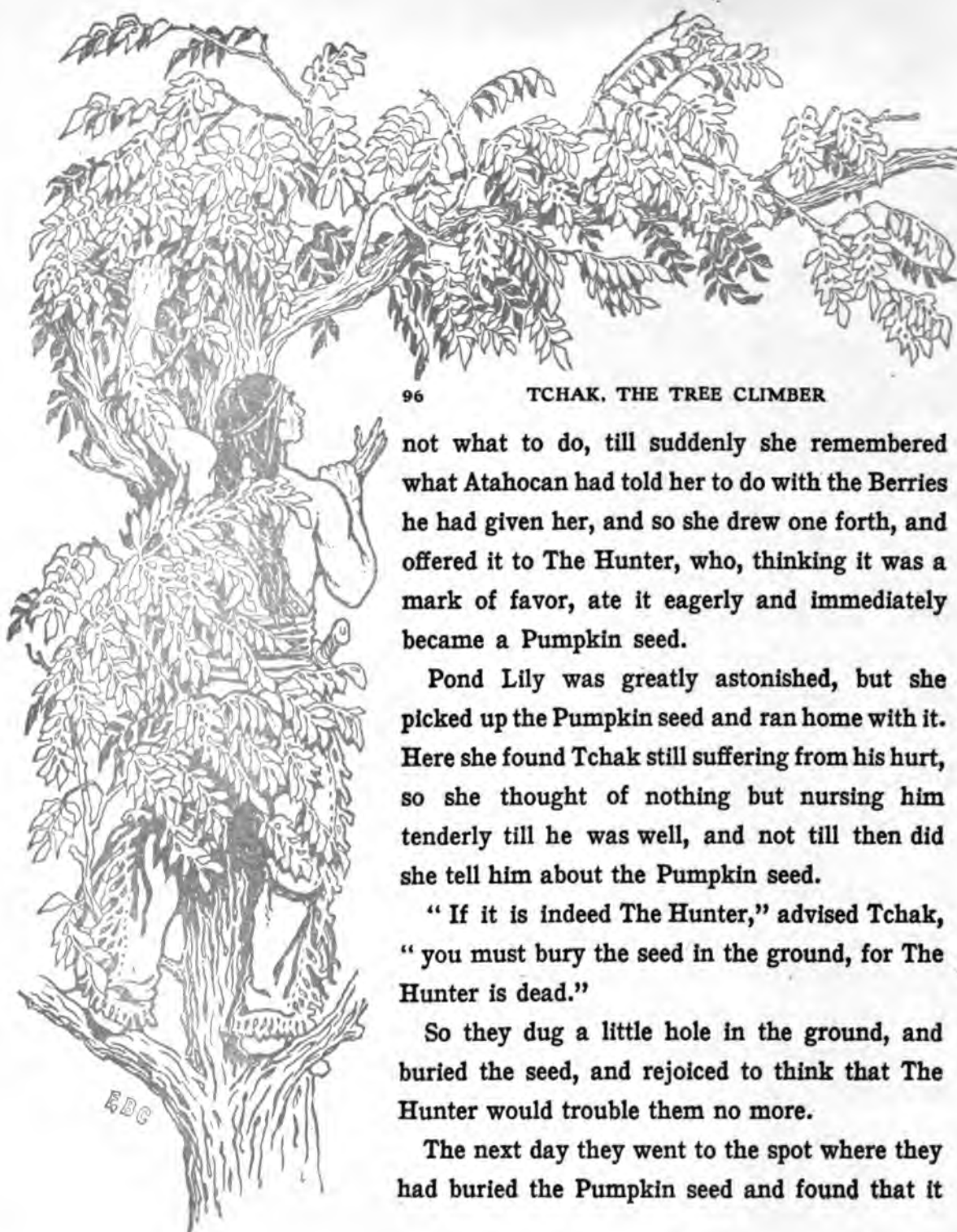
Now there was a certain Brave whose Indian name meant, The Hunter. He had long sought to make Pond Lily his bride, and as soon as he found that she had returned to her home, he renewed his efforts to secure her for his wife; although Pond Lily had told him, again and again, that she would never marry him.

He was very persistent, and threatened that unless she would consent to be his wife, he would carry her away by force.

This threat alarmed Pond Lily very much, and made Tchak, her brother, furious, so that he fought with The Hunter, and was very much hurt by him. Moreover, when Tchak had been rendered helpless, The Hunter seized Pond Lily and carried her away to his wigwam.

Now Pond Lily, when she found herself in The Hunter's power, was very frightened and knew





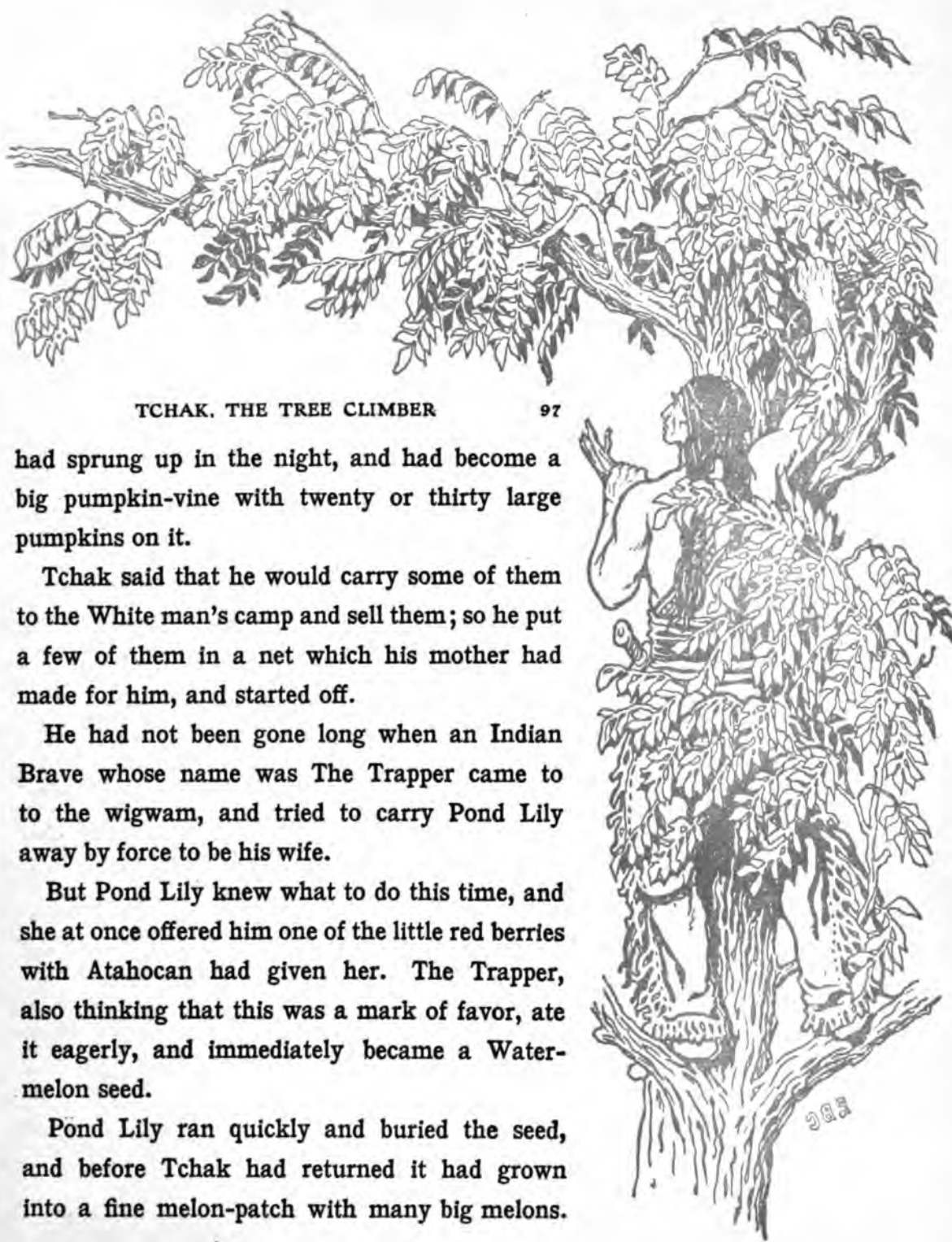
not what to do, till suddenly she remembered what Atahocan had told her to do with the Berries he had given her, and so she drew one forth, and offered it to The Hunter, who, thinking it was a mark of favor, ate it eagerly and immediately became a Pumpkin seed.

Pond Lily was greatly astonished, but she picked up the Pumpkin seed and ran home with it. Here she found Tchak still suffering from his hurt, so she thought of nothing but nursing him tenderly till he was well, and not till then did she tell him about the Pumpkin seed.

"If it is indeed The Hunter," advised Tchak, "you must bury the seed in the ground, for The Hunter is dead."

So they dug a little hole in the ground, and buried the seed, and rejoiced to think that The Hunter would trouble them no more.

The next day they went to the spot where they had buried the Pumpkin seed and found that it



TCHAK. THE TREE CLIMBER

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had sprung up in the night, and had become a big pumpkin-vine with twenty or thirty large pumpkins on it.

Tchak said that he would carry some of them to the White man's camp and sell them; so he put a few of them in a net which his mother had made for him, and started off.

He had not been gone long when an Indian Brave whose name was The Trapper came to the wigwam, and tried to carry Pond Lily away by force to be his wife.

But Pond Lily knew what to do this time, and she at once offered him one of the little red berries with Atahocan had given her. The Trapper, also thinking that this was a mark of favor, ate it eagerly, and immediately became a Water-melon seed.

Pond Lily ran quickly and buried the seed, and before Tchak had returned it had grown into a fine melon-patch with many big melons.



These, after a few days, Tchak, took away to sell, and this time while he was gone, an Indian, whose name was the Fish Shooter, came, and he threatened that unless Pond Lily would marry him, he would unfasten the arrow which he had tied to his bow to shoot fish with, and shoot her.

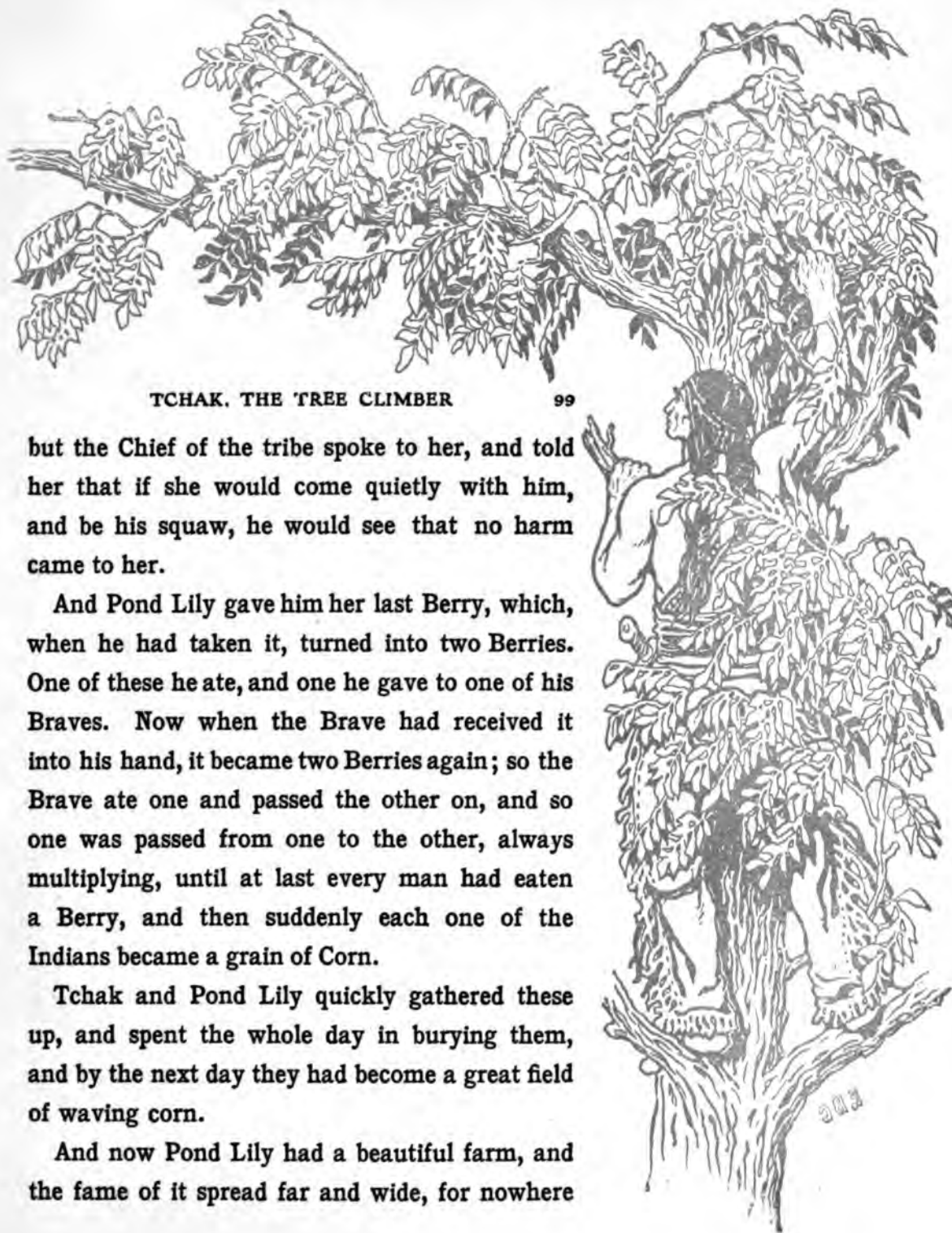
But Pond Lily gave him one of Atahocan's Berries, and for a long time she could not make out what he had turned into. But at last she found on the ground at her feet some tiny Tobacco seeds, and these she buried and they became a field of fine tobacco.

To the next Indian who came and bothered her, she gave a Berry, and he became a Potato, which Tchak and she cut into twenty pieces and buried, so that it became a big potato patch.

There was but one Berry left now, and one day there was a great noise outside the wigwam, for a whole tribe of Indians had come to carry Pond Lily away, and she knew not what to do;



• "Pond Lily gave him her last Berry."—Page 99



TCHAK. THE TREE CLIMBER

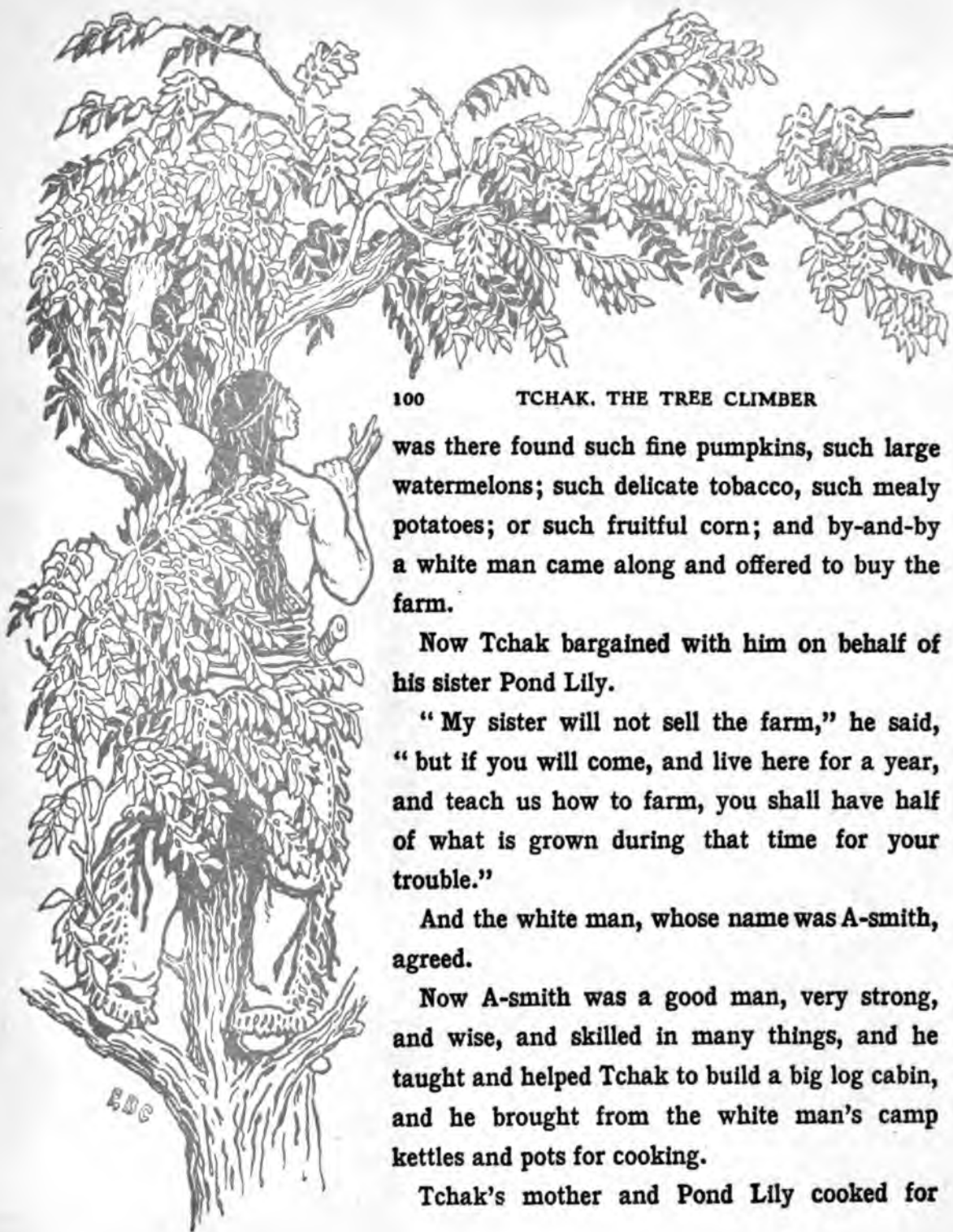
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but the Chief of the tribe spoke to her, and told her that if she would come quietly with him, and be his squaw, he would see that no harm came to her.

And Pond Lily gave him her last Berry, which, when he had taken it, turned into two Berries. One of these he ate, and one he gave to one of his Braves. Now when the Brave had received it into his hand, it became two Berries again; so the Brave ate one and passed the other on, and so one was passed from one to the other, always multiplying, until at last every man had eaten a Berry, and then suddenly each one of the Indians became a grain of Corn.

Tchak and Pond Lily quickly gathered these up, and spent the whole day in burying them, and by the next day they had become a great field of waving corn.

And now Pond Lily had a beautiful farm, and the fame of it spread far and wide, for nowhere



was there found such fine pumpkins, such large watermelons; such delicate tobacco, such mealy potatoes; or such fruitful corn; and by-and-by a white man came along and offered to buy the farm.

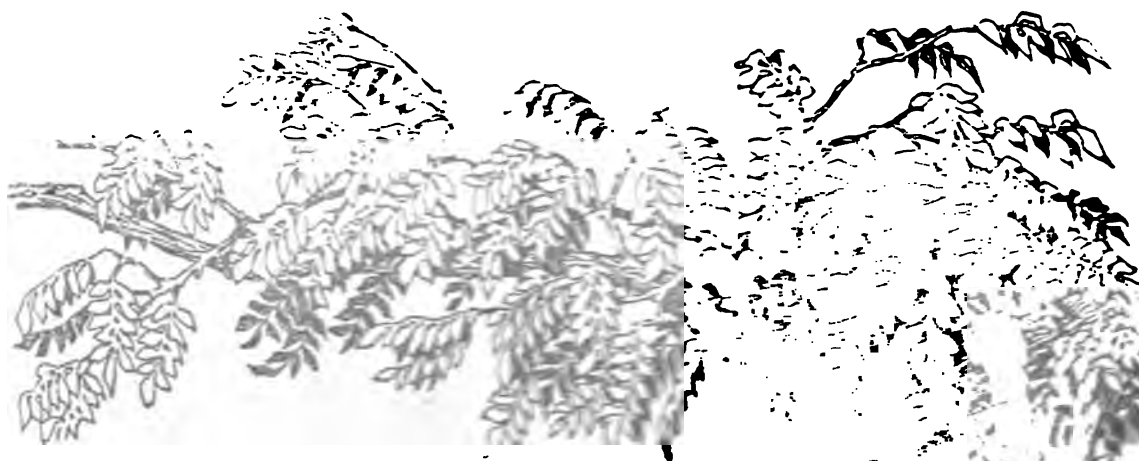
Now Tchak bargained with him on behalf of his sister Pond Lily.

"My sister will not sell the farm," he said, "but if you will come, and live here for a year, and teach us how to farm, you shall have half of what is grown during that time for your trouble."

And the white man, whose name was A-smith, agreed.

Now A-smith was a good man, very strong, and wise, and skilled in many things, and he taught and helped Tchak to build a big log cabin, and he brought from the white man's camp kettles and pots for cooking.

Tchak's mother and Pond Lily cooked for



TCHAK. THE TREE CLIMBER

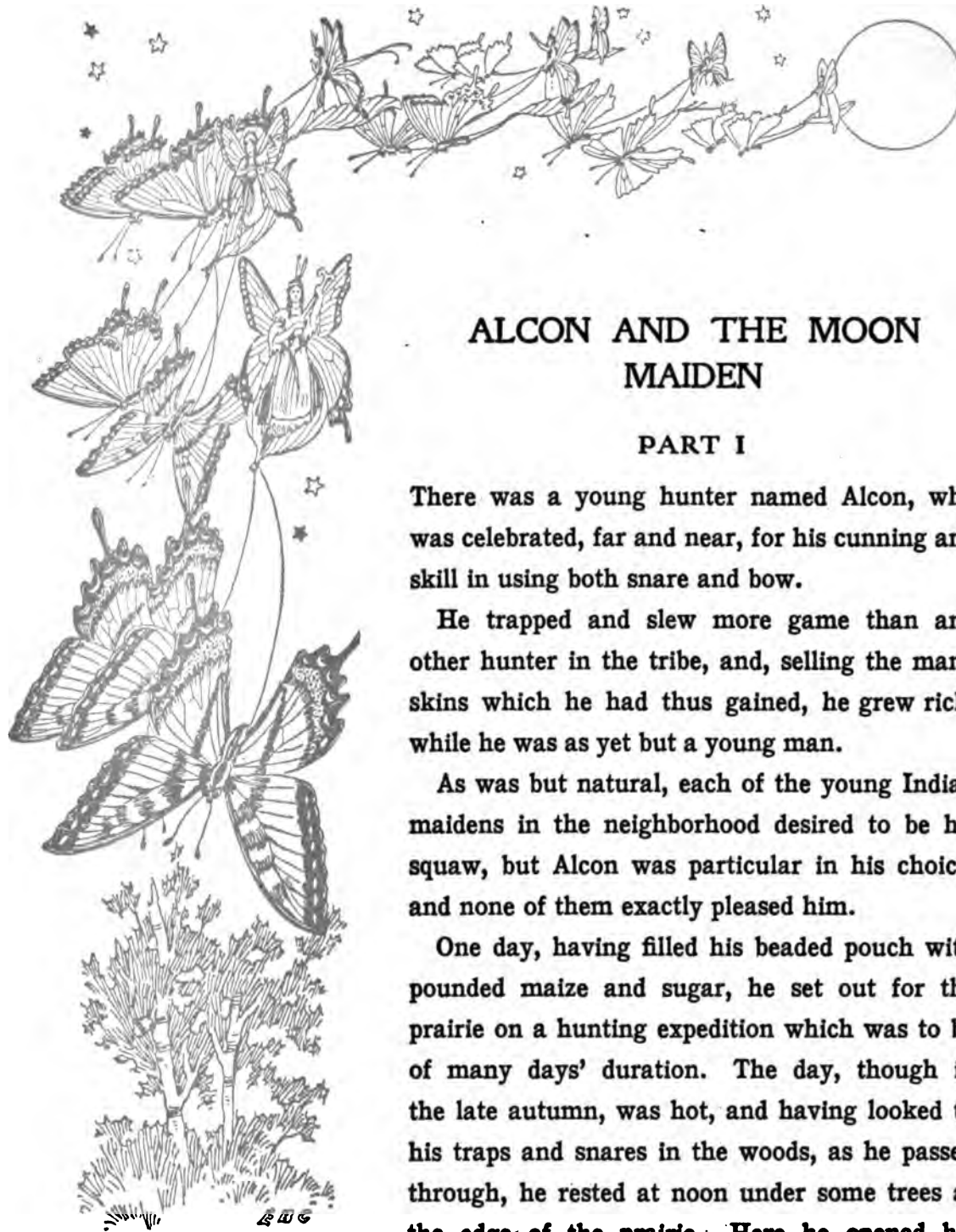
101

them, and they were all very happy together in the new, big, cabin. Pond Lily grew more beautiful each day, and so it happened that long before the year was over, A-smith loved Pond Lily, and had sought her for his wife, and Pond Lily was content that it should be so.

When the proper time came, A-smith took his share of the produce of the farm, and Pond Lily for his wife, and they went to live nearer to the white man's camp, where A-smith bought a farm, and planted it with all the seeds which he had brought with him from Pond Lily's farm.

He built a large, new house, so that Pond Lily had a beautiful home, and was very happy, and to her brother Tchak—whom she never forgot—she gave the log cabin, and the old farm; and he lived there with his old mother till she died, and then he took for a wife a beautiful Indian maiden, with whom he lived happily all his life.





ALCON AND THE MOON MAIDEN

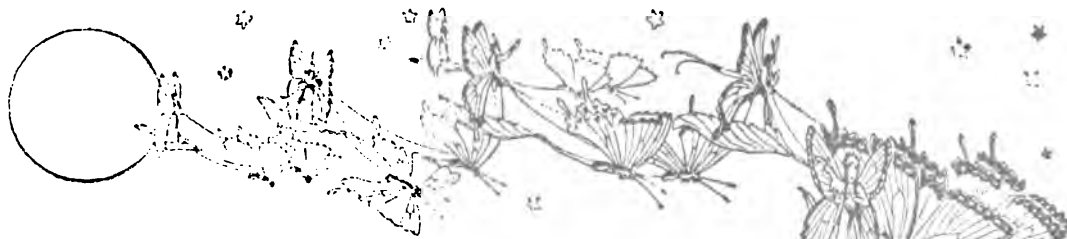
PART I

There was a young hunter named Alcon, who was celebrated, far and near, for his cunning and skill in using both snare and bow.

He trapped and slew more game than any other hunter in the tribe, and, selling the many skins which he had thus gained, he grew rich, while he was as yet but a young man.

As was but natural, each of the young Indian maidens in the neighborhood desired to be his squaw, but Alcon was particular in his choice, and none of them exactly pleased him.

One day, having filled his beaded pouch with pounded maize and sugar, he set out for the prairie on a hunting expedition which was to be of many days' duration. The day, though in the late autumn, was hot, and having looked to his traps and snares in the woods, as he passed through, he rested at noon under some trees at the edge of the prairie. Here he opened his



leather wallet, and drew forth his little birch-bark rogan, or dish and, putting into it some of the ground maize and sugar, he ran to the spring, which flowed near by, and got some water which he mixed with the corn, thus making a kind of cake, which he ate with great relish.

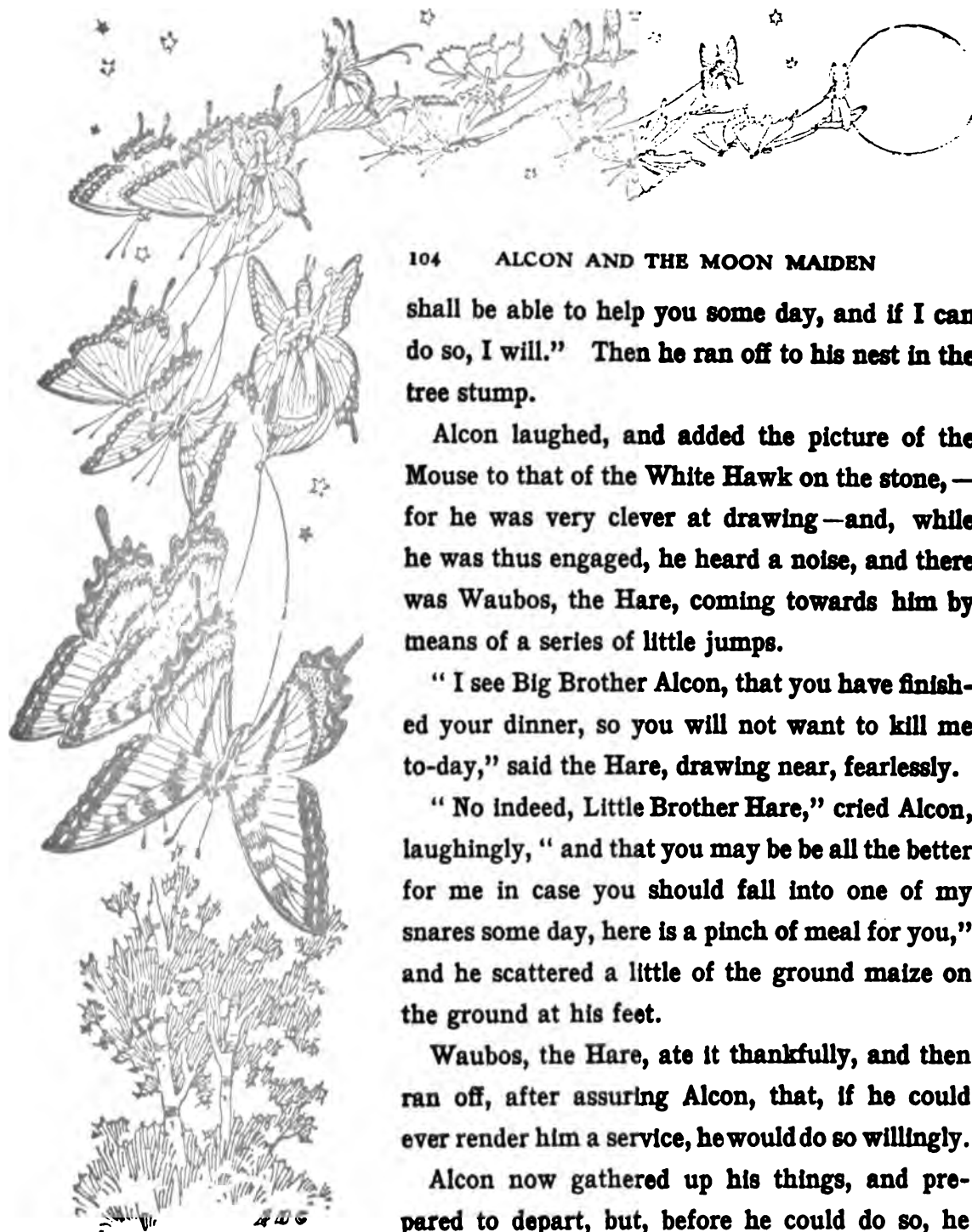
When he had finished, he amused himself with drawing, on a big stone, a picture of Kakaik, the White Hawk, which was his family totem, and his own particular guardian Spirit.

Happening to look up, he saw a little Mouse creeping out from the trunk of a tree and timidly approaching some of the ground maize which he had spilled, when he made the maize-cake.

"Fear not, Little Brother Mouse," said Alcon, —who loved animals, great and small, and who had never killed one of them except in fair chase and capture, which is everywhere allowed, — "fear not, but eat your fill," and he scattered some more maize on the ground.

The little mouse ate as much as he wanted, and then, sat up on his hind legs and said: "Thank you! Big Brother Alcon, perhaps I





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shall be able to help you some day, and if I can do so, I will." Then he ran off to his nest in the tree stump.

Alcon laughed, and added the picture of the Mouse to that of the White Hawk on the stone, — for he was very clever at drawing — and, while he was thus engaged, he heard a noise, and there was Waubos, the Hare, coming towards him by means of a series of little jumps.

"I see Big Brother Alcon, that you have finished your dinner, so you will not want to kill me to-day," said the Hare, drawing near, fearlessly.

"No indeed, Little Brother Hare," cried Alcon, laughingly, "and that you may be all the better for me in case you should fall into one of my snares some day, here is a pinch of meal for you," and he scattered a little of the ground maize on the ground at his feet.

Waubos, the Hare, ate it thankfully, and then ran off, after assuring Alcon, that, if he could ever render him a service, he would do so willingly.

Alcon now gathered up his things, and prepared to depart, but, before he could do so, he



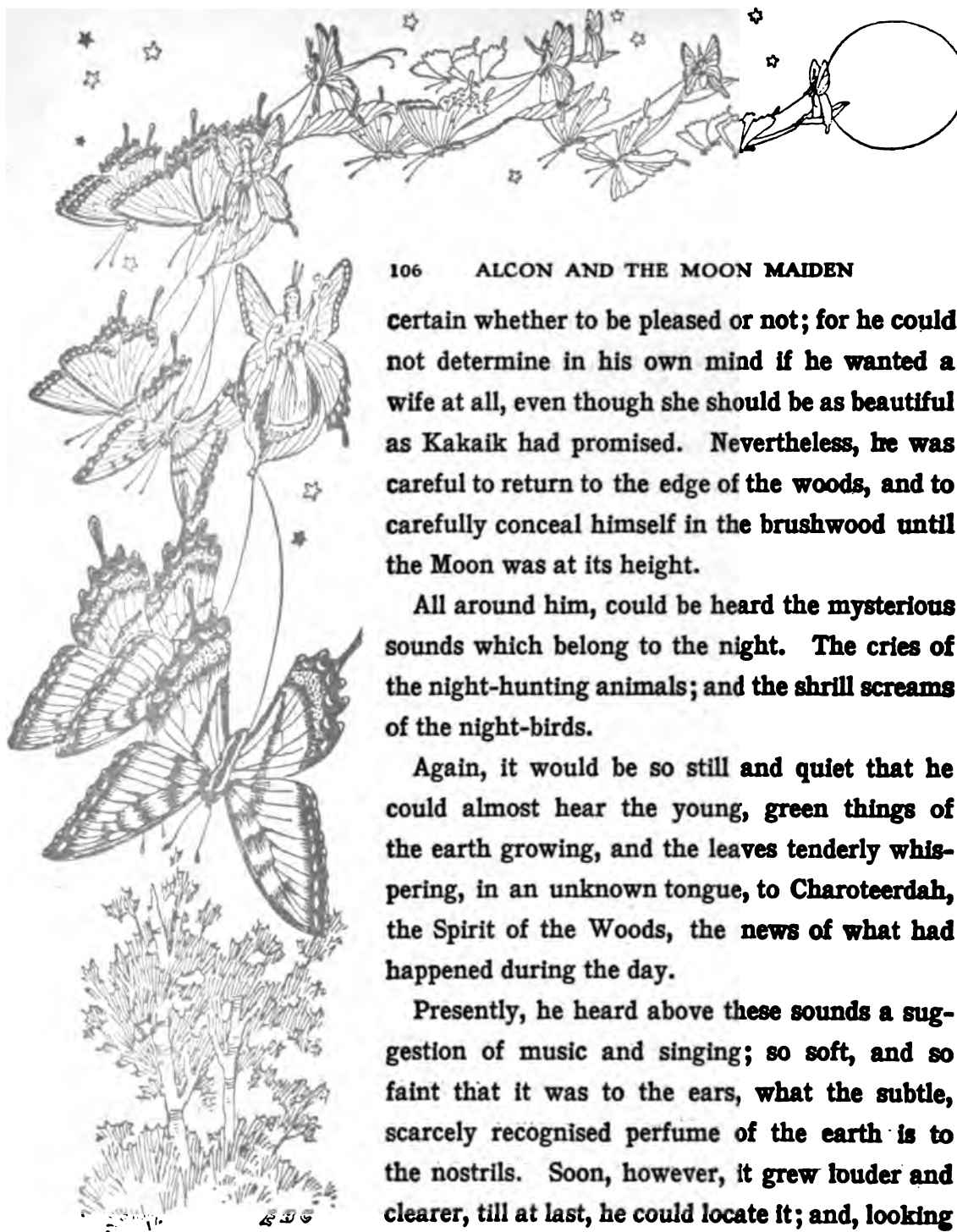
heard a familiar cry from the top of the tree under which he had been sitting, and, on looking up, he saw Kakaik, the White Hawk, his patron Spirit, sitting there looking down upon him.

"Son Alcon!" cried Kakaik, "rest yet awhile, I would have speech with you. Ever since you dreamed of me, after your long fast, when you ceased to be a boy, I have watched over and guided you. I have filled your snares with game, and sent food for your arrows, and, since you have never disappointed me, and have kept faithfully all the laws of the woods and prairies, I am now, more than ever, your friend; and I will help you to gain a wife, who shall be more beautiful than any one of whom you have ever dreamed.

"Come here to-night when the Moon is high in the sky, and watch well the ring of bright grass, which you shall then see growing upon the prairie yonder." And, with a shrill scream of farewell, the White Hawk flew away.

Alcon was greatly surprised at Kakaik's message, and, for the rest of the day, was not quite





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certain whether to be pleased or not; for he could not determine in his own mind if he wanted a wife at all, even though she should be as beautiful as Kakaik had promised. Nevertheless, he was careful to return to the edge of the woods, and to carefully conceal himself in the brushwood until the Moon was at its height.

All around him, could be heard the mysterious sounds which belong to the night. The cries of the night-hunting animals; and the shrill screams of the night-birds.

Again, it would be so still and quiet that he could almost hear the young, green things of the earth growing, and the leaves tenderly whispering, in an unknown tongue, to Charoteerdah, the Spirit of the Woods, the news of what had happened during the day.

Presently, he heard above these sounds a suggestion of music and singing; so soft, and so faint that it was to the ears, what the subtle, scarcely recognised perfume of the earth is to the nostrils. Soon, however, it grew louder and clearer, till at last, he could locate it; and, looking



up into the skies, he perceived a long moonbeam reaching down from the Moon to a green circle of grass out on the prairie.

Fluttering softly down, in the light of the moonbeam, were sixteen curled and withered leaves, each drawn by two yellow butterflies.

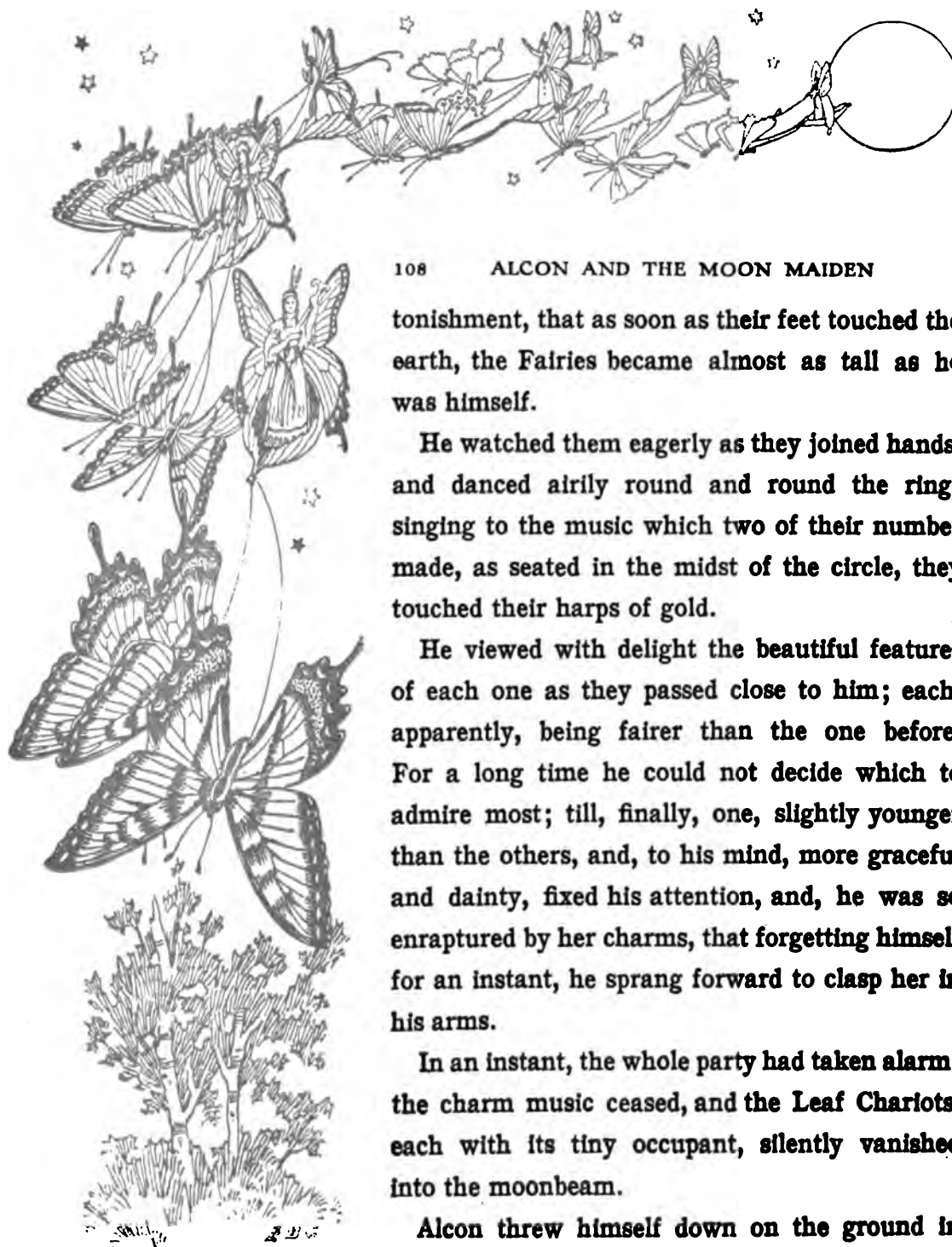
In each leaf, standing, as in a chariot, was a beautiful Maiden playing upon an instrument, the like of which Alcon had never before seen, and singing, in an unknown tongue, a beautiful rhyme which grew more distinct as the chariots drew nearer to the earth.

"The Moon Puk-Wudjies," whispered Alcon, beneath his breath, "the little people who disappear."

He had heard, when young, the nocomis, or grandmothers, tell wonderful stories of these little Fairies, but he had never before been privileged to behold them.

He knew that he must keep perfectly still, or they would vanish; so he watched, breathlessly, while they descended into the midst of the magic green circle. He noticed also, with great as-





tonishment, that as soon as their feet touched the earth, the Fairies became almost as tall as he was himself.

He watched them eagerly as they joined hands, and danced airily round and round the ring; singing to the music which two of their number made, as seated in the midst of the circle, they touched their harps of gold.

He viewed with delight the beautiful features of each one as they passed close to him; each, apparently, being fairer than the one before. For a long time he could not decide which to admire most; till, finally, one, slightly younger than the others, and, to his mind, more graceful and dainty, fixed his attention, and, he was so enraptured by her charms, that forgetting himself for an instant, he sprang forward to clasp her in his arms.

In an instant, the whole party had taken alarm; the charm music ceased, and the Leaf Chariots, each with its tiny occupant, silently vanished into the moonbeam.

Alcon threw himself down on the ground in



despair, bewailing his impetuosity and foolishness in coming forth from his place of concealment; and, although he watched ceaselessly, till daybreak, there was no sign of the Puk-Wudjies.

Early the next morning, he met in the woods, Waubos, the Hare, and to him he told the story of his misfortune of the night before.

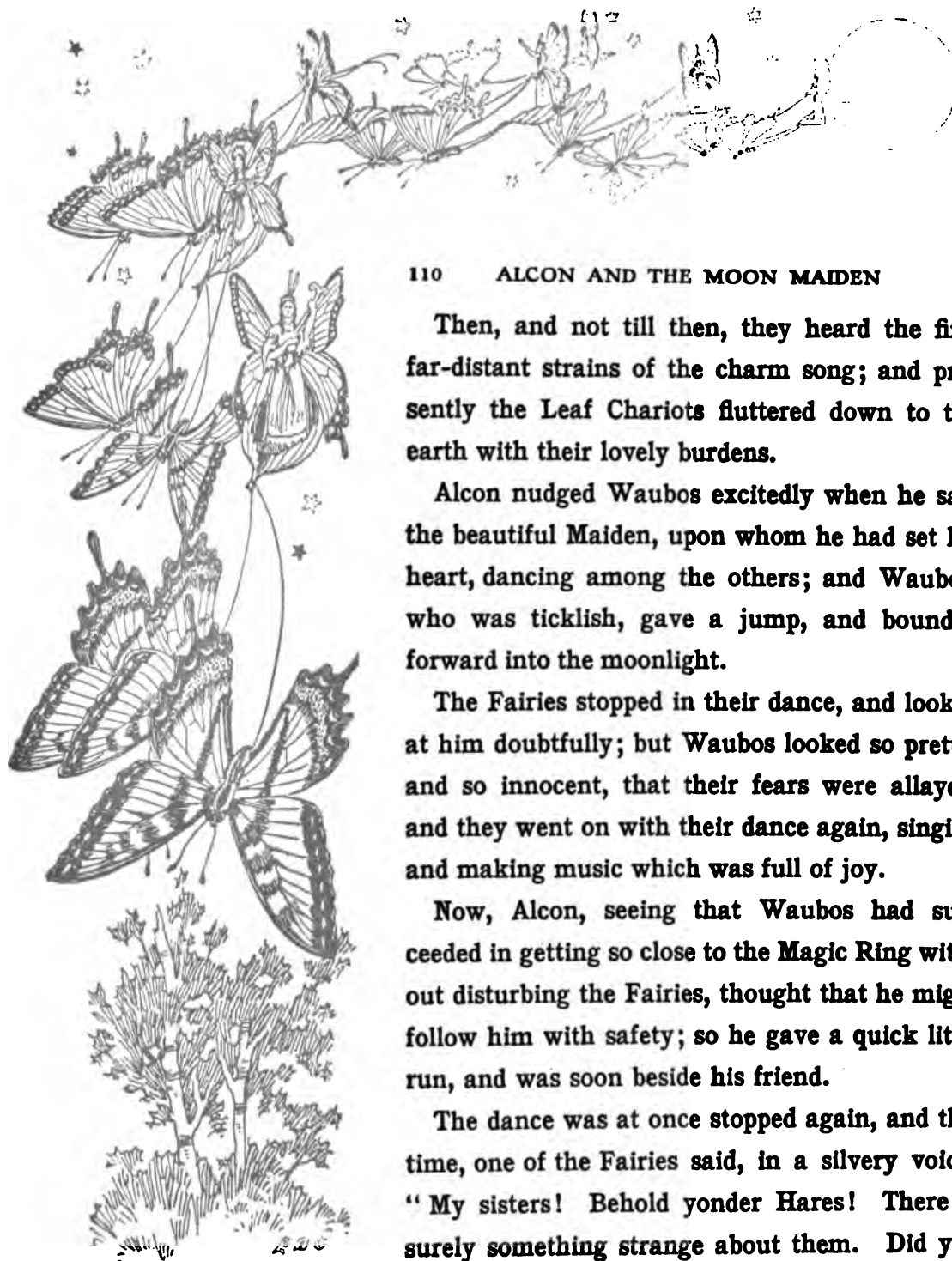
"Return to-night," advised Waubos, the Hare, "perhaps they will come again to dance in the Magic Ring. I will come too, and see if I can help you in any way."

So Alcon passed the day with the utmost impatience, anxiously waiting for the night to come; and, long before it was dark, he was in the woods, waiting for the Moon to rise.

Waubos, the Hare, met him there later on and said:—"If you like, I will turn you into a Hare like myself; we can then both go near to the Ring without frightening the Puk-Wudjies."

Alcon thought that this would be a good plan, so he allowed Waubos to turn him into a Hare, and, together, they hid themselves in the brushwood till the Moon was high in the heavens.





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Then, and not till then, they heard the first far-distant strains of the charm song; and presently the Leaf Chariots fluttered down to the earth with their lovely burdens.

Alcon nudged Waubos excitedly when he saw the beautiful Maiden, upon whom he had set his heart, dancing among the others; and Waubos, who was ticklish, gave a jump, and bounded forward into the moonlight.

The Fairies stopped in their dance, and looked at him doubtfully; but Waubos looked so pretty, and so innocent, that their fears were allayed, and they went on with their dance again, singing and making music which was full of joy.

Now, Alcon, seeing that Waubos had succeeded in getting so close to the Magic Ring without disturbing the Fairies, thought that he might follow him with safety; so he gave a quick little run, and was soon beside his friend.

The dance was at once stopped again, and this time, one of the Fairies said, in a silvery voice: "My sisters! Behold yonder Hares! There is surely something strange about them. Did you



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not observe that one came jumping towards us; while the other ran hither like a little dog! Hares do not run; therefore, let us beware lest there is some plot afoot to ensnare us. We had best away!"

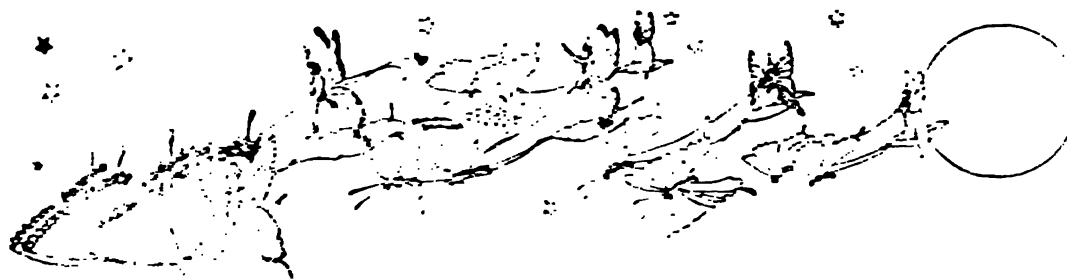
"Oh! No! No!" burst out Alcon, forgetting himself in his eagerness, "Stay, yet awhile! Indeed, we will do you no harm!"

But, at the very first sound of his voice, the Fairies entered their chariots, and were soon rapidly floating out of sight.

Overcome with disappointment and baffled desire, Alcon sought to throw the blame of their disappearance on Waubos; but the Hare, knowing that this was unjust, turned Alcon into himself again, and then hopped off without a word, leaving the young Indian quite alone.

Alcon was gazing hopelessly up at the Moon, whither the Fairies had vanished, and sighing to think how foolish he had been, when he heard a tiny voice at his feet; and, stooping down, he beheld the Field Mouse whom he had befriended two days before.





"If you are in trouble, Big Brother Alcon," said the tiny creature, "perhaps, though I am so small, I may be able to help you, and, if I can do so, I will."

So Alcon repeated the story of all that had occurred, and the Mouse listened attentively.

"Let me turn you into a Mouse," he suggested, "and you shall stay with me in my home, in the stump of the tree, all of the coming day, so that I can teach you how to behave like a Mouse; and then, if the Puk-Wudjies return to-night, we can go boldly among them without fear of causing them any alarm."

Alcon thought for a very long time, before he would agree to this plan; but, not being able to find a better one, he at last consented.

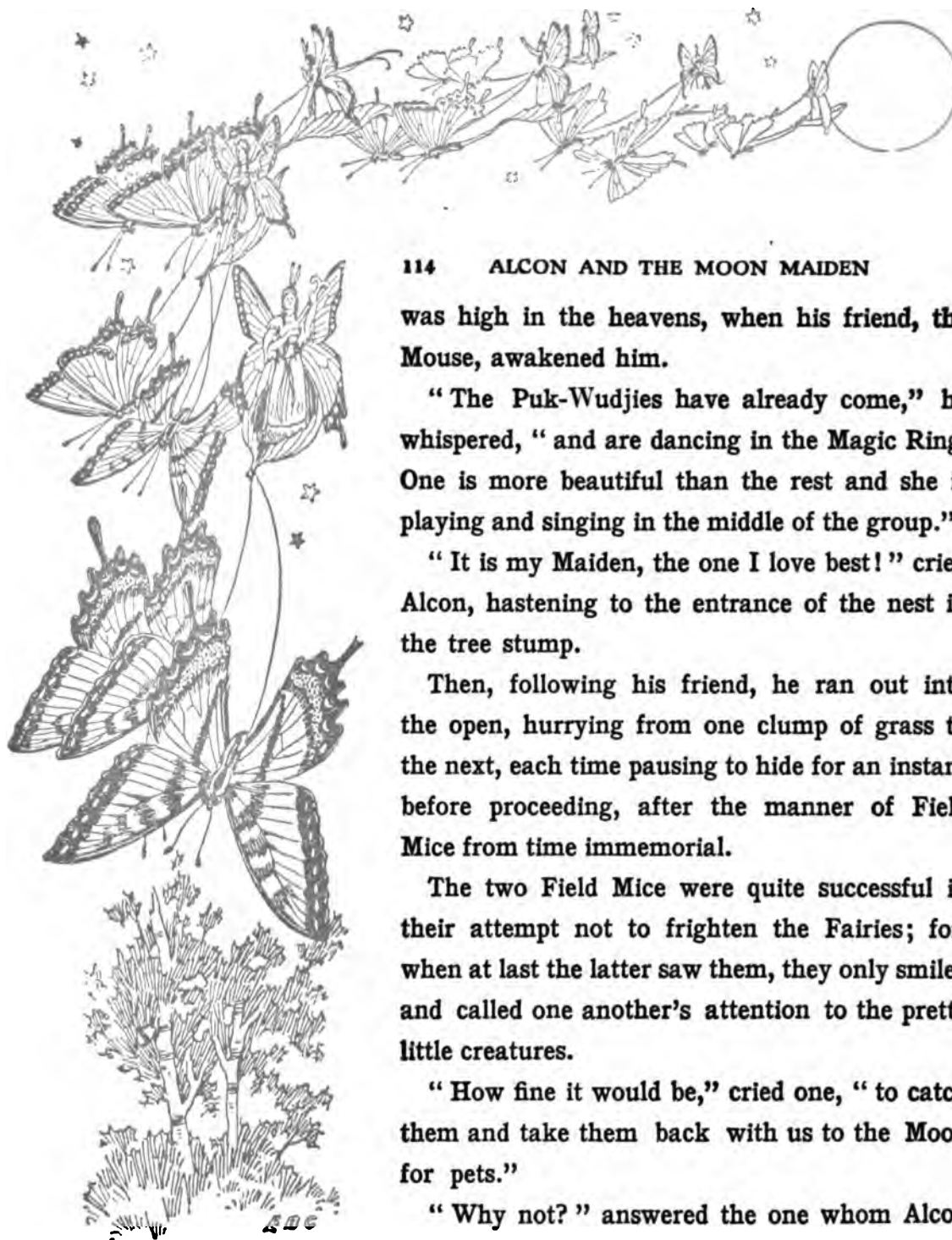
As soon as he became a Mouse, he began taking lessons of his little friend, imitating him in every action, till, at last, no one could possibly discover, by his movements, that he had not been a Mouse all his life.

When he felt himself quite safe on this point, Alcon lay down to rest, and slept till the Moon





"How fine it would be to take them to the Moon for pets."—Page 114



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was high in the heavens, when his friend, the Mouse, awakened him.

"The Puk-Wudjies have already come," he whispered, "and are dancing in the Magic Ring. One is more beautiful than the rest and she is playing and singing in the middle of the group."

"It is my Maiden, the one I love best!" cried Alcon, hastening to the entrance of the nest in the tree stump.

Then, following his friend, he ran out into the open, hurrying from one clump of grass to the next, each time pausing to hide for an instant before proceeding, after the manner of Field Mice from time immemorial.

The two Field Mice were quite successful in their attempt not to frighten the Fairies; for, when at last the latter saw them, they only smiled and called one another's attention to the pretty little creatures.

"How fine it would be," cried one, "to catch them and take them back with us to the Moon for pets."

"Why not?" answered the one whom Alcon

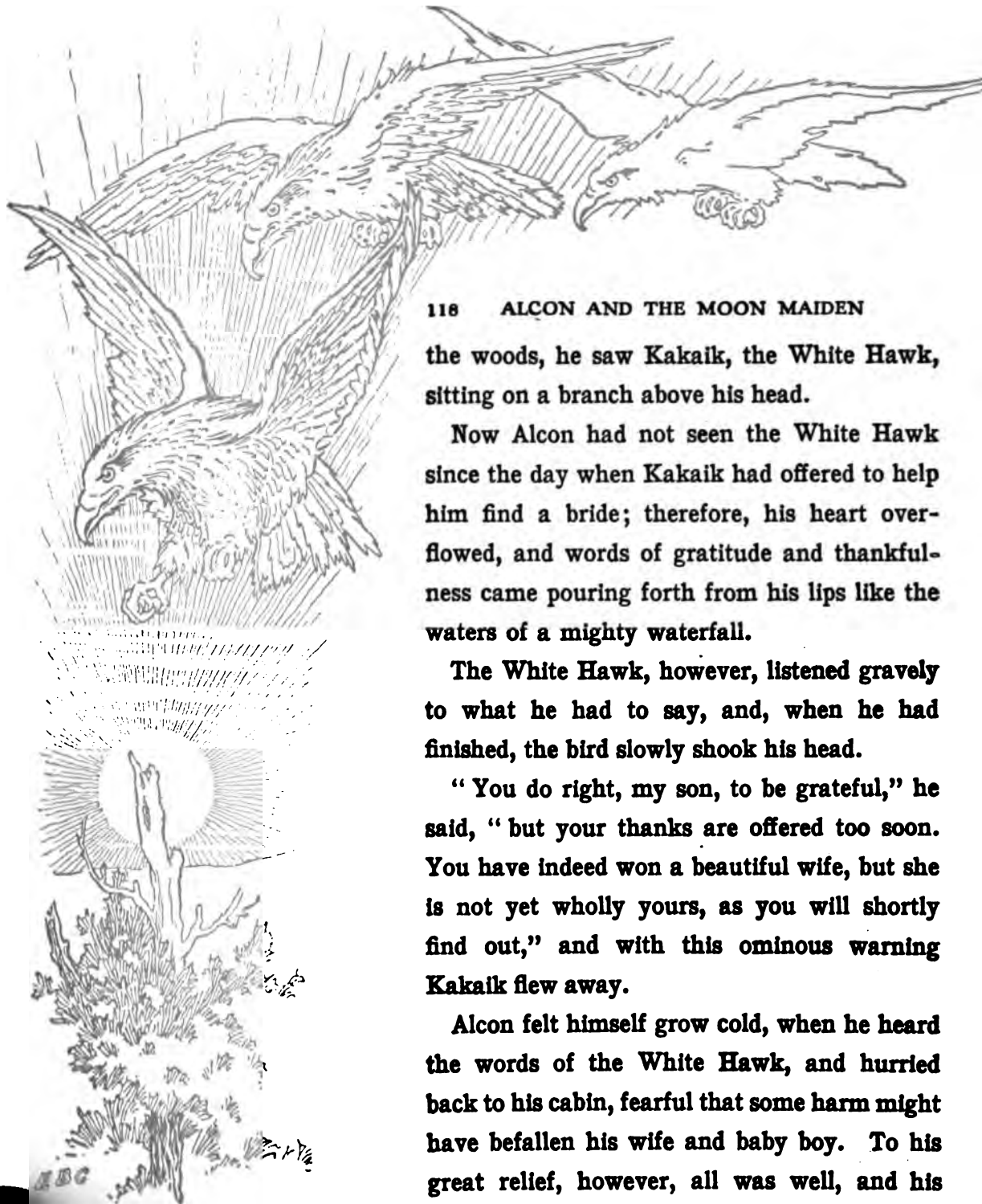


most admired, "See, I will pursue this one, while you go after the other," and she immediately gave chase to Alcon, who ran swiftly away, tempting the Fairy further and further from the Magic Circle and her friends, who were pursuing the other Field Mouse in an opposite direction.

When Alcon had led the Fairy quite a long way from the Magic Circle, he allowed himself to be caught; but, no sooner had the Fairy's fingers touched him, then he immediately resumed his proper shape. The fairy gave a cry of surprise and alarm at seeing the young hunter standing before her; but, before she could turn to flee, Alcon had cast his arms about her, and held her fast, while her alarmed sisters sprang to their Leaf Chariots, and quickly vanished.

For a long time the Fairy struggled, and cried, and refused to be comforted; but, when Alcon—who was as handsome a young Indian as might be met with in a day's journey—spoke gently to her, and promised to do her no harm; and told her of all his exploits; and how wealthy he was in





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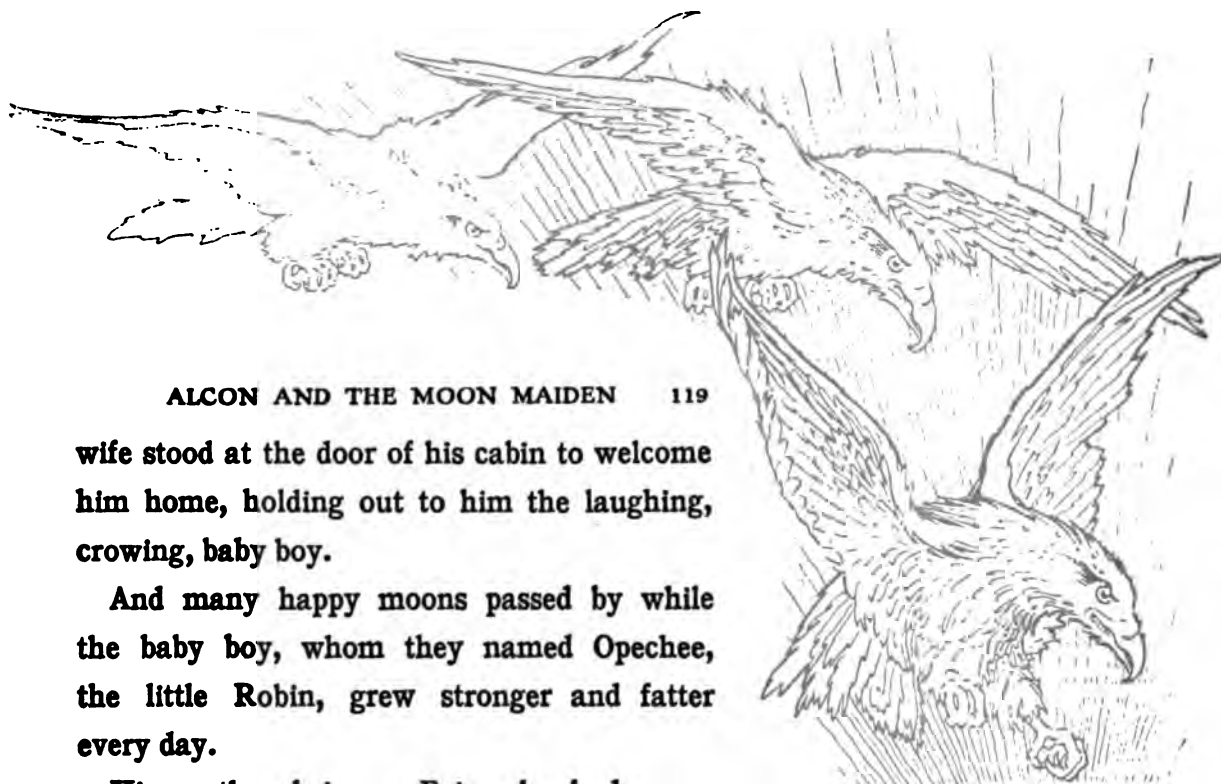
the woods, he saw Kakaik, the White Hawk, sitting on a branch above his head.

Now Alcon had not seen the White Hawk since the day when Kakaik had offered to help him find a bride; therefore, his heart overflowed, and words of gratitude and thankfulness came pouring forth from his lips like the waters of a mighty waterfall.

The White Hawk, however, listened gravely to what he had to say, and, when he had finished, the bird slowly shook his head.

"You do right, my son, to be grateful," he said, "but your thanks are offered too soon. You have indeed won a beautiful wife, but she is not yet wholly yours, as you will shortly find out," and with this ominous warning Kakaik flew away.

Alcon felt himself grow cold, when he heard the words of the White Hawk, and hurried back to his cabin, fearful that some harm might have befallen his wife and baby boy. To his great relief, however, all was well, and his



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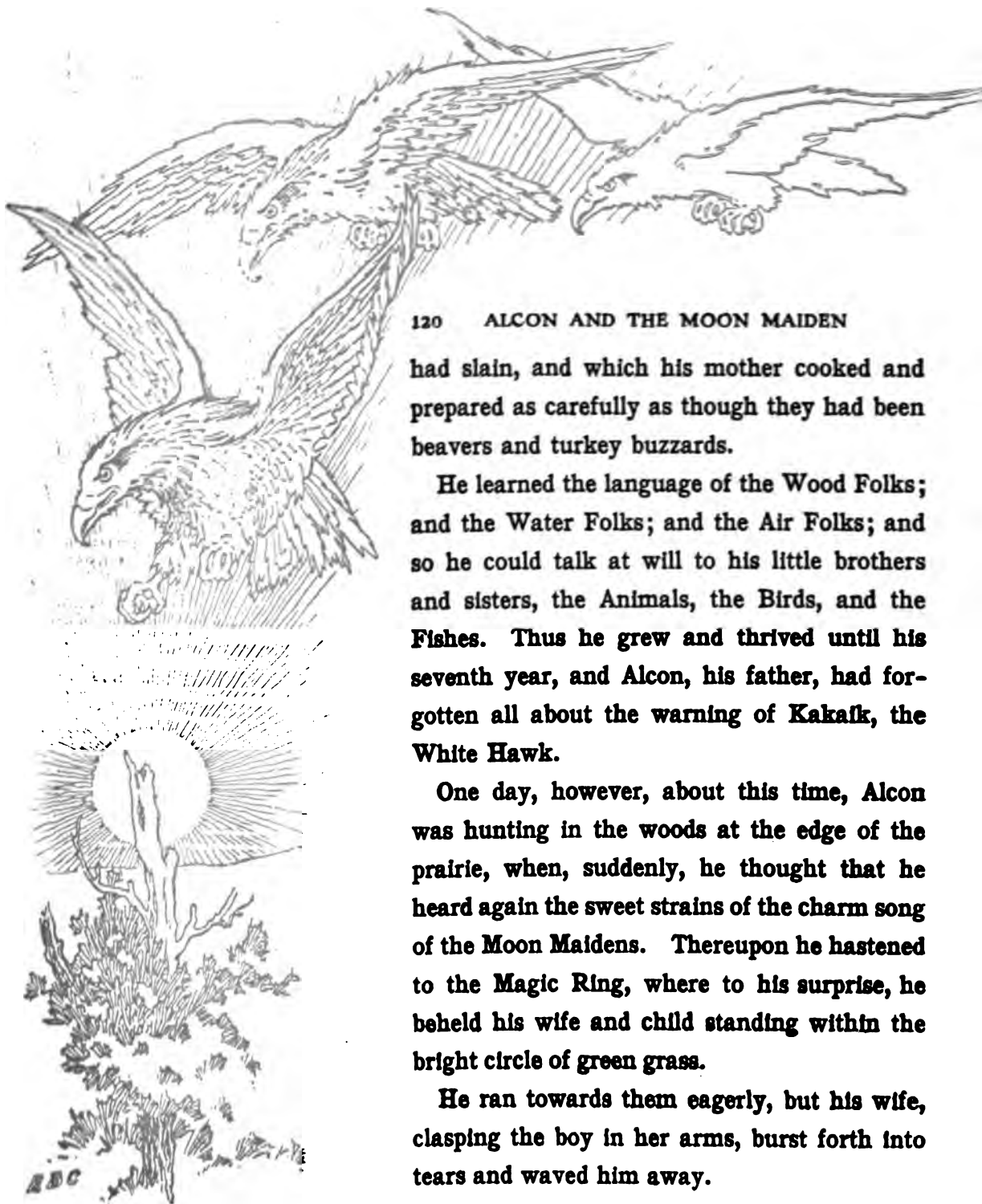
wife stood at the door of his cabin to welcome him home, holding out to him the laughing, crowing, baby boy.

And many happy moons passed by while the baby boy, whom they named Opechee, the little Robin, grew stronger and fatter every day.

His mother being a Fairy, he had many advantages which do not fall to the lot of other boys, for, when he was old enough to run alone, she charmed a tiny bow and arrow which his father made for him, so that he was always fortunate from the first in hitting everything at which he aimed. She also put magic upon the pretty clothes which she made for him so that while he wore them no living creature could do him harm.

Thus he went about fearlessly in the woods, but never far away from the cabin; happy, from morning till night, in pretending to be a great hunter like his father, and in bringing home chipmunks and small birds which he





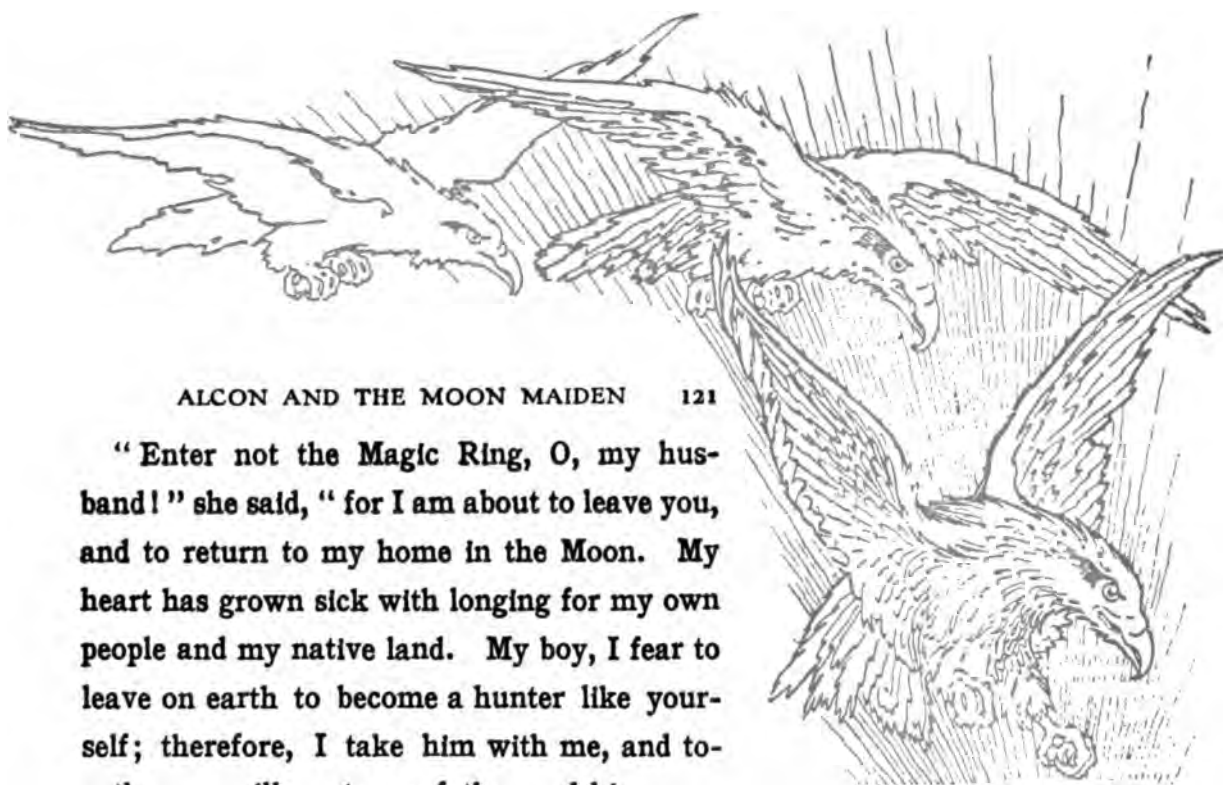
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had slain, and which his mother cooked and prepared as carefully as though they had been beavers and turkey buzzards.

He learned the language of the Wood Folks; and the Water Folks; and the Air Folks; and so he could talk at will to his little brothers and sisters, the Animals, the Birds, and the Fishes. Thus he grew and thrived until his seventh year, and Alcon, his father, had forgotten all about the warning of Kakask, the White Hawk.

One day, however, about this time, Alcon was hunting in the woods at the edge of the prairie, when, suddenly, he thought that he heard again the sweet strains of the charm song of the Moon Maidens. Thereupon he hastened to the Magic Ring, where to his surprise, he beheld his wife and child standing within the bright circle of green grass.

He ran towards them eagerly, but his wife, clasping the boy in her arms, burst forth into tears and waved him away.



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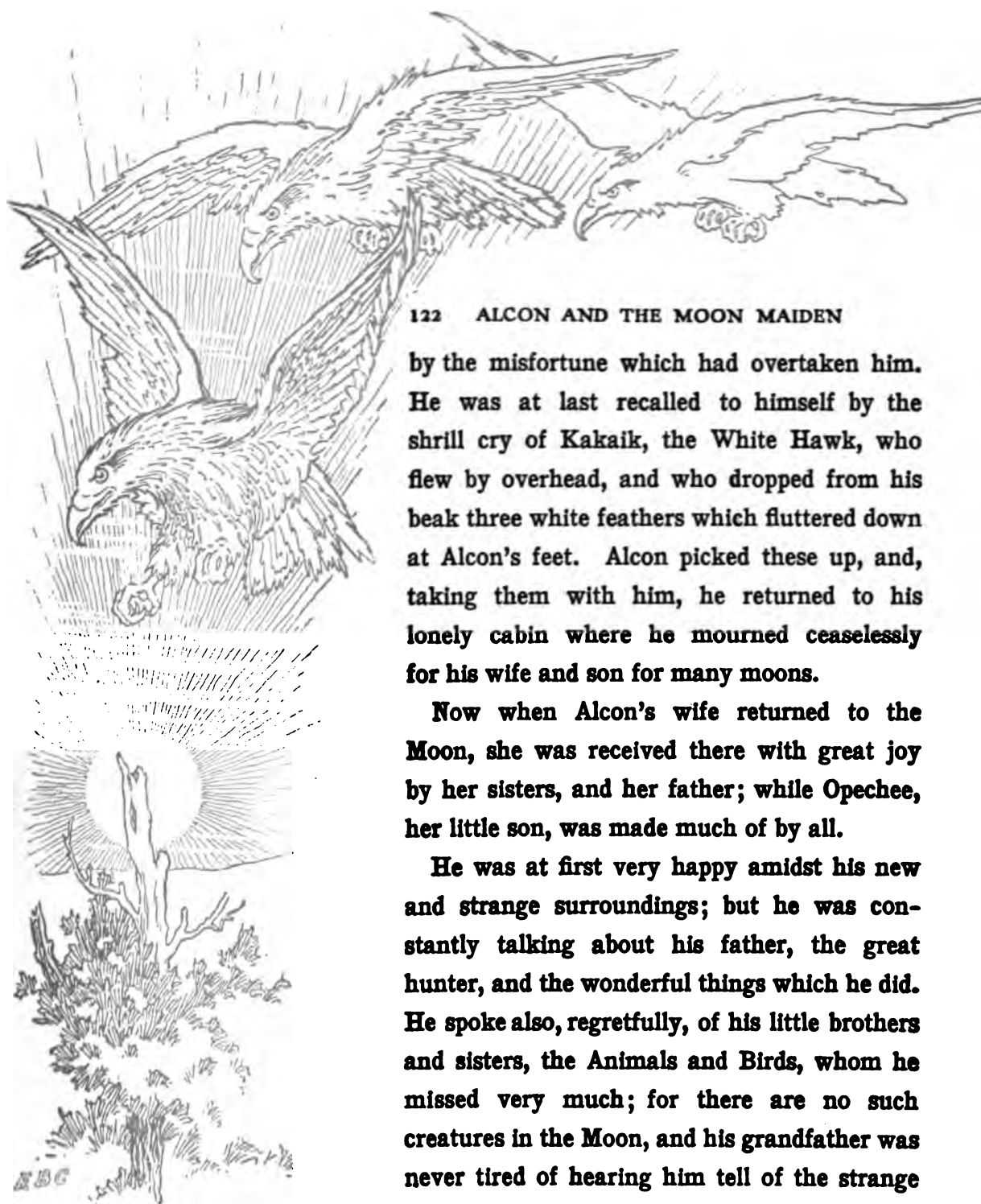
"Enter not the Magic Ring, O, my husband!" she said, "for I am about to leave you, and to return to my home in the Moon. My heart has grown sick with longing for my own people and my native land. My boy, I fear to leave on earth to become a hunter like yourself; therefore, I take him with me, and together we will go to my father and his country," and, beginning once more the charm song, a Leaf Chariot appeared, and in it, she and Opechee mounted into the air.

Alcon was distracted with grief, and fear, and begged and pleaded with his wife, that she would remain with him; but the charm song continued, and the Leaf Chariot slowly disappeared from his sight.

Alcon gazed sadly after it for a long time, believing that with it had vanished all his happiness and joy in this life.

Then, with a groan, he bowed his head to the ground, and for a long while he lay there in utter desolation and despair; overwhelmed





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by the misfortune which had overtaken him. He was at last recalled to himself by the shrill cry of Kakaik, the White Hawk, who flew by overhead, and who dropped from his beak three white feathers which fluttered down at Alcon's feet. Alcon picked these up, and, taking them with him, he returned to his lonely cabin where he mourned ceaselessly for his wife and son for many moons.

Now when Alcon's wife returned to the Moon, she was received there with great joy by her sisters, and her father; while Opechee, her little son, was made much of by all.

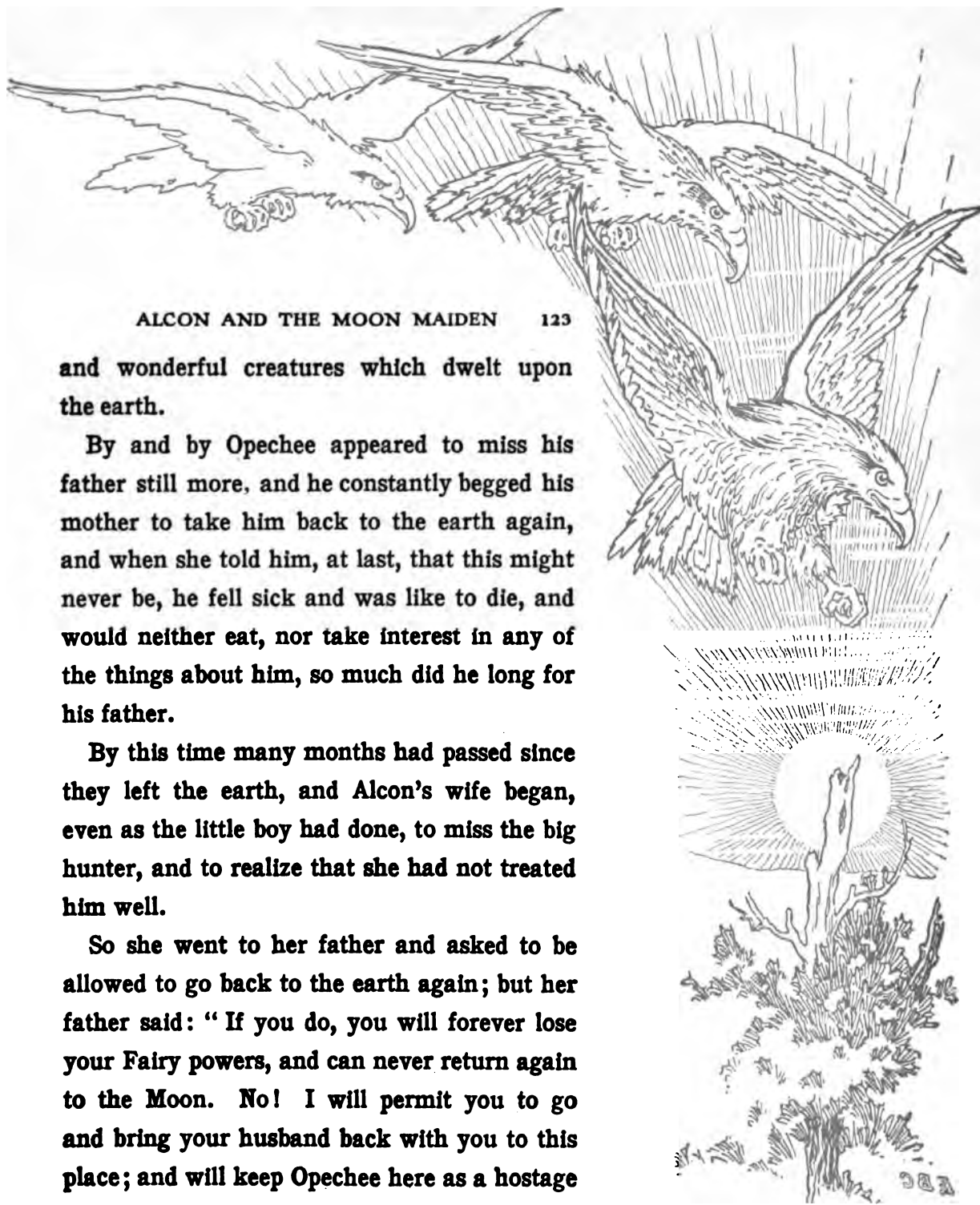
He was at first very happy amidst his new and strange surroundings; but he was constantly talking about his father, the great hunter, and the wonderful things which he did. He spoke also, regretfully, of his little brothers and sisters, the Animals and Birds, whom he missed very much; for there are no such creatures in the Moon, and his grandfather was never tired of hearing him tell of the strange

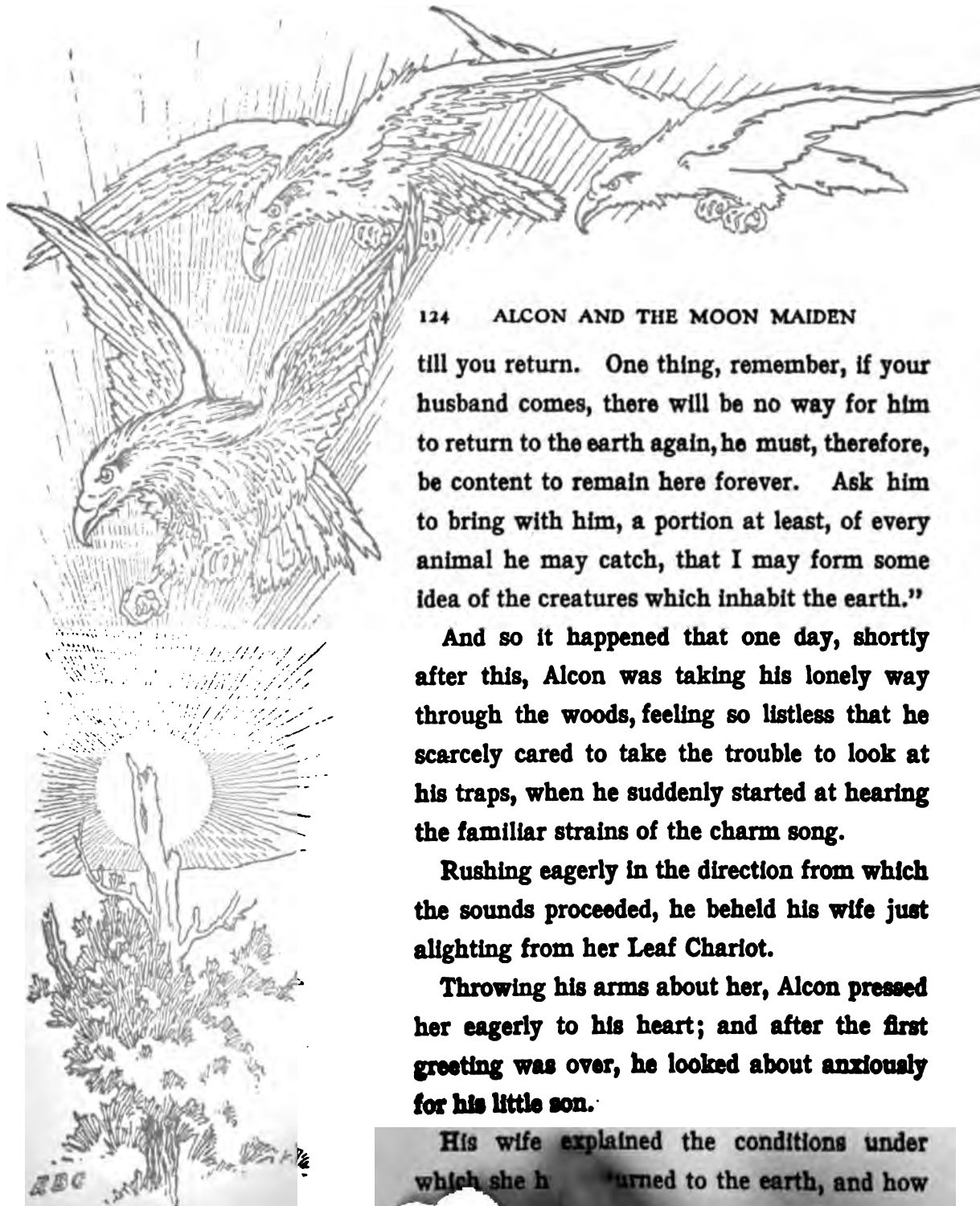
and wonderful creatures which dwelt upon the earth.

By and by Opechee appeared to miss his father still more, and he constantly begged his mother to take him back to the earth again, and when she told him, at last, that this might never be, he fell sick and was like to die, and would neither eat, nor take interest in any of the things about him, so much did he long for his father.

By this time many months had passed since they left the earth, and Alcon's wife began, even as the little boy had done, to miss the big hunter, and to realize that she had not treated him well.

So she went to her father and asked to be allowed to go back to the earth again; but her father said: "If you do, you will forever lose your Fairy powers, and can never return again to the Moon. No! I will permit you to go and bring your husband back with you to this place; and will keep Opechee here as a hostage





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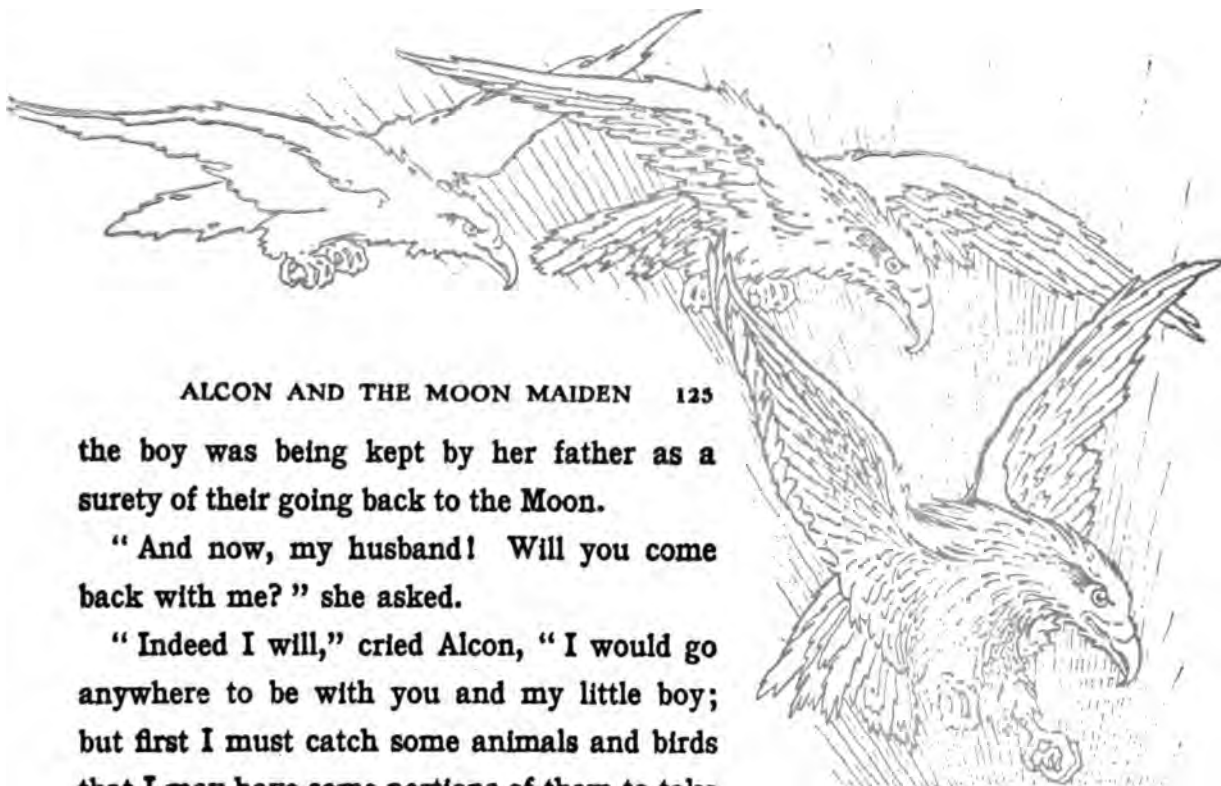
till you return. One thing, remember, if your husband comes, there will be no way for him to return to the earth again, he must, therefore, be content to remain here forever. Ask him to bring with him, a portion at least, of every animal he may catch, that I may form some idea of the creatures which inhabit the earth."

And so it happened that one day, shortly after this, Alcon was taking his lonely way through the woods, feeling so listless that he scarcely cared to take the trouble to look at his traps, when he suddenly started at hearing the familiar strains of the charm song.

Rushing eagerly in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, he beheld his wife just alighting from her Leaf Chariot.

Throwing his arms about her, Alcon pressed her eagerly to his heart; and after the first greeting was over, he looked about anxiously for his little son.

His wife explained the conditions under which she had returned to the earth, and how



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the boy was being kept by her father as a surety of their going back to the Moon.

"And now, my husband! Will you come back with me?" she asked.

"Indeed I will," cried Alcon, "I would go anywhere to be with you and my little boy; but first I must catch some animals and birds that I may have some portions of them to take to your father, as he desired. Rest, therefore, in my cabin for a week, and then we will together return to the Moon, and to your father."

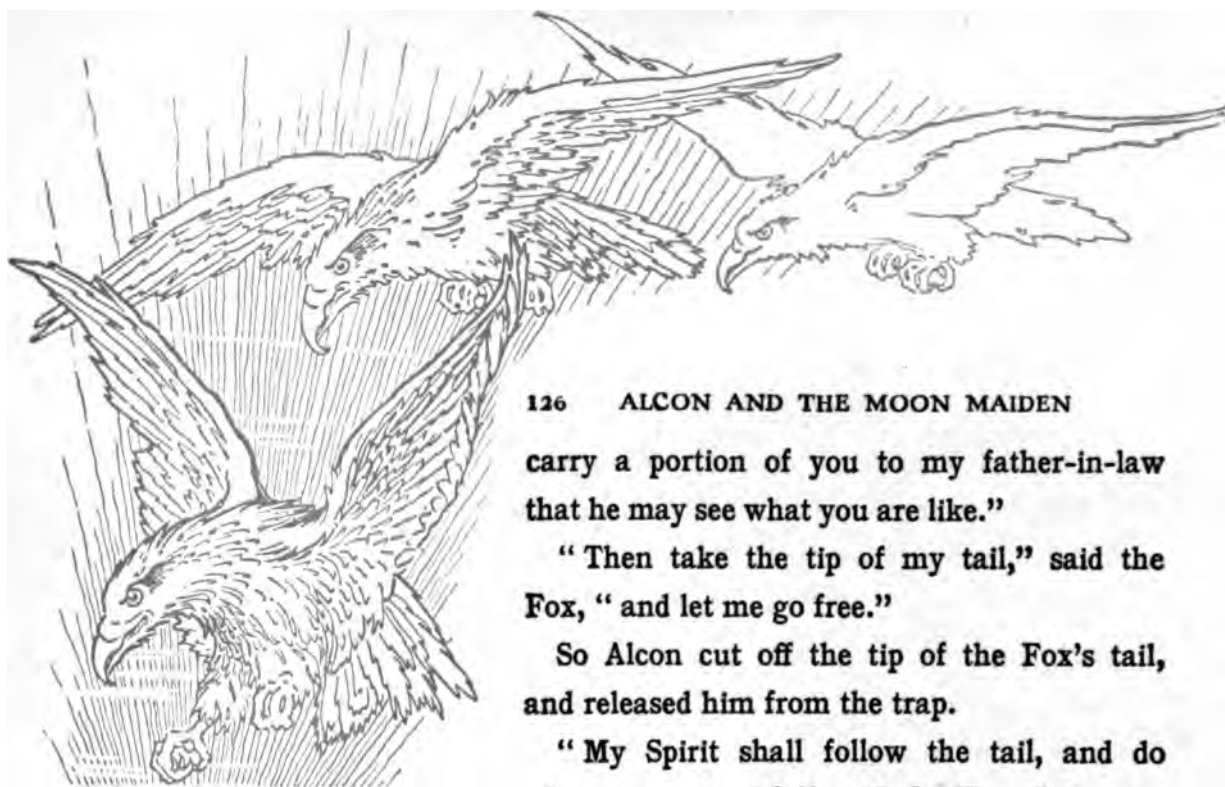
And Alcon's wife was content to do as he said, and were very happy in each other's company.

The next day Alcon set out with his bow and arrow seeking rare and curious animals to take back with him to the Moon.

And first he visited his snares and traps.

In the first of them he found a Fox caught, who, when he saw Alcon said, "O mighty hunter! I pray you spare my life!" but Alcon answered, "Nay! that I may not do, for I must





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carry a portion of you to my father-in-law that he may see what you are like."

"Then take the tip of my tail," said the Fox, "and let me go free."

So Alcon cut off the tip of the Fox's tail, and released him from the trap.

"My Spirit shall follow the tail, and do whatever you wish," said the Fox, "for you are a good man, and have spared my life."

In the next trap Alcon found that he had a Bear, and the Bear said:—

"Big Brother Alcon! Spare my life!"

And Alcon explained how that might not be since he had to take a portion of every creature to his father-in-law.

"Cut off one of my claws, and take that," said the Bear.

So Alcon cut off a claw and let the Bear go.

And the Bear said, "My Spirit shall go with the claw, and do whatever you wish; for you are a good man, and have spared my life."

And Alcon looked up and saw a Turkey

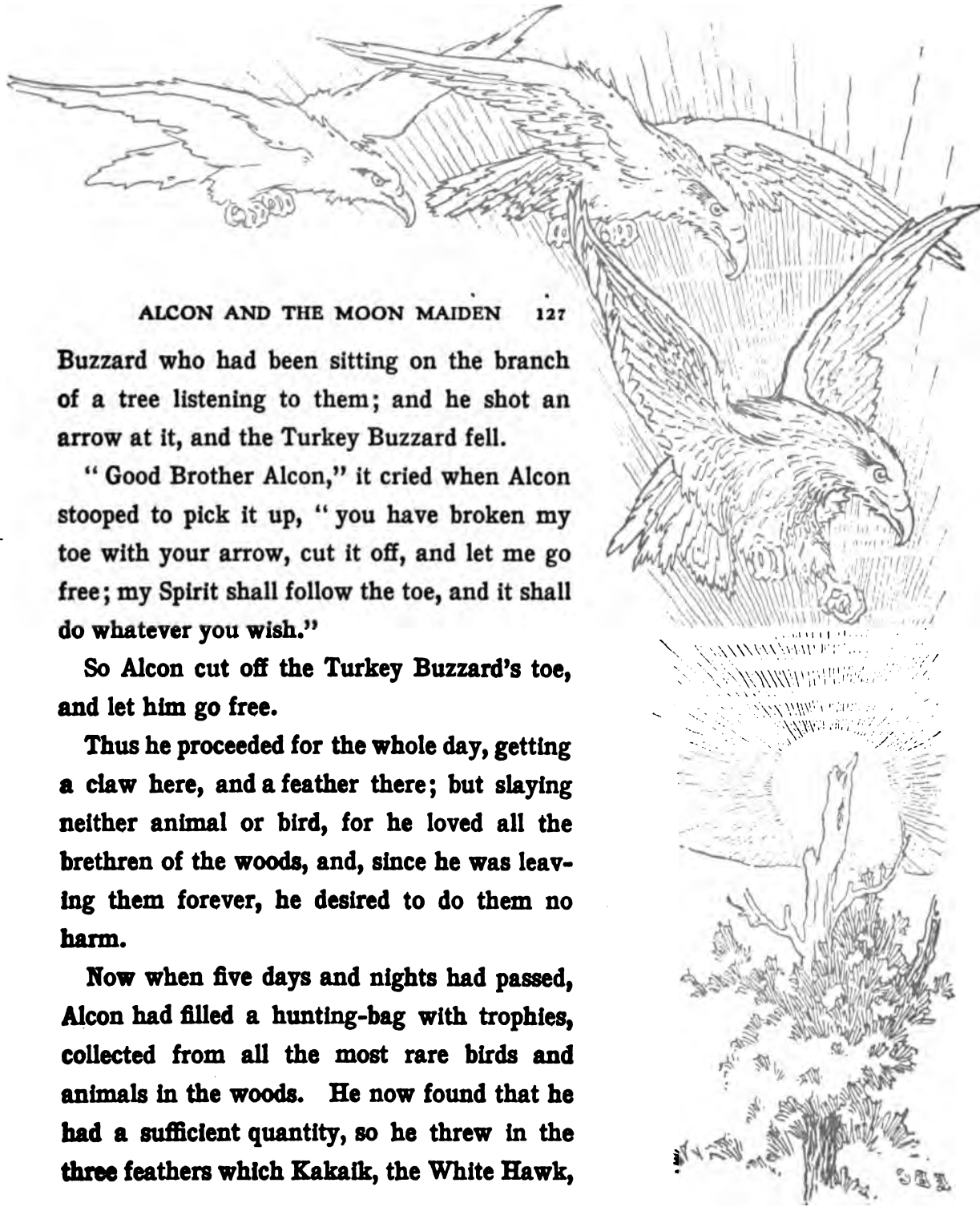
Buzzard who had been sitting on the branch of a tree listening to them; and he shot an arrow at it, and the Turkey Buzzard fell.

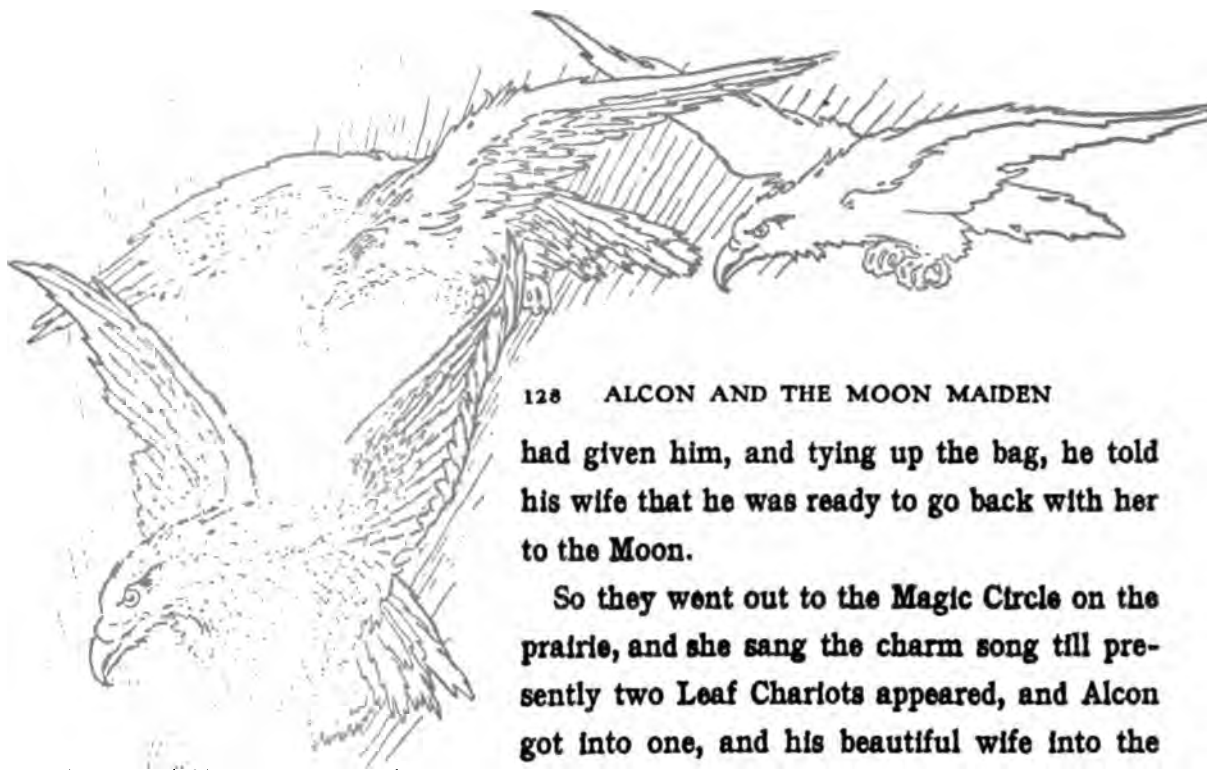
"Good Brother Alcon," it cried when Alcon stooped to pick it up, "you have broken my toe with your arrow, cut it off, and let me go free; my Spirit shall follow the toe, and it shall do whatever you wish."

So Alcon cut off the Turkey Buzzard's toe, and let him go free.

Thus he proceeded for the whole day, getting a claw here, and a feather there; but slaying neither animal or bird, for he loved all the brethren of the woods, and, since he was leaving them forever, he desired to do them no harm.

Now when five days and nights had passed, Alcon had filled a hunting-bag with trophies, collected from all the most rare birds and animals in the woods. He now found that he had a sufficient quantity, so he threw in the three feathers which Kakaik, the White Hawk,





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had given him, and tying up the bag, he told his wife that he was ready to go back with her to the Moon.

So they went out to the Magic Circle on the prairie, and she sang the charm song till presently two Leaf Chariots appeared, and Alcon got into one, and his beautiful wife into the other, and the butterflies drew them up, and further up, while all the Spirits of the Woods, and of the Rivers, and of the Air cried aloud:—
“Alcon, mighty hunter! Greatest and best of thy tribe! Come back to us! Return!”

And presently the sound of their voices was heard no more; and Alcon and his wife floated upward till they reached the Moon.

Here they met with a mighty welcome, and Alcon's father-in-law gave a great feast in his honor. Opechee clung about his father's neck, and would not leave him.

Now when the feast was over, Alcon opened his hunting-bag, and brought forth the trophies from the woods; and he took the Bear's claw

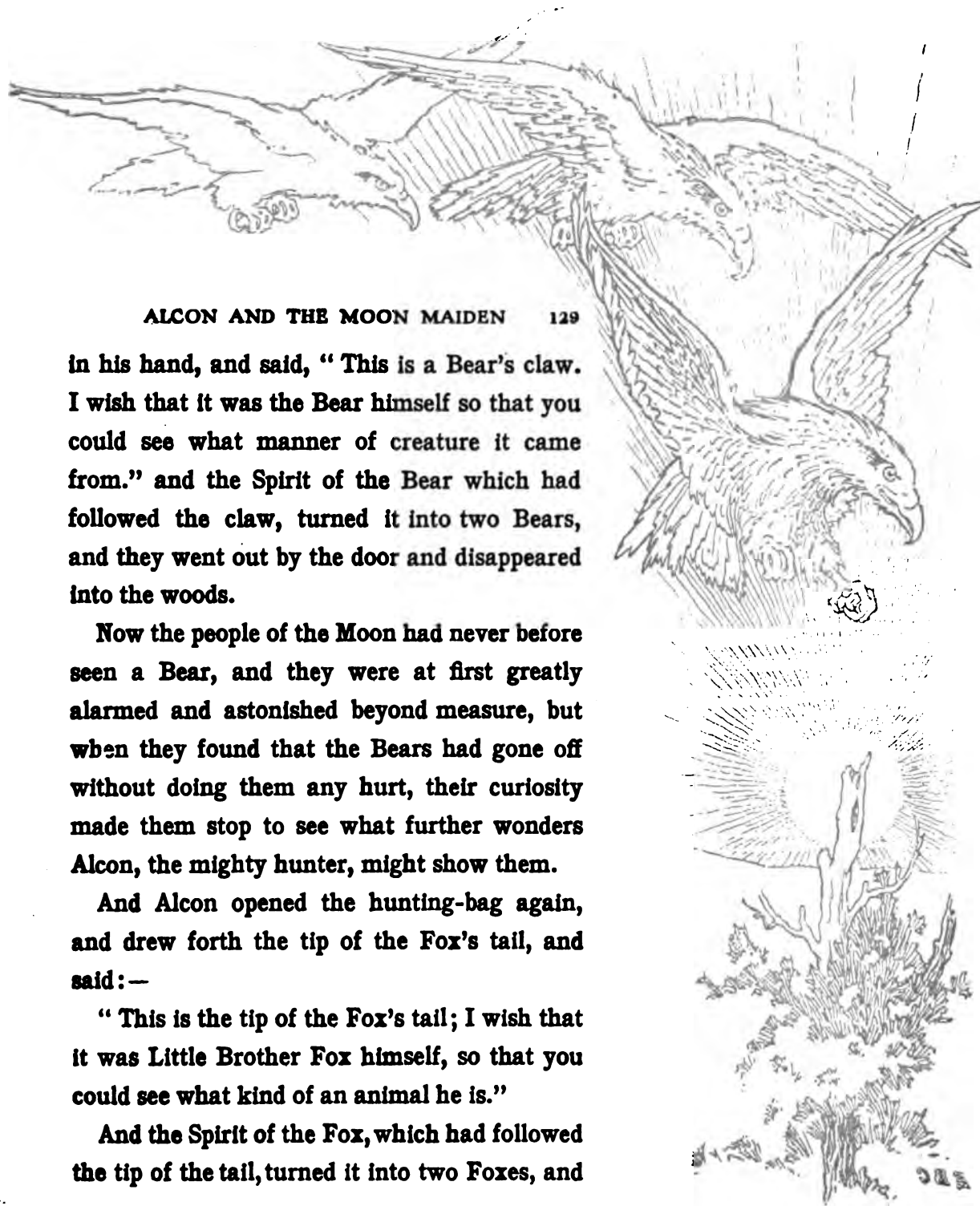
in his hand, and said, "This is a Bear's claw. I wish that it was the Bear himself so that you could see what manner of creature it came from." and the Spirit of the Bear which had followed the claw, turned it into two Bears, and they went out by the door and disappeared into the woods.

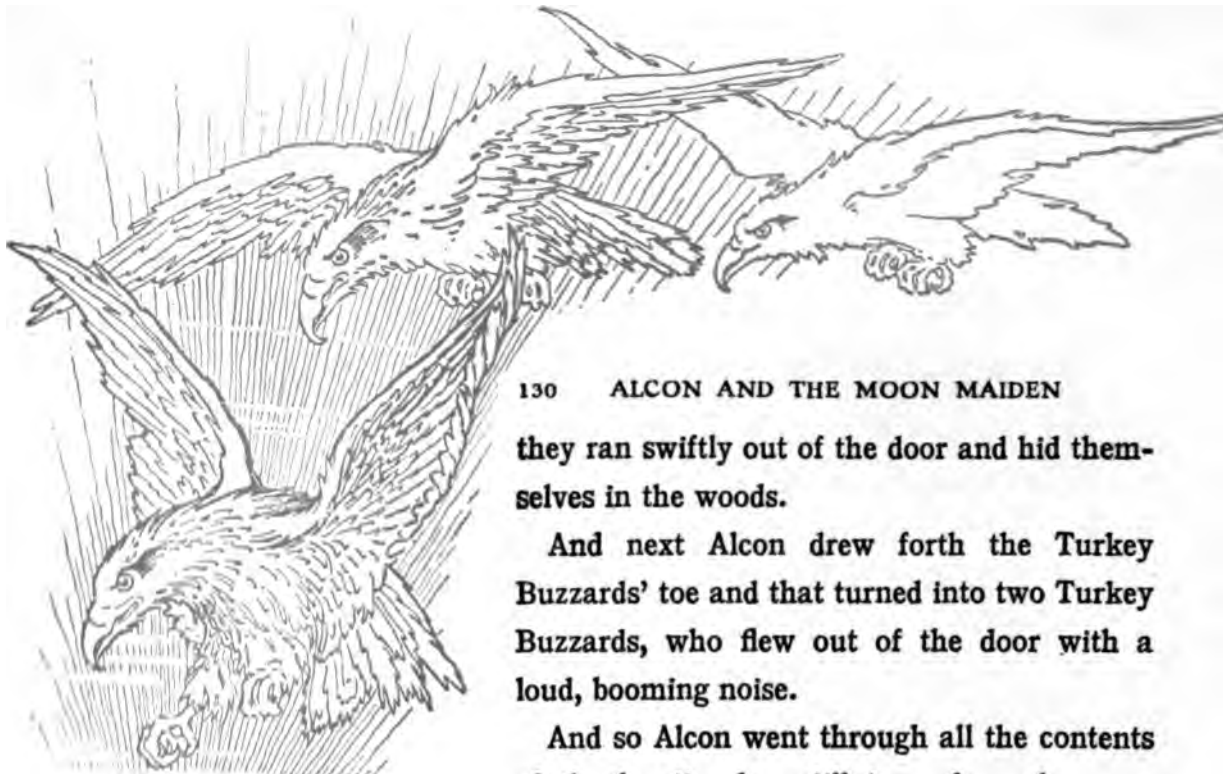
Now the people of the Moon had never before seen a Bear, and they were at first greatly alarmed and astonished beyond measure, but when they found that the Bears had gone off without doing them any hurt, their curiosity made them stop to see what further wonders Alcon, the mighty hunter, might show them.

And Alcon opened the hunting-bag again, and drew forth the tip of the Fox's tail, and said:—

"This is the tip of the Fox's tail; I wish that it was Little Brother Fox himself, so that you could see what kind of an animal he is."

And the Spirit of the Fox, which had followed the tip of the tail, turned it into two Foxes, and





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they ran swiftly out of the door and hid themselves in the woods.

And next Alcon drew forth the Turkey Buzzards' toe and that turned into two Turkey Buzzards, who flew out of the door with a loud, booming noise.

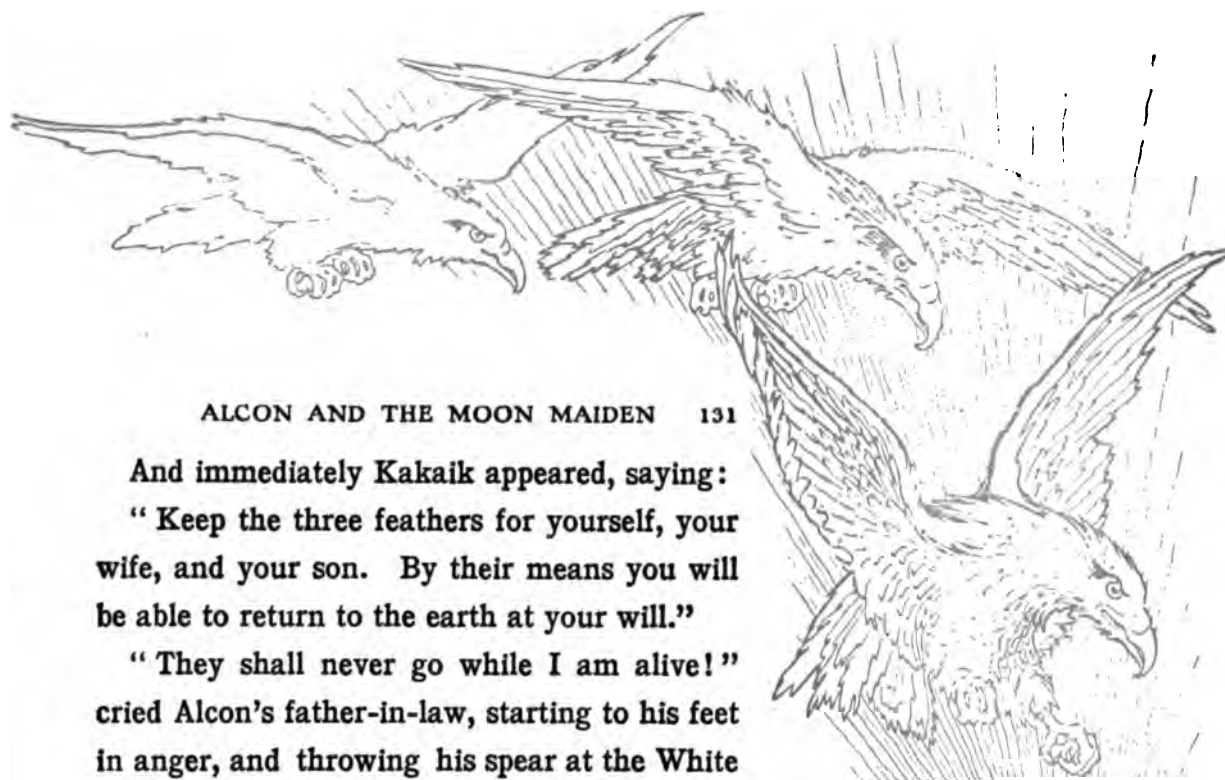
And so Alcon went through all the contents of the hunting-bag, till two of nearly every creature of the earth had been let loose in the woods of the Moon, to breed and multiply.

And Alcon's father-in-law was very pleased with him, and treated him with great honor before all the company.

Now when the guests had departed, Alcon drew forth the three feathers which Kakaik, the White Hawk, had given to him and which still remained at the bottom of the hunting-bag, and said;—

"These three feathers are those of Kakaik, the White Hawk, who is my guardian Spirit, I wish that he was here so that you could see what he is like."





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And immediately Kakaik appeared, saying:

"Keep the three feathers for yourself, your wife, and your son. By their means you will be able to return to the earth at your will."

"They shall never go while I am alive!" cried Alcon's father-in-law, starting to his feet in anger, and throwing his spear at the White Hawk.

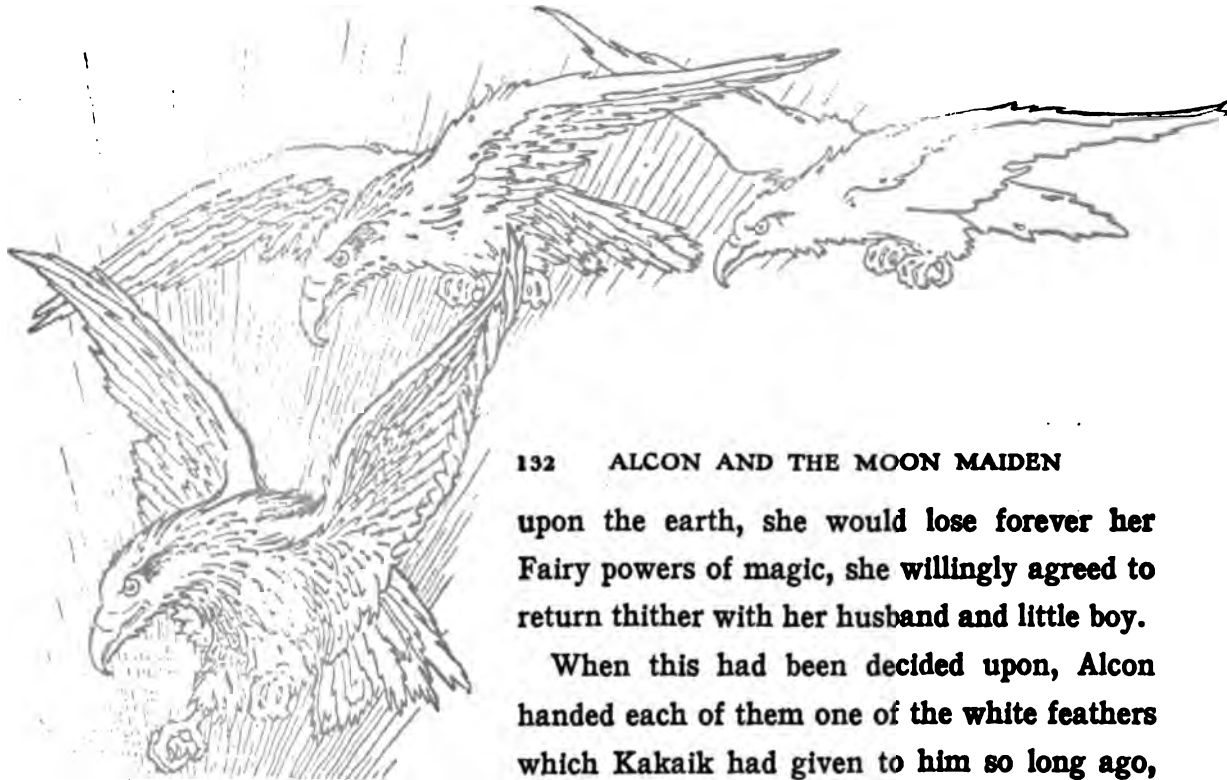
"Let it be as the old man wishes," said Kakaik, and he vanished from their sight.

Alcon spoke soothing words to his father-in-law, and to comfort him, promised that he would never leave the Moon while the old man lived.

And neither did he, although he often longed for the familiar woods and rivers of the earth, and wished that he and his son were able to revisit the snares and traps which remained in their old places.

But when very many days had passed, the old man of the Moon died, and although Alcon's wife knew that if she once more set her feet



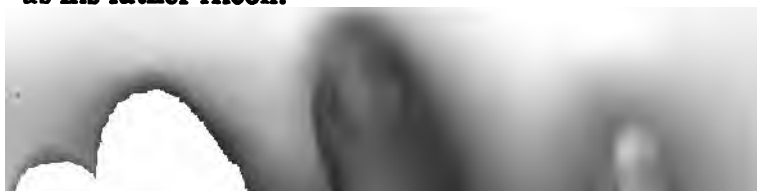


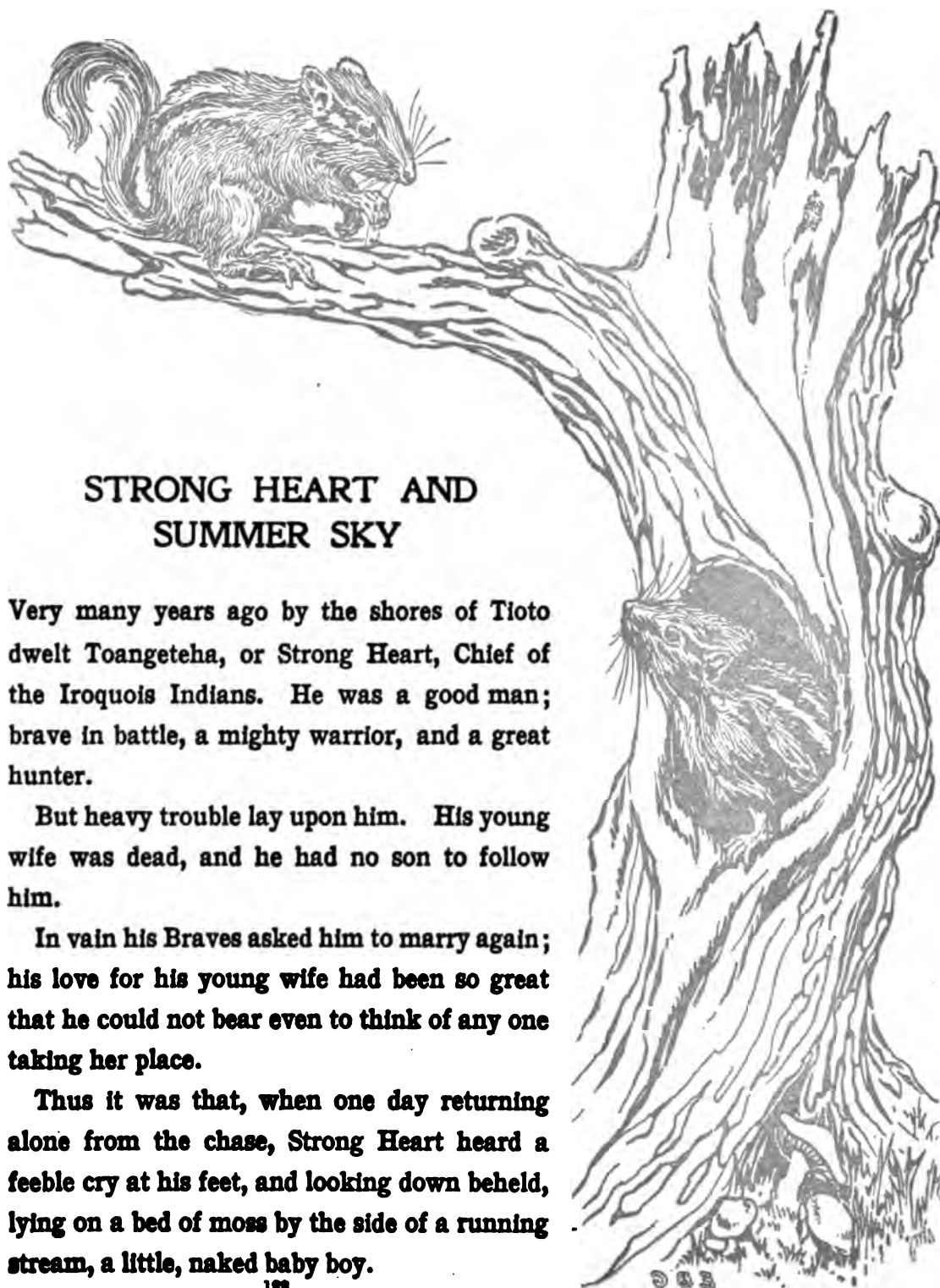
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upon the earth, she would lose forever her Fairy powers of magic, she willingly agreed to return thither with her husband and little boy.

When this had been decided upon, Alcon handed each of them one of the white feathers which Kakaik had given to him so long ago, and he kept one for himself.

Then he called upon Kakaik to help him, and the feathers which they held, acted as a charm and turned each one of them into a White Hawk. Thus they were able to fly easily back to the earth, and when they touched the ground, instantly they returned to their proper form again. Although the Moon Maiden had lost forever her Fairy power, the three lived happily for many years, Opechee becoming, when he grew up, as great a hunter as his father Alcon.





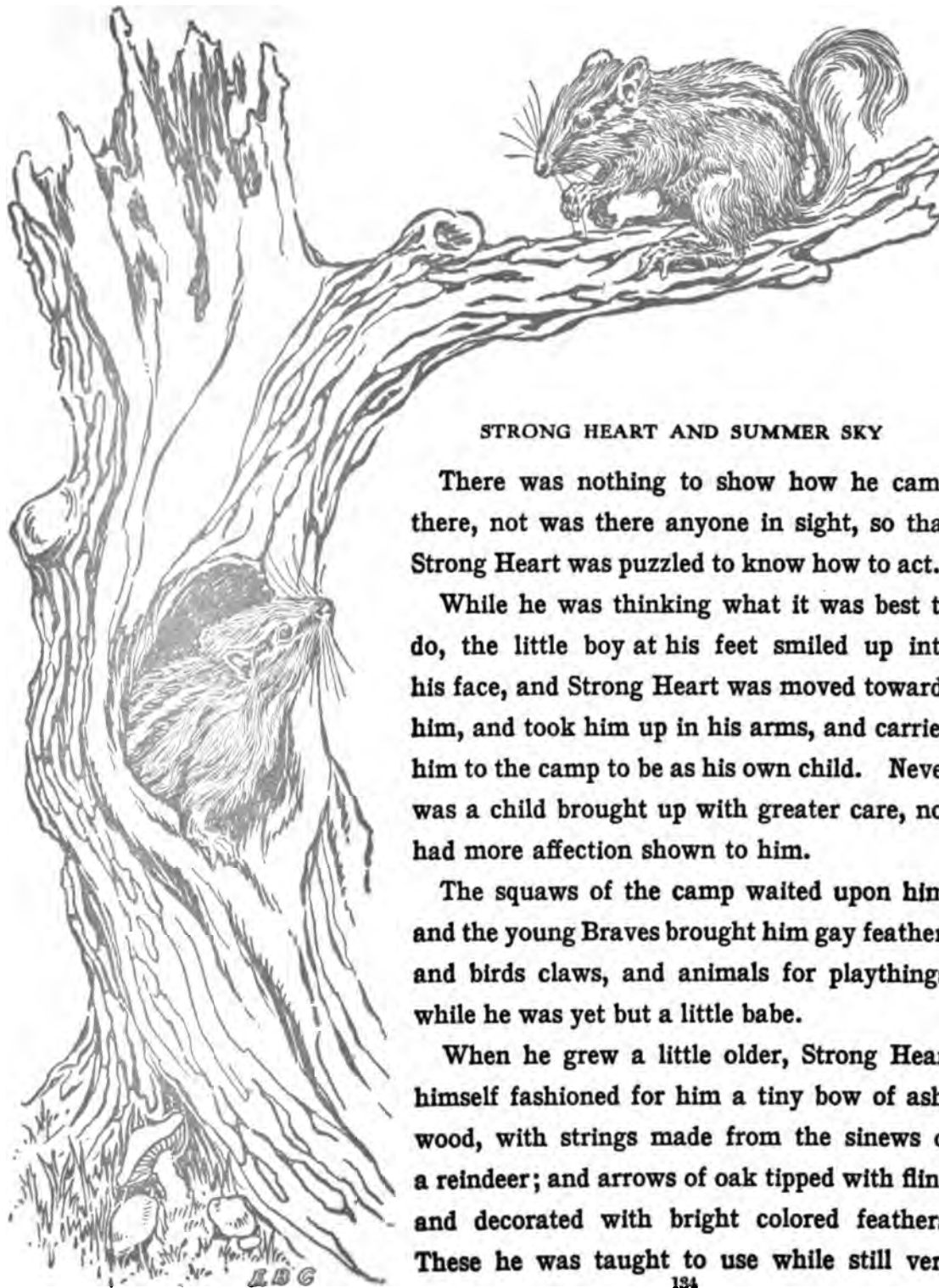
STRONG HEART AND SUMMER SKY

Very many years ago by the shores of Tioto dwelt Toangeteha, or Strong Heart, Chief of the Iroquois Indians. He was a good man; brave in battle, a mighty warrior, and a great hunter.

But heavy trouble lay upon him. His young wife was dead, and he had no son to follow him.

In vain his Braves asked him to marry again; his love for his young wife had been so great that he could not bear even to think of any one taking her place.

Thus it was that, when one day returning alone from the chase, Strong Heart heard a feeble cry at his feet, and looking down beheld, lying on a bed of moss by the side of a running stream, a little, naked baby boy.



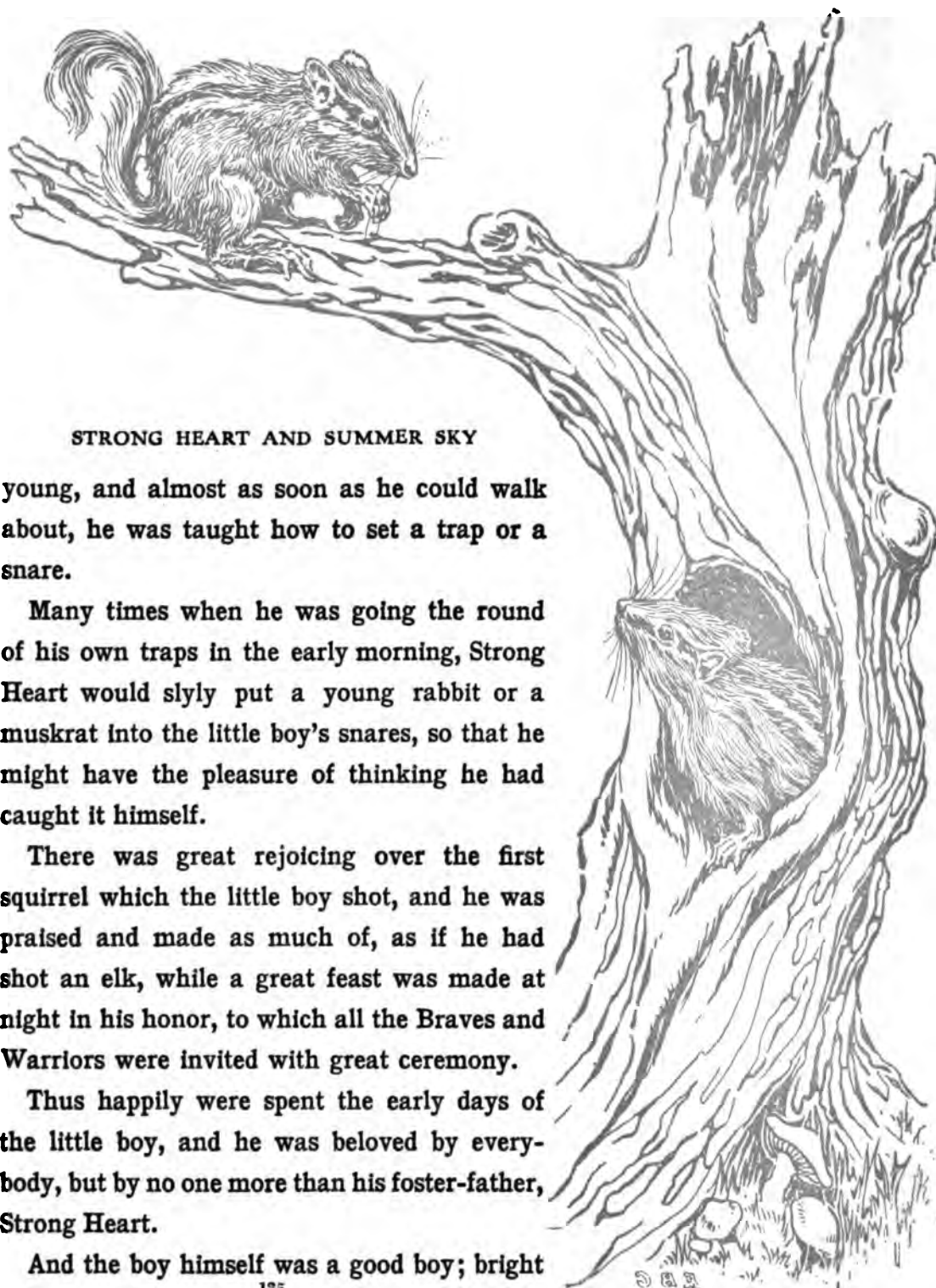
STRONG HEART AND SUMMER SKY

There was nothing to show how he came there, not was there anyone in sight, so that Strong Heart was puzzled to know how to act.

While he was thinking what it was best to do, the little boy at his feet smiled up into his face, and Strong Heart was moved towards him, and took him up in his arms, and carried him to the camp to be as his own child. Never was a child brought up with greater care, nor had more affection shown to him.

The squaws of the camp waited upon him, and the young Braves brought him gay feathers and birds claws, and animals for playthings, while he was yet but a little babe.

When he grew a little older, Strong Heart himself fashioned for him a tiny bow of ash-wood, with strings made from the sinews of a reindeer; and arrows of oak tipped with flint, and decorated with bright colored feathers. These he was taught to use while still very



STRONG HEART AND SUMMER SKY

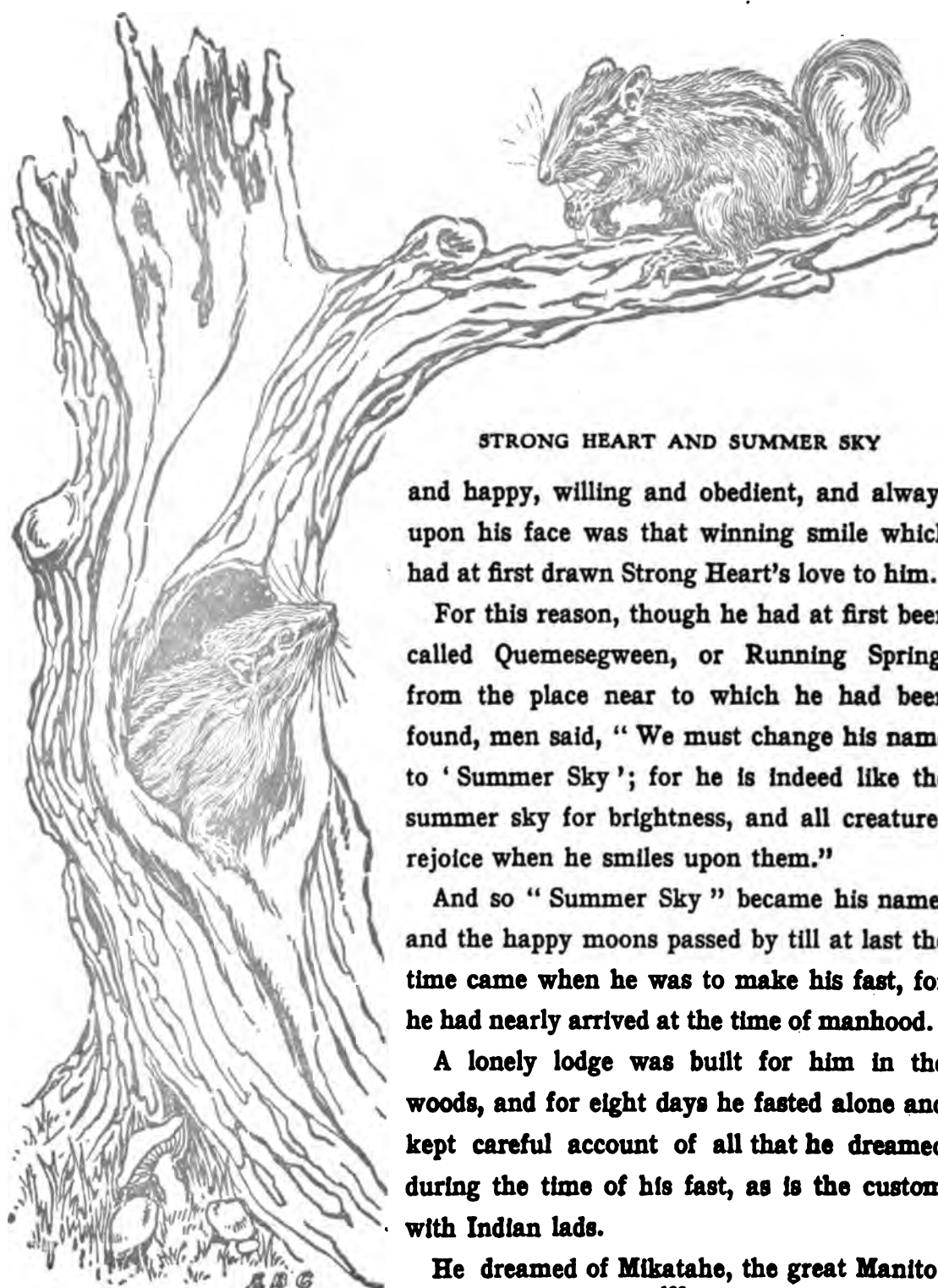
young, and almost as soon as he could walk about, he was taught how to set a trap or a snare.

Many times when he was going the round of his own traps in the early morning, Strong Heart would slyly put a young rabbit or a muskrat into the little boy's snares, so that he might have the pleasure of thinking he had caught it himself.

There was great rejoicing over the first squirrel which the little boy shot, and he was praised and made as much of, as if he had shot an elk, while a great feast was made at night in his honor, to which all the Braves and Warriors were invited with great ceremony.

Thus happily were spent the early days of the little boy, and he was beloved by everybody, but by no one more than his foster-father, Strong Heart.

And the boy himself was a good boy; bright



STRONG HEART AND SUMMER SKY

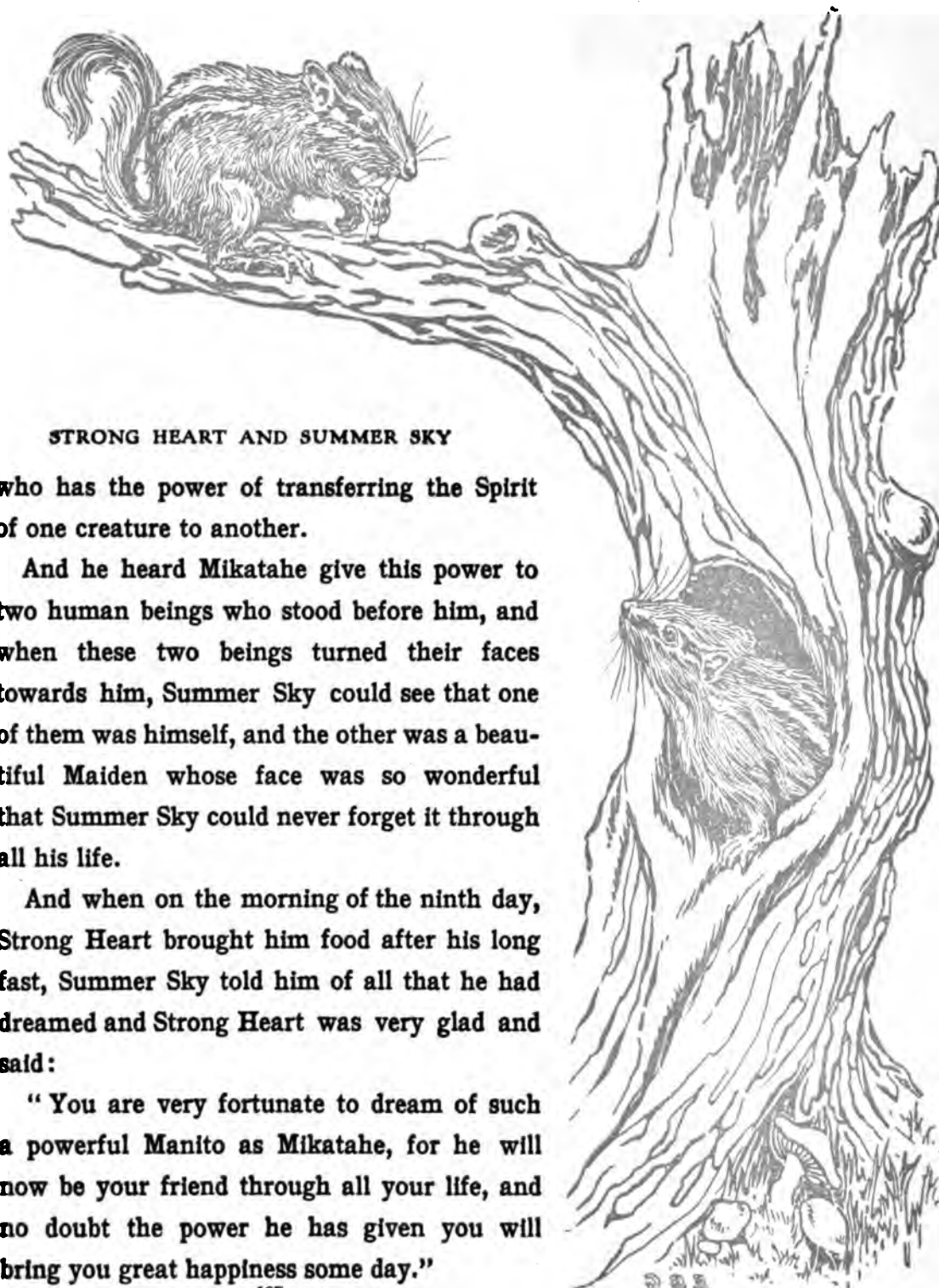
and happy, willing and obedient, and always upon his face was that winning smile which had at first drawn Strong Heart's love to him.

For this reason, though he had at first been called Quemesegween, or Running Spring, from the place near to which he had been found, men said, "We must change his name to 'Summer Sky'; for he is indeed like the summer sky for brightness, and all creatures rejoice when he smiles upon them."

And so "Summer Sky" became his name, and the happy moons passed by till at last the time came when he was to make his fast, for he had nearly arrived at the time of manhood.

A lonely lodge was built for him in the woods, and for eight days he fasted alone and kept careful account of all that he dreamed during the time of his fast, as is the custom with Indian lads.

He dreamed of Mikatahe, the great Manito,



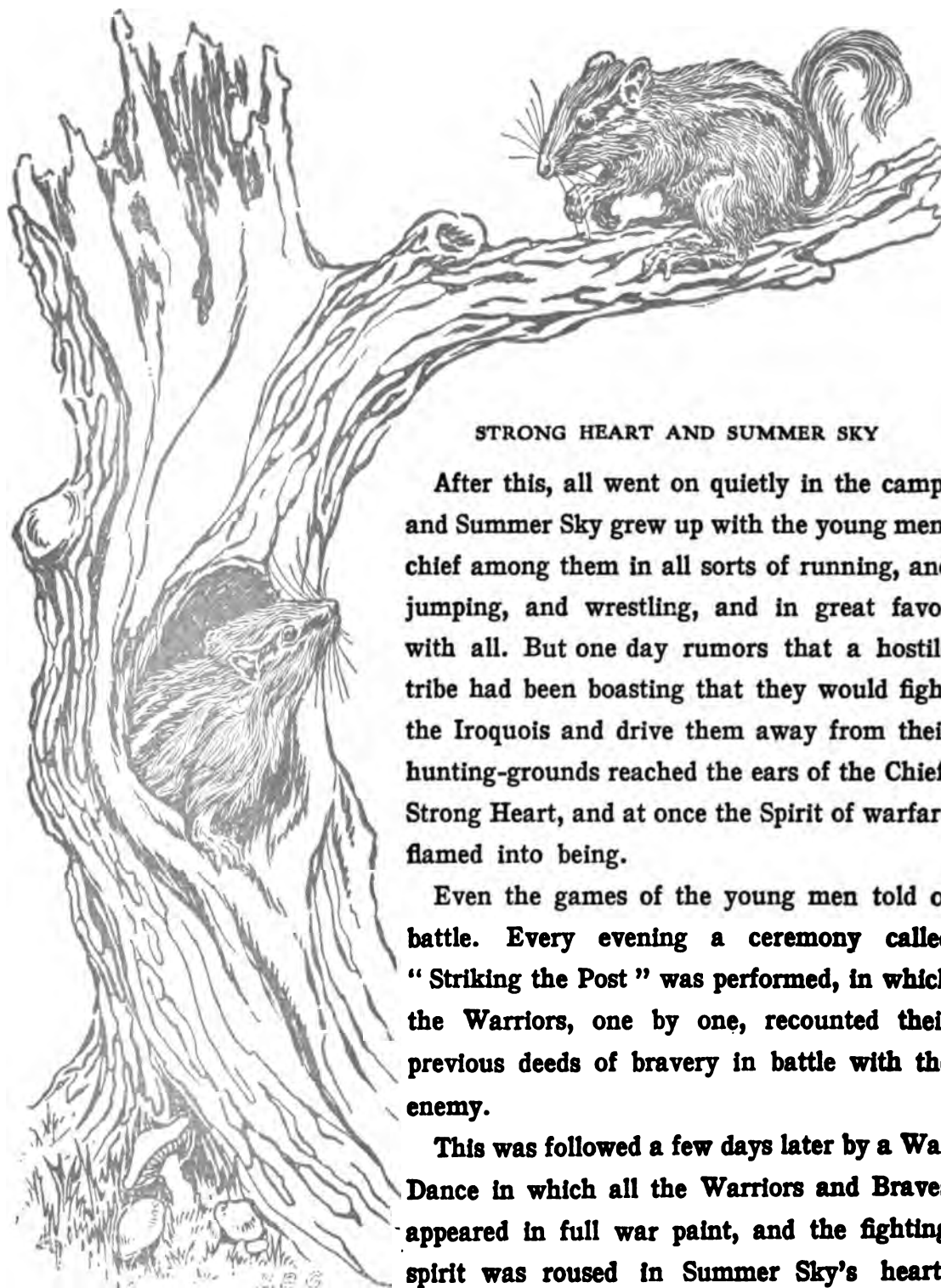
STRONG HEART AND SUMMER SKY

who has the power of transferring the Spirit of one creature to another.

And he heard Mikatahe give this power to two human beings who stood before him, and when these two beings turned their faces towards him, Summer Sky could see that one of them was himself, and the other was a beautiful Maiden whose face was so wonderful that Summer Sky could never forget it through all his life.

And when on the morning of the ninth day, Strong Heart brought him food after his long fast, Summer Sky told him of all that he had dreamed and Strong Heart was very glad and said:

"You are very fortunate to dream of such a powerful Manito as Mikatahe, for he will now be your friend through all your life, and no doubt the power he has given you will bring you great happiness some day."

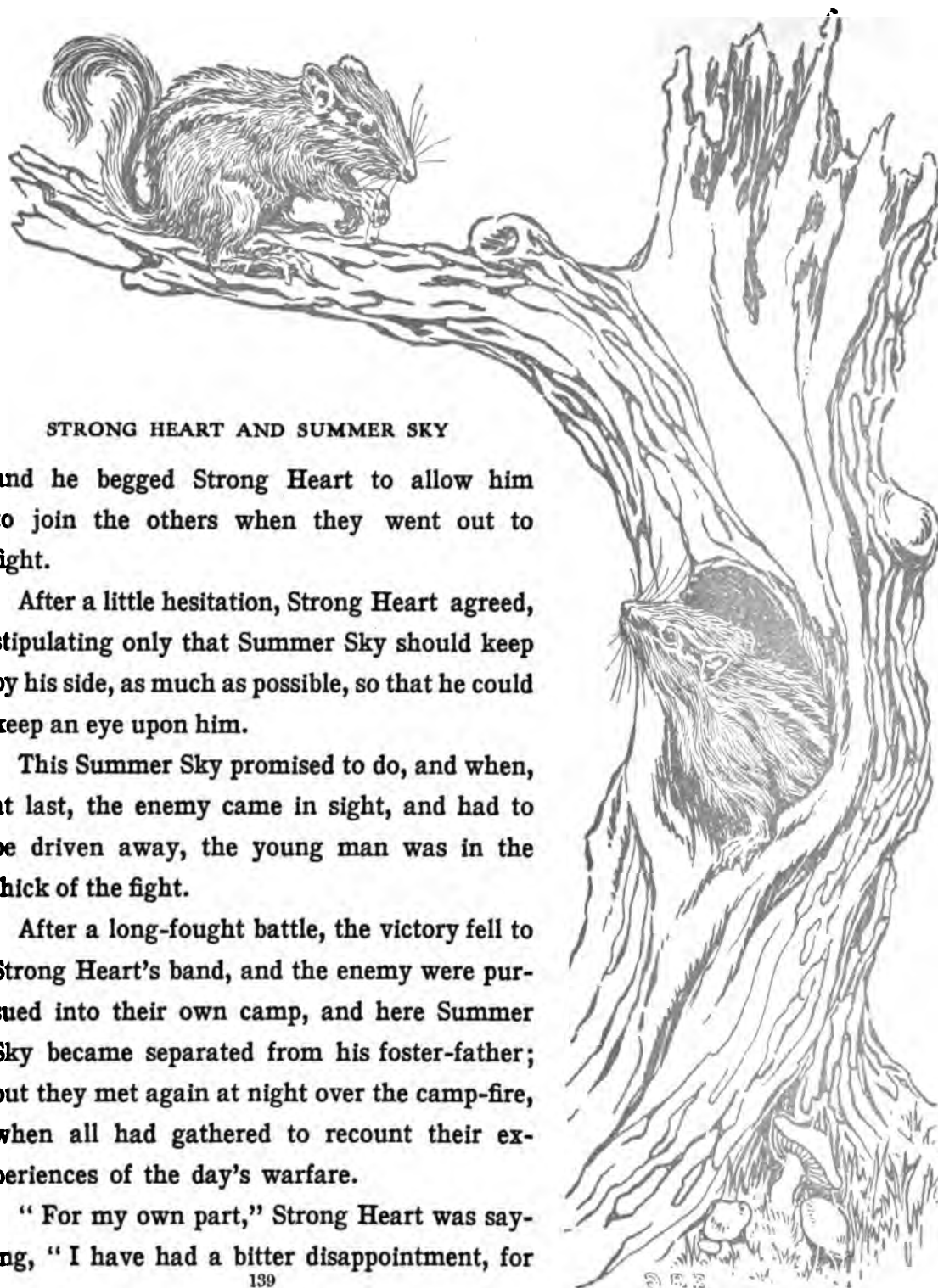


STRONG HEART AND SUMMER SKY

After this, all went on quietly in the camp, and Summer Sky grew up with the young men, chief among them in all sorts of running, and jumping, and wrestling, and in great favor with all. But one day rumors that a hostile tribe had been boasting that they would fight the Iroquois and drive them away from their hunting-grounds reached the ears of the Chief, Strong Heart, and at once the Spirit of warfare flamed into being.

Even the games of the young men told of battle. Every evening a ceremony called "Striking the Post" was performed, in which the Warriors, one by one, recounted their previous deeds of bravery in battle with the enemy.

This was followed a few days later by a War Dance in which all the Warriors and Braves appeared in full war paint, and the fighting spirit was roused in Summer Sky's heart,



STRONG HEART AND SUMMER SKY

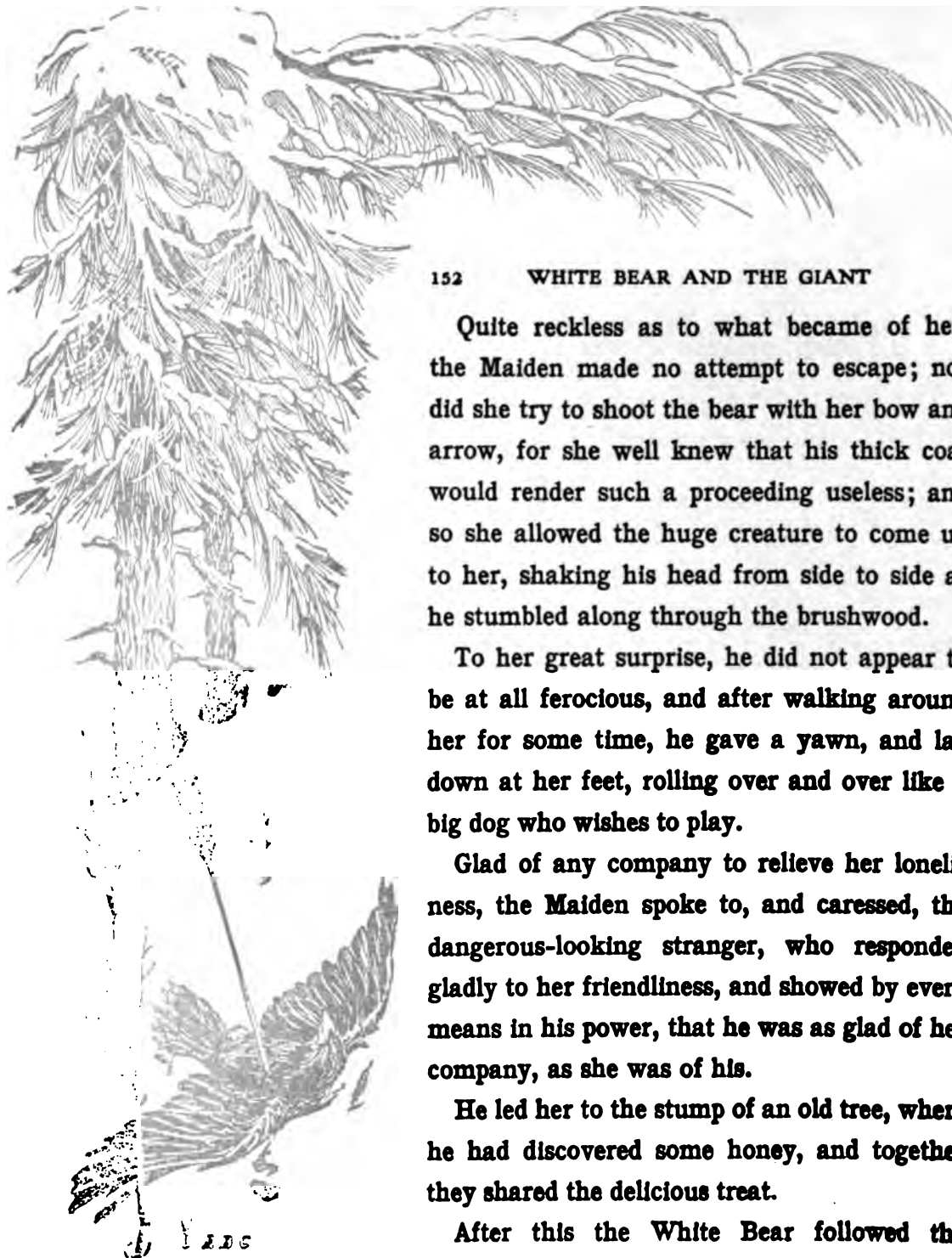
and he begged Strong Heart to allow him to join the others when they went out to fight.

After a little hesitation, Strong Heart agreed, stipulating only that Summer Sky should keep by his side, as much as possible, so that he could keep an eye upon him.

This Summer Sky promised to do, and when, at last, the enemy came in sight, and had to be driven away, the young man was in the thick of the fight.

After a long-fought battle, the victory fell to Strong Heart's band, and the enemy were pursued into their own camp, and here Summer Sky became separated from his foster-father; but they met again at night over the camp-fire, when all had gathered to recount their experiences of the day's warfare.

"For my own part," Strong Heart was saying, "I have had a bitter disappointment, for



Quite reckless as to what became of her, the Maiden made no attempt to escape; nor did she try to shoot the bear with her bow and arrow, for she well knew that his thick coat would render such a proceeding useless; and so she allowed the huge creature to come up to her, shaking his head from side to side as he stumbled along through the brushwood.

To her great surprise, he did not appear to be at all ferocious, and after walking around her for some time, he gave a yawn, and lay down at her feet, rolling over and over like a big dog who wishes to play.

Glad of any company to relieve her loneliness, the Maiden spoke to, and caressed, the dangerous-looking stranger, who responded gladly to her friendliness, and showed by every means in his power, that he was as glad of her company, as she was of his.

He led her to the stump of an old tree, where he had discovered some honey, and together they shared the delicious treat.

After this the White Bear followed the

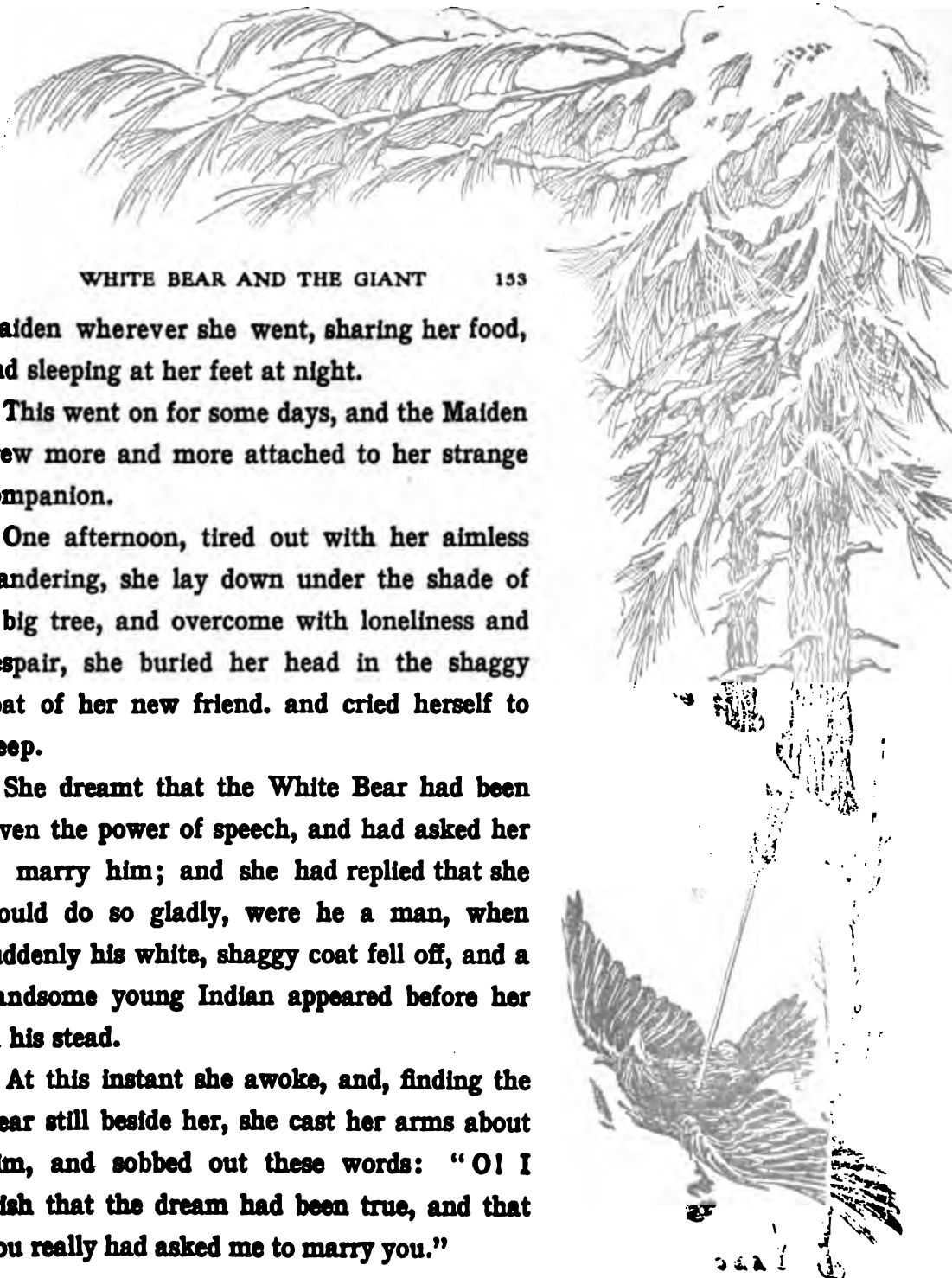
Maiden wherever she went, sharing her food, and sleeping at her feet at night.

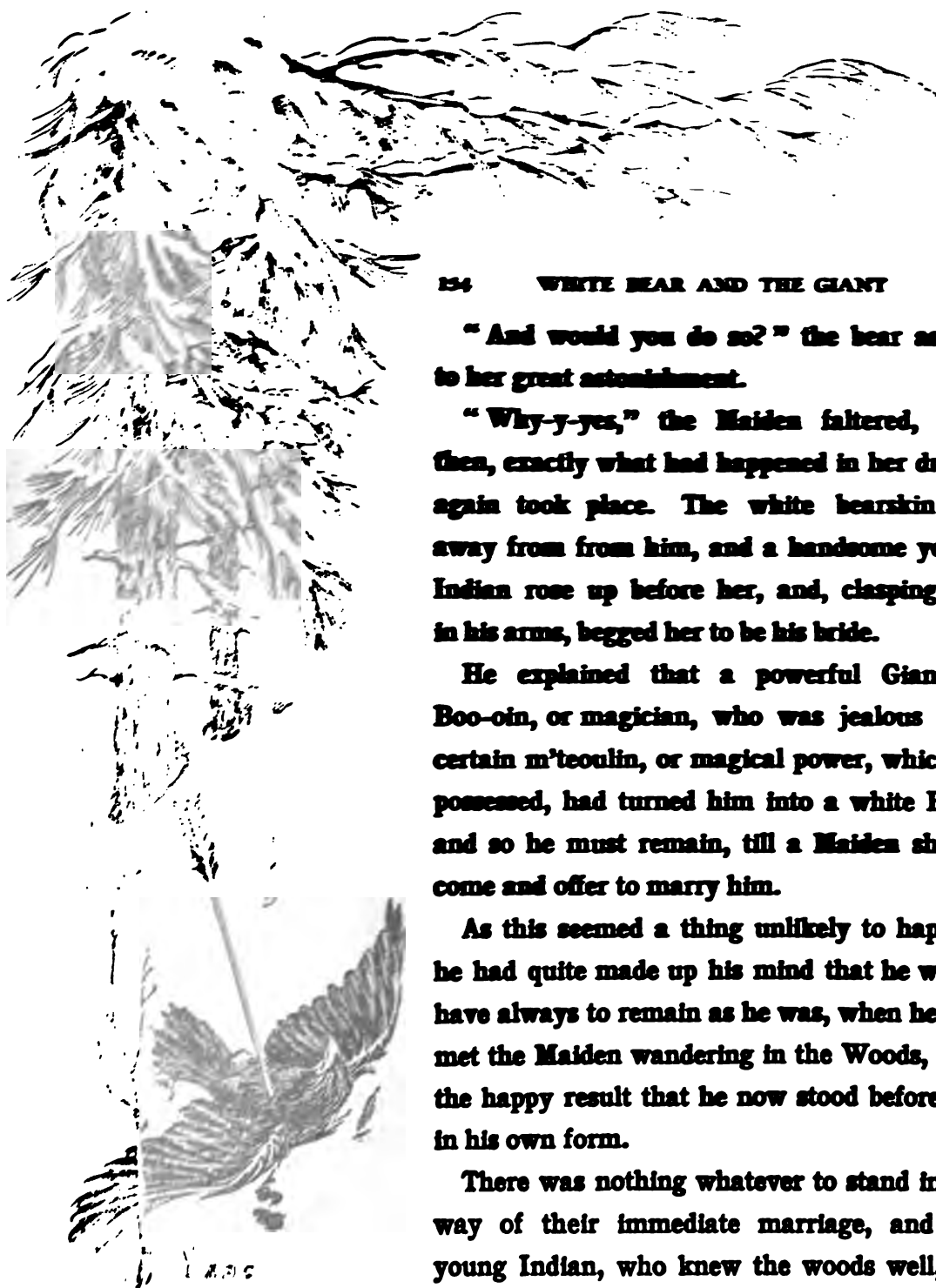
This went on for some days, and the Maiden grew more and more attached to her strange companion.

One afternoon, tired out with her aimless wandering, she lay down under the shade of a big tree, and overcome with loneliness and despair, she buried her head in the shaggy coat of her new friend. and cried herself to sleep.

She dreamt that the White Bear had been given the power of speech, and had asked her to marry him; and she had replied that she would do so gladly, were he a man, when suddenly his white, shaggy coat fell off, and a handsome young Indian appeared before her in his stead.

At this instant she awoke, and, finding the Bear still beside her, she cast her arms about him, and sobbed out these words: "O! I wish that the dream had been true, and that you really had asked me to marry you."





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"And would you do so?" the bear asked, to her great astonishment.

"Why-y-yes," the Maiden faltered, and, then, exactly what had happened in her dream again took place. The white bearskin fell away from from him, and a handsome young Indian rose up before her, and, clasping her in his arms, begged her to be his bride.

He explained that a powerful Giant, a Boo-oin, or magician, who was jealous of a certain m'teoulin, or magical power, which he possessed, had turned him into a white Bear, and so he must remain, till a Maiden should come and offer to marry him.

As this seemed a thing unlikely to happen, he had quite made up his mind that he would have always to remain as he was, when he had met the Maiden wandering in the Woods, with the happy result that he now stood before her in his own form.

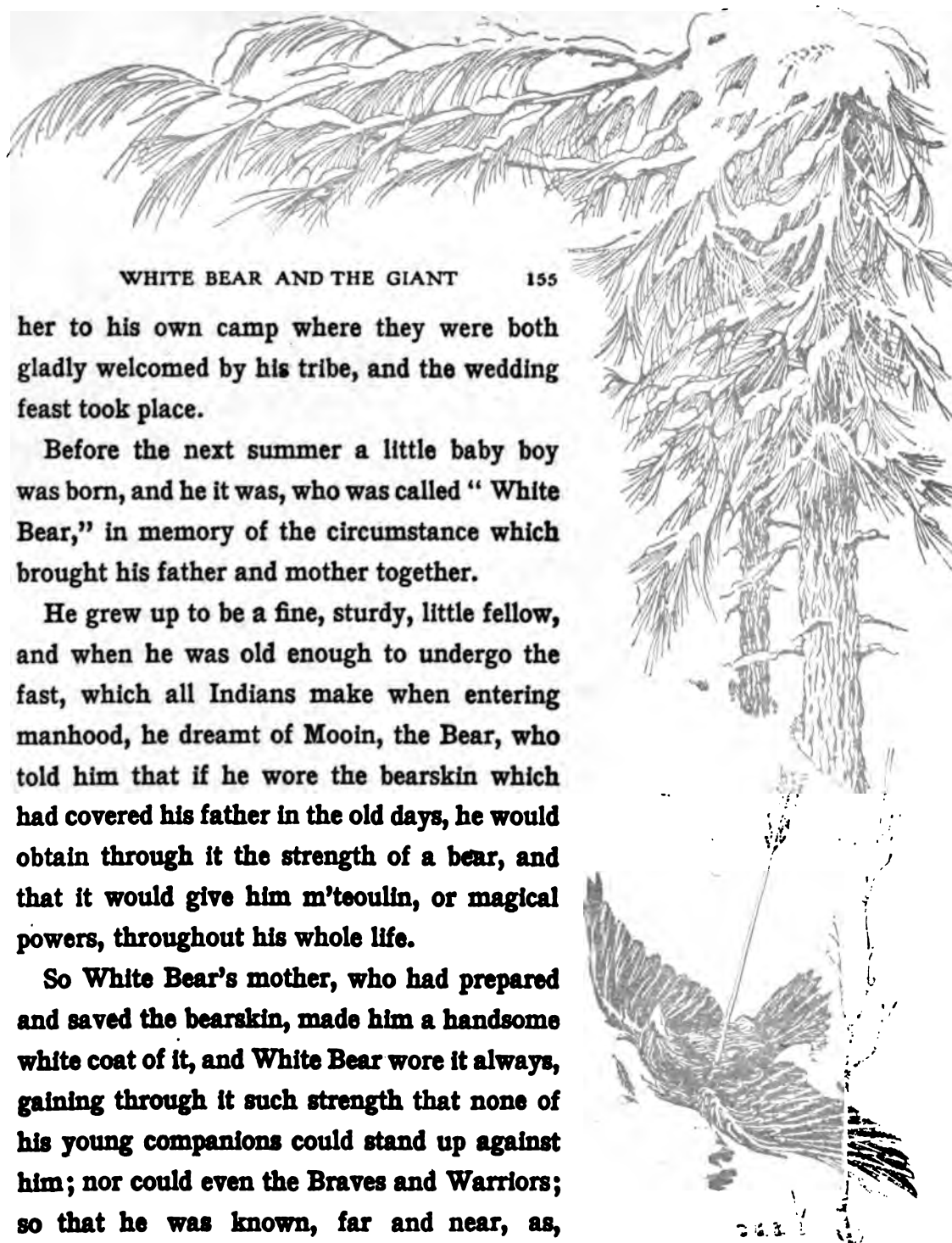
There was nothing whatever to stand in the way of their immediate marriage, and the young Indian, who knew the woods well, led

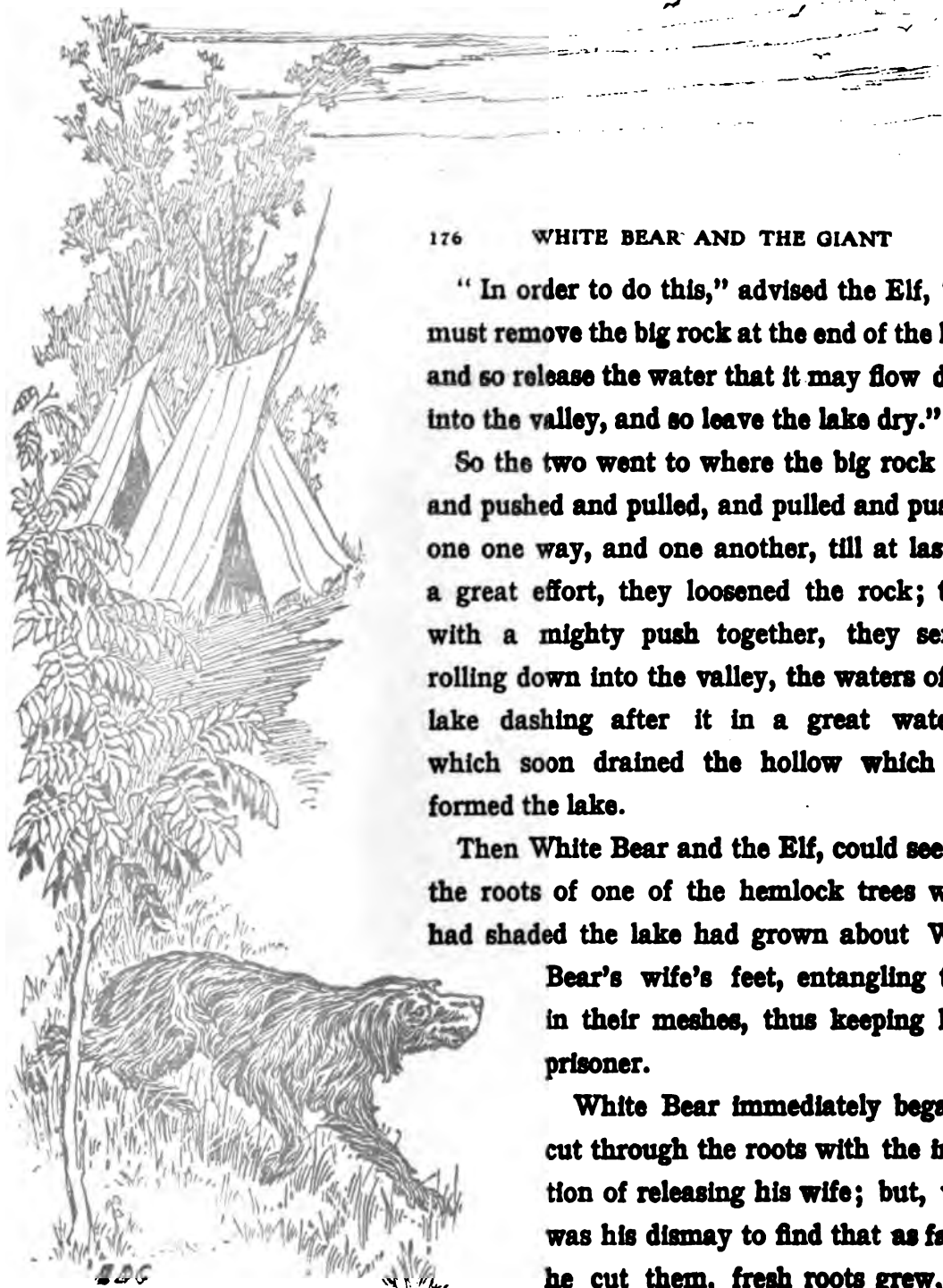
her to his own camp where they were both gladly welcomed by his tribe, and the wedding feast took place.

Before the next summer a little baby boy was born, and he it was, who was called "White Bear," in memory of the circumstance which brought his father and mother together.

He grew up to be a fine, sturdy, little fellow, and when he was old enough to undergo the fast, which all Indians make when entering manhood, he dreamt of Mooin, the Bear, who told him that if he wore the bearskin which had covered his father in the old days, he would obtain through it the strength of a bear, and that it would give him m'teoulin, or magical powers, throughout his whole life.

So White Bear's mother, who had prepared and saved the bearskin, made him a handsome white coat of it, and White Bear wore it always, gaining through it such strength that none of his young companions could stand up against him; nor could even the Braves and Warriors; so that he was known, far and near, as,





"In order to do this," advised the Elf, "we must remove the big rock at the end of the lake, and so release the water that it may flow down into the valley, and so leave the lake dry."

So the two went to where the big rock was, and pushed and pulled, and pulled and pushed, one one way, and one another, till at last, by a great effort, they loosened the rock; then, with a mighty push together, they sent it rolling down into the valley, the waters of the lake dashing after it in a great waterfall which soon drained the hollow which had formed the lake.

Then White Bear and the Elf, could see that the roots of one of the hemlock trees which had shaded the lake had grown about White Bear's wife's feet, entangling them in their meshes, thus keeping her a prisoner.

White Bear immediately began to cut through the roots with the intention of releasing his wife; but, what was his dismay to find that as fast as he cut them, fresh roots grew, and

twined themselves about her feet in place of those which he had removed.

Here was evidently more magic, and he consulted with the Elf as to how they should best combat it.

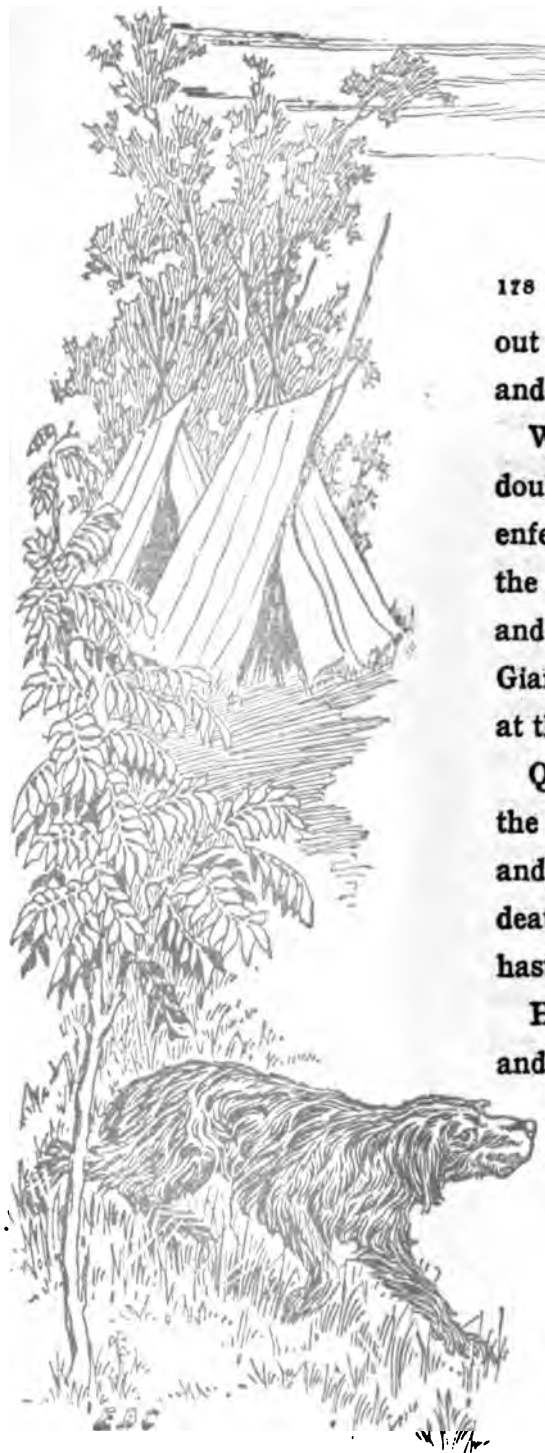
"We must trace the roots to one of these trees," he advised, "and cut it down."

So they each made an axe of a sharp flint stone, which they secured in a wooden handle, bound tightly in its place with some of the fibrous roots of the hemlock. Then they began to cut down the tree which they imagined to be the one casting forth the roots in which White Bear's wife was entangled.

But when they had cut this one down, the roots still grew, so they tried another, and another, with the same result.

Over and over again this was repeated, till at last but one tree was left; and as soon as they began to cut this one down, the branches waved weirdly about, bending and groaning horribly, while the roots grew so rapidly that White Bear's wife called





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out that they were twining all about her body and that she was in danger of being strangled.

Whereupon, White Bear and the Elf redoubled their efforts and, just as their now enfeebled strength was becoming exhausted, the hemlock tree fell with a mighty crash—and, as it did so, it assumed the form of the Giant—the Bad Boo-oin—who now lay dead at their feet.

Quickly White Bear released his wife from the embrace of the roots which entangled her, and, rejoicing at their happy escape, and the death of their powerful enemy, the three hastened back to the camp.

Here the Elf found a home with White Bear and his beautiful wife, and they all lived happily together to the end of their days.



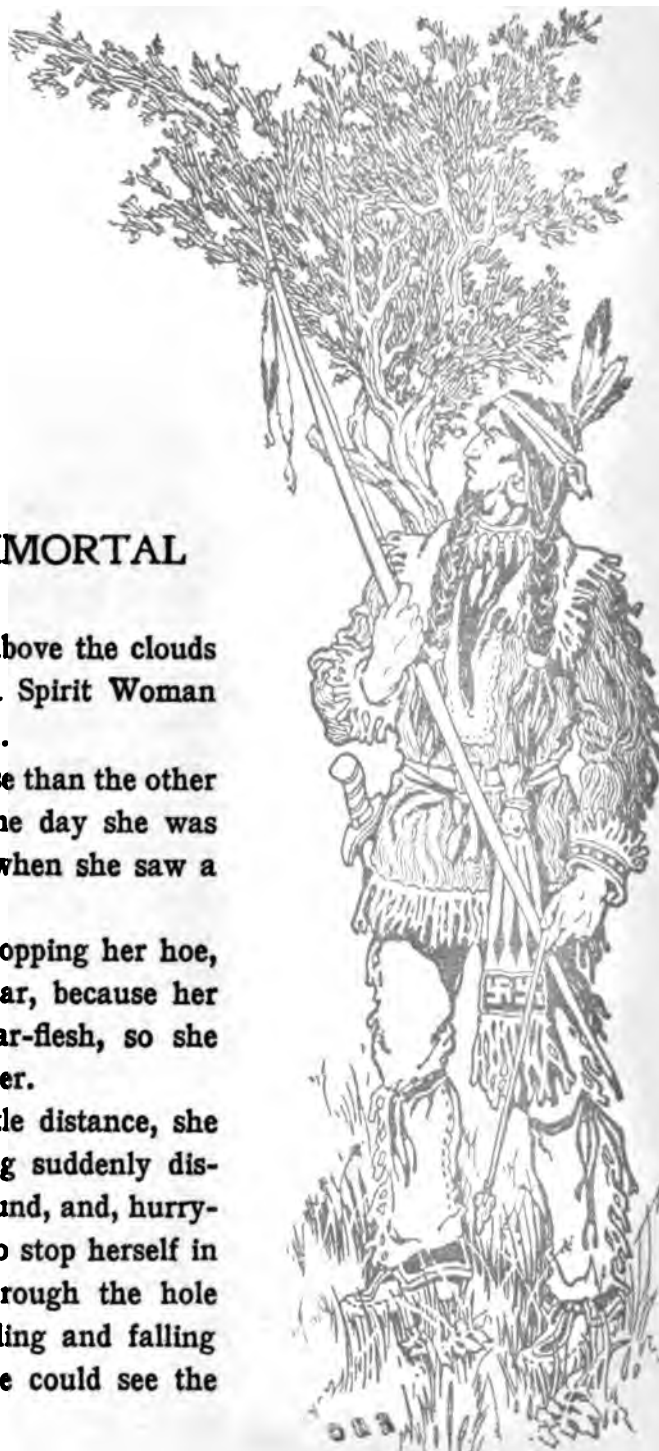
JOUSKEHA, THE IMMORTAL

There dwelt in the land far up above the clouds where the great Spirits dwell, a Spirit Woman named Ataentsic and her husband.

She was neither better nor worse than the other Spirits who dwelt there; and one day she was working in her husband's field when she saw a Bear.

She called to her Dog, and dropping her hoe, she set off in pursuit of the Bear, because her husband was very fond of Bear-flesh, so she wanted to get some for his dinner.

When she had gone some little distance, she saw both the Bear and her Dog suddenly disappear through a hole in the ground, and, hurrying after them she was unable to stop herself in time, and so tumbled down through the hole herself. She found herself falling and falling through the air, till, at last, she could see the world beneath her.





She dropped right down into the middle of a lake, so she was not hurt much. When she rose to her feet she found that the water was only up to her chin, so she waded to an island in the middle of the lake and soon made for herself a comfortable wigwam of sticks and boughs of trees woven with long grass; and here, on a bed of soft, dry, leaves, her little boy was born.

She gave him the name of Jouskeha, and she kept him with her on the island, tending him carefully, and snaring and catching birds and small animals for his food till he grew to be a fine, young, strong, healthy lad.

By this time the water around the island had all dried up, and Ataentsic and her son Jouskeha left the island, and went to live in the woods out in the West.

Here Ataentsic taught her son the language of all the birds and animals, and that they must never be harmed or killed except in fair chase, where the victory should go to the strongest or the most subtle.



JOUSKEHA THE IMMORTAL

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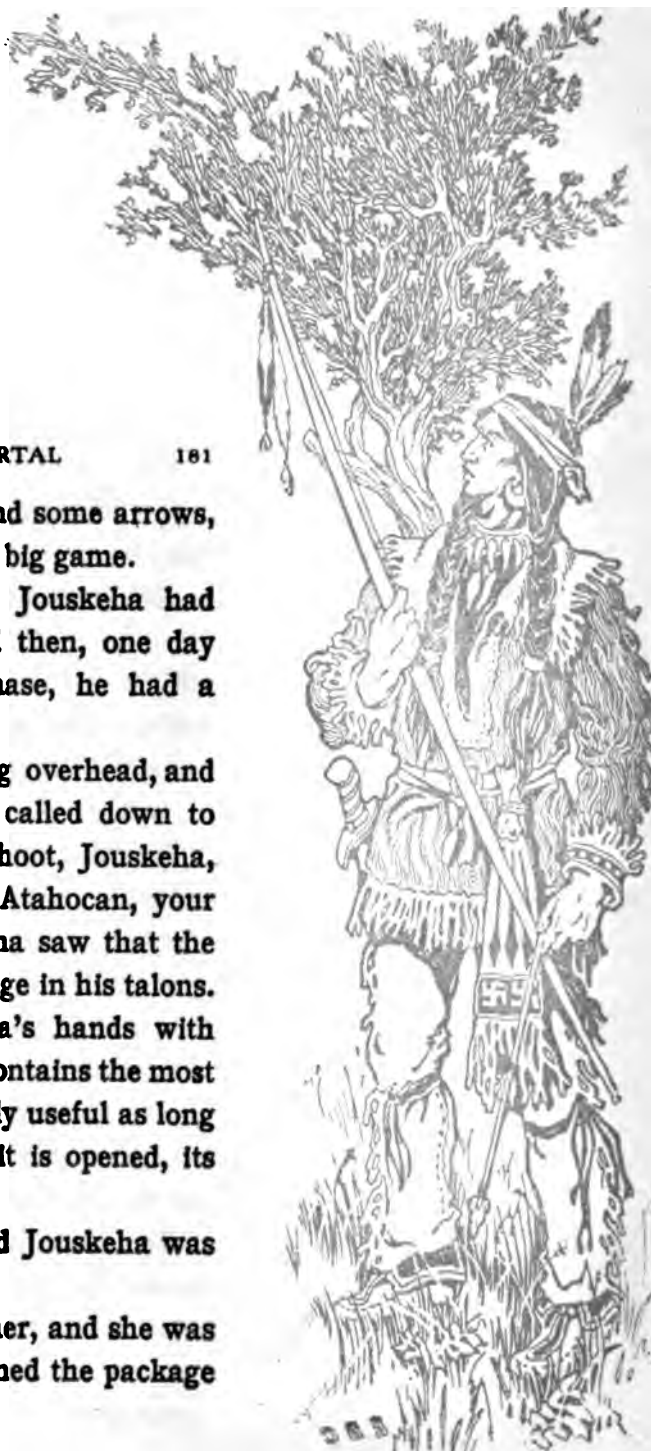
She made him a strong bow and some arrows, and sent him forth to kill his first big game.

They lived very happily till Jouskeha had grown to be a young man, and then, one day when he returned from the chase, he had a strange story to tell.

He had seen a big Eagle flying overhead, and was about to shoot it, when it called down to him through the air: "Don't shoot, Jouskeha, for I bring you a present from Atahocan, your Spirit Father," and then Jouskeha saw that the Eagle was carrying a small package in his talons. This he delivered into Jouskeha's hands with these words:—"This package contains the most valuable gift possible, but it is only useful as long as it is kept closed; as soon as it is opened, its value will vanish."

Then the Eagle flew away, and Jouskeha was left with the package in his hand.

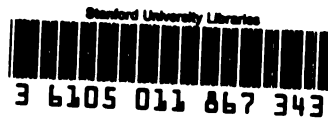
All this Jouskeha told his mother, and she was very much interested, and examined the package closely.



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